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# HAWAIIAN HEATHEN & OTHERS



E. L. MORRILL

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*A LOVELY "HEATHEN"  
WHY THE MISSIONARIES  
WENT TO HAWAII*





THE HEATHEN AUTHOR



# HAWAIIAN HEATHEN AND OTHERS

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BY

**G. L. MORRILL**

(*"GOLIGHTLY"*)

PASTOR OF PEOPLE'S CHURCH,  
Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.

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**LOWELL L. MORRILL**

PHOTOGRAPHER

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DEDICATED  
TO  
LUELLA R. EMMANS  
WHOSE  
FRIENDLY HOSPITALITY  
WE HAVE  
OFTEN ENJOYED ON THE  
BEACH AT WAIKIKI

## LITERARY CRIMES BY G. L. MORRILL

---

Musings  
Driftwood  
Upper Cuts  
The Moralist  
Easter Echoes  
On The Warpath  
Here and There  
People's Pulpit  
Fireside Fancies  
A Musical Minister  
Parson's Pilgrimage  
The Devil in Mexico  
South Sea Silhouettes  
Tracks of a Tenderfoot  
Golightly 'Round The Globe  
To Hell and Back—South America  
Rotten Republics—Central America

# PROLOGOS

---

*'Tis said that Xenophon, overhearing Socrates talking to two Athenian citizens, plucked him by the sleeve and said: "Your discourse is admirable; you have spoken better than an oracle; but you have ruined yourself: one of these men is a butcher, who sells sheep and geese for the sacrifices; and the other is a goldsmith, who gains great sums by making little gods of silver and copper for the ladies. They will accuse you of impiety for having endeavored to lessen their profits. They will swear against you before Melitus and Anitus, your enemies, who have conspired your ruin. Take care of the hemlock."*

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# Fellow Heathen and Hypocrites!

This book is written by one who cherishes the fondest hopes for your race, and it is his sacred wish to bequeath to posterity, in his humble works, a faithful description and history of your most beautiful beliefs and progressive institutions.

Bless you all, wherever you dwell, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or the uttermost isles of the sea!

Burn incense to pagan, religious and political gods!

Butcher your brother man!

Perpetuate the glory of the greatest criminals!

Build palaces for lovers of gold and debauchery, and prisons for Truth, Mercy, Virtue and Justice!

Persecute the honest, the poor and the weak!

Sacrifice all to malice and rage!

Spread plague and superstition over the world!

And when you pass from this world to the next, Earth will be glad to commemorate you, Heaven to welcome you, fellow hypocrites, and Hell happy to entertain you, fellow heathen!

—Golightly.

# FOREWORD

---

*Heine says that when Luther was translating the New Testament, the great reformer was so much disturbed by the devil, that he threw the ink stand at his head. The devil has since that day had a great dread of ink, and a still greater dread of printing ink.*

# HAWAIIAN HEATHEN AND OTHERS

## MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT



BEFORE buying tickets to ride on the U. S. Government Railroads I made my last will and testament—according to some, ill-will and detestament.

Death is natural as life—one should not fear it but be ready when it comes. Preparedness is the great lesson of the late war. Some people do not think it necessary to prepare to die because everyone always succeeds the first time. Recently I read of a French woman who was on her death-bed and was visited by a friend to whom she said as she pressed his hand, “Good evening, my dear, I am going to see if God improves on acquaintance.” But alas, how many there are who have not even been introduced to Him and will not know the court etiquette of heaven, if they ever get there!

When I leave this earth I leave—

My soul to God:

My body to the undertaker to bury or burn, whichever may be cheaper:

My love to my enemies:

My possessions to my family and friends:

The story of my life to the forgetfulness of mankind:

My clothes to the Salvation Army:

My books on religion to the Civic and Commerce Association:

My Bible to the churches to get some Christianity:

The books I have written to the church of Rome to be used as propaganda tracts among its members:

My auto to the junkman to sell for old iron to pay my garage bill:

My newspapers and magazines to the waste-basket:

My chisel and hammer to Freedom to knock off the shackles that bind her:

My ink "well" to Truth:

My appetite to the starving:

My alarm-clock to the Post Office Department:

Medicinal liquors to prohibitionists for judicious use:

My art pictures and travel lecture slides to the Blind Asylum:

My pianola and music to the Deaf Institute:

My colored spectacles to Justice:

My electric fixtures to Darkest Africa and America:

My vacuum-cleaner to the heads of Washington Government departments:

My house and lot to tax-collectors:

My kodaks to stay-at-homes:

My razors to my colored friends:

My shoes to the ashman, for none will care to stand in them:

My bank account of \$2.35 to the Rockefeller Institute for the promotion of gasoline prices throughout the globe:

My beds to the Police-Department:

My hand-mirror to John Lind to see himself as others see him:

The mud on my back-door step and the odor of my auto to some of the newspaper reporters:

My dog's muzzle to the press:

My kisses for brides, and tears and flowers for the dead:

My best wishes and blessings to the jails:

My flour bin to Hoover and the rats:

My easy chair to the Minneapolis mayor:

The dust and cobwebs in my cellar to the Constitution, Declaration of Independence, the Bible and the world's great literature:

My vices to the virtuous:  
My virtues to the vicious:  
Hawaiian Islands to Japan and the Sugar Trust:  
The ocean to Great Britain:  
The world to Wilson:  
The rivers and lakes to the brewers:  
Bartholdi's Statue of the Goddess of Liberty to the British  
Museum to be placed in the collection of antiquities:  
Fogs and clouds to Congress:  
The sky to factories to soil with soot:  
War books to the Insane Asylum:  
Civilization to the heathen:  
Europe to the Devil:  
A box-seat in Hell for the Kaiser:  
Doctors and death to the hospitals:  
Time—for Improvement:  
Eternity to the Government Express Companies  
Heaven to church-goers only:  
Moon to spooners:  
Stars to movies:  
Sun to Heaven:  
Air to the birds and T. B.'s:  
Deserts to irrigation and desolation:  
Ease to the rich:  
Work to the poor:  
Forests to timber wolves and thieves:  
Mines to wild-cat schemes and steel speculators:  
Tobacco and cigarets to Y. M. C. A., Red Cross and K. C.  
workers:  
Fame to military murderers:  
Honor to thieves:  
Jealousy to woman:  
Inhumanity to man:  
Genius to starvation and misery;



Mountains to tourists:

Volcanoes to smoke:

Money, jobs and honor to our soldier boys:

History to liars:

Old Glory to float over every school:

The Cross to those who follow the Redeemer's footsteps.

## THE DEPARTMENT OF INJUSTICE



BEFORE starting on my adventures, I was summoned, one dreary December morning last year, by the Department of Injustice to appear before the United States Investigating Committee. I entered the Federal Building with its modern suggestions of the French Bastille, and of the prisons in Venice with dungeons and depression, and was informed that the following letter had been seized and opened on the Mexican border by U. S. censors, and forwarded to Bielaski at Washington who had ordered an investigation of its seditious contents:

Luis Trechuelo,  
The Texas Oil Co.,  
Agua Dulce Works,  
P. O. Box 191,  
Tampico, Tamps, Mexico.

October 30, 1918.

My Dear Mr. Trechuelo:—

I sent you a copy of my Mexico book last March which I have just learned has been held here in the Post Office on account of alleged "obscenity"—the real reason was dirty Democratic politics. In June I sent you another copy by express prepaid and have just learned, four months later, that the book was held at New York, but that if I paid \$2.00 more it would be sent on. I told the Express Co. to send the book back to me at my expense, not only to save you expense, but since I doubted that the book would ever reach you. Of such delay, inefficiency and injustice I think it would be hard for even Mexico to furnish a more shining example.

My book, "On The Warpath," which you ordered, I sent you by mail—let me know if it ever reaches you.

Enclosed find the dollar you sent for Mexico book.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) G. L. MORRILL

The Federal Inquisitor asked me if I meant what I wrote. "Yes, and more too," I replied. With the high dignity of his office, he inquired if I did not know we were at war. "Not with Mexico," I said, "though I wish we were and would clean them out, and the whole gringo-hating gang from the Rio Grande to Patagonia." "Don't you know that the motto of every patriotic American is, 'My country, right or wrong'?" he exclaimed. I replied, "No, not for me. As a Christian citizen it is 'My country right or wrong, and if wrong to try and make it right'." While he paused to take in an idea he had never yet dreamed of, I took advantage of the silence to become the Inquisitor and said: "Do you mean to tell me that if the government at Washington declares that  $4 + 1 = 6$ , I am to say 6?" "Most assuredly," he replied with warmth. In the spirit of David's imprecatory Psalm against God's enemies I shot back the reply: "That's a d—— lie;  $4 + 2 = 6$  in the United States and everywhere else. That's what I believe and say and will continue to affirm. I'd rather go to Leavenworth for life for telling the truth than to the hell of my mother's Bible which says, 'All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone'."

Then I told him I had been defamed, defrauded and debarred from doing my church work by a Government Administration that had an I. W. W. at his head—letters which egotistically stood for, "I, Woodrow Wilson." I further said my manuscript of "The Devil in Mexico" had been stolen by a German spy, Richard P. Esswein, an employé of the U. S. government, who told one of my friends he had orders from Washington to purloin the manuscript, and that if he had not secured it he would have lost his job. He further affirmed he was ashamed of what he had done, that I was innocent of wrong, and he was sorry he had been a political tool. Further I informed him that during my absence to the coast my house was broken into and all my private papers searched. If some one should tell me today that the Government had broken in to steal, I would not doubt it.

The poll-parroting official excused the Department's methods while I denied them in toto, saying, "The end does not justify the means, though some of the graduates of the Jesuit College at Washington, near and next to the president, say so."



Such methods are most commendable in Hell—or the Department of Justice.

This was enough information for one visit and the official interrupted me saying he had only done his duty and merely wanted an explanation of the treasonable letter. I was a busy man, and since I hadn't time to tell him all I thought of his Department and censorship, I gave him a copy of my book, "On The Warpath," which flays alive the Post Office, Department of Justice and Bureau of Censorship.

### DEMOCRATIC DESPOTS



BURLESON'S spies were very quick to see, seize and censor my innocent letter to a Mexican book subscriber, but were blind to paid half-page newspaper ads of a Mexican bullfight appearing in U. S. papers, since bullfighting, where they kill men, horses and bulls, is such a refining spectacle. It is especially proper, for there was money in it for the Texas newspapers that uphold Mr. Burleson in his hold up schemes, making him a close rival to the most despised man in the United States. In the great work of American politics today we have hair-splitters instead of rail-splitters.

Burleson cannot monopolize the wrecking business, for he is in the government wrecking class which includes Gregory, McAdoo, Bielaski, Creel and many others. McAdoo leaves the railroads in bankruptcy, Burleson gives us the worst telephone and telegraph service for the most money, and the others, to justify their existence, do wrong rather than nothing at all. These pygmies think they are Caesar, Charlemagne or Napoleon. Today, like rats, they are deserting the ship of state, which, with its present pilots, is going as fast as possible to the devil.

Physician, heal thyself. Dr. Wilson goes to Europe to settle the affairs of the world, and we are left at home in trouble with Mexico, San Domingo, Costa Rica, Peru and Chili on our hands. We have a melting pot here without being thrown into the melting pot of the Old World.



COYOTE SPORT, NEW MEXICO



CAVE DWELLING, TSANKAWI, N. M.



It is easy now for government officials, with the excuse of duty to their country, to joy-ride here and abroad at our expense, to go not once but often, and with their whole d—— family and relatives to see and be seen. Their chief occupation is dining out. There's a prevalent suspicion at home that the more Europeans see them the less they will think of us Americans.

According to our Constitution: "No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States. And no person holding any office of profit or trust under them, shall, without the consent of Congress, accept of any presents, emoluments, office or title of any kind whatever from any king, prince or foreign state." What of it? The president calls on Pope Benedict and is presented with a \$40,000 gift—a costly Mosaic. This is superfluous. Is he not already sufficiently composite, has he not pushed the great Mosaic laws aside with his fourteen commandments?

To cover up its fiasco, graft and scandal, and to deny the charge that the Administration had functioned slowly during the war, F. R. Wilson wrote a letter to the movie hero, Douglas Fairbanks, asking him to appear in a picture as "official fool-killer" where he was to listen to all critics of the Administration and then turn around and wallop them as he had the Kaiser. It was a great party scheme and the president's secretary tumultuously said, "Amen!"

By picture, press, voice and every possible way, the Democratic party has lost no opportunity to mislead the citizens of this country, make vice appear as virtue, extravagance as economy, graft as charity, imbecility as intelligence and partisanship as patriotism. And who pays the bills? Europe plays the prodigal son and Father Uncle Sam pays. We lend hundreds of millions to European nations at four and five per cent and tax our own people to get the money which they are forced to borrow at six per cent. We are tired of pickpocket politics. How long will 90 per cent of the people allow themselves to be plundered by the other 10 per cent!

When thinking of some modern European Alliances, "open covenants openly arrived at," I recall a philosopher's definition of international politics as the union of several thieves whose hands are so deeply placed in each other's pockets that they cannot individually rob another party. It would make a skull

smile to hear the various nations boasting that they were fighting for freedom and civilization—that is, their brand of freedom and civilization. “Let slip the dogs of war” was the cry, and now each kennel-master of Great Britain, France and United States yelps, “My dog won the war!” But is no praise and prize to be given to Mephisto’s phosphorescent pup?

The cackling of geese saved the Capitol of Rome—but the cackling of our Washington Capitol geese will never save the United States.

Heaven’s house is not built according to earthly plans. What we call a parlor here may be a garret there. It might be well for the president, judge, the editor, the preacher, professor, scientist and politician to remember it is barely possible that God has different ideas than theirs.

Some soldiers are very brave after the battle—some hunters will kick a dead lion—thousands are now on the band wagon making noise with voice and pen, who three years ago were afraid to say their souls were their own, and criticised me for referring to the czars and despots at the head of our various government departments, and for calling them by name. These moral cowards in city and country regarded official names as sacrosanct and the men as ineffable as the person and name of Jehovah. Well, I’m glad now, no matter what it cost, that I was a voice and not an echo, that I led and did not follow, that I did not sell my soul. I did what I thought was right and was willing to take the consequences, although government officials attempted to terrorize me with silence as the Japs did the Koreans.

The Scripture says, “Be still and know that I am God.” This was the attitude of some of our Pooh-Bah politicians. ’Twas blasphemy to question their fulminations and ululations, treason to think, shocking to speak, wicked to will and devilish to do. They set up a rival claim of Papal infallibility. Sitting upon the heights of incarnate wisdom they predicated to themselves all the divine attributes of omniscience and omnipotence. Many of our cabinet heads are jokes—but then, you know, people even get tired of their best amusements.

Suppression of honest speech during the war was unjust, unwise, and unnecessary, resulting in stagnation of thought.

To sit on the safety valve invites explosion. The real wreckers of the government are not the few labor agitators, but the lazy higher-ups who seek to suppress free thought, free speech and free press.

Those who stand up for the poor and downtrodden are considered a menace. If you show pity or indignation for them, the doors of the jail open for you.

Nearly three years ago I visited Mexico and on my return wrote a book entitled, "The Devil in Mexico." Because I made some so-called lese majeste remarks about the government in Mexico and Washington officials—not "lese" truth or humanity—I was arrested by our Federal government; indicted by the Federal government; held on \$3,000 bail for a year; my passports were confiscated without a reason given; was barred from leaving the U. S. for South America on a health trip; was calumniated, lied about, libeled and robbed by this same government. Yet the Federal government was afraid to bring my case to trial, nollod it, threw it out, saying there was nothing to it. But it made no reparation for the wrong, and furnished no public explanation or excuse to the public press that the declaration of my innocence might be as wide-spread as the headline statement of my "guilt."

At this writing the U. S. Post Office Despotism, presided over by a Southern slave-driving, labor-hating autocrat, Mr. Burleson, has refused to return my books to me which it held in November, 1917, or to send them to the addressees, or to refund the postage on them—ALTHOUGH its slanderous indictment of "obscenity" against me, on which charge the books were held, was quashed last December. Is there any redress for this injustice? Perhaps not on earth. It is often better to abandon one's rights here than defend them by law.

### FURRED LAW-CATS



N Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," Law may have "her seat in the bosom of God," but not on the earth. One gets little from law but disappointment and desperation, seldom justice. There are many laws but little justice. If a man knows the law there is nothing illegal he cannot do when he likes. The Greeks called the laws the daughters of heaven—today they are the furies of hell.



John Romilly declared the judicial system in England was "a technical system invented for the creation of costs." Herbert Spencer says: "The institution which should succor the man who has fallen among thieves, turns him over to solicitors, barristers, and a legion of law-officers; drains his purse for writs, briefs, affidavits, subpoenas, fees of all kinds and expenses innumerable; involves him in the intricacies of common courts, chancery courts, suits, counter-suits, and appeals, and often ruins where it should aid."

There is nothing in the law statutes so senseless and unjust but some judge will swear it is Gospel truth. A noted American, referring to the "noble profession" of the law, says: "A lawyer is one whose profession it is to circumvent the law; it is a part of his business to mislead and befog the court of which he is an officer; it is considered right and reasonable for him to live by a division of the spoils of crime and misdemeanor; the utmost atonement he ever makes for acquitting a man he knows to be guilty is to convict a man whom he knows to be innocent. The laws are mostly made by lawyers, and so made as to encourage and compel litigation. By lawyers they are interpreted and by lawyers enforced by their own profit and advantage. The over-intricate and interminable machinery of precedent, over-rulings, writs of error, motions for new trials, appeals, reversals, affirmations and the rest of it is mostly a transparent and iniquitous system of exaction."

I would have to be a millionaire to be able to pay the fine for the contempt I have of some courts.

When I was "nolled" and free I felt as happy to get away from "Attorney-Land," as Panurge and Friar John did to escape from the island of "Furred Law-Cats" and "Island of Fools." Yet one cannot elude the clutch of the Law unless, like Panurge, he gives gold. The "Furred Law-Cats" have long sharp claws, waste, imprison and ruin all without the least notice of right or wrong. "For among them vice is called virtue; wickedness piety; treason loyalty; robbery justice. Plunder is their motto and when acted by them is approved by all men except the heretics. They live in corruption and all this they do because they dare; their authority is sovereign and irrefragable." Rabelais' picture of Justice "Gripe-men-all" is not overdrawn: "The hands of this dreadful monster were full of gore, his talons like those of the harpies, his snout



like a hawk's bill, his fangs or tusks like those of an overgrown brindle wild boar; his eyes were flaming like the jaws of hell, all covered with mortars interlaced with pestles, and nothing of his arms was to be seen but his clutches."

In his dream Bunyan saw Faithful tried in Vanity Fair before Judge Lord Hate-Good. The names of the jury were Mr. Blindman, foreman, Mr. No-Good, Malice, Love-Lust, Live-Loose, Heady, Highmind, Enmity, Liar, Cruelty, Hate Light and Mr. Implacable. The result was that he was found guilty according to their laws, was scourged, had his feet lanced with knives, was pricked with swords, stoned and burned to ashes at the stake.

This is no dream. Most juries are built up of that material today, and are often far below the Bunyan standard. For four years ignorant and malicious men have sat in juries who should have been kicked out. The jury that indicted me for my Mexican book was of this class. With such a "bunion" bunch on the bench no wonder Justice limps.

What higher praise could a judge merit than Swift gives in his *Gulliver's Travels*: "Judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers, who are grown old or lazy; and having been biased all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favoring fraud, perjury and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty, by doing anything unbecoming their nature or their office."

I am not the only traveler who received rough treatment on returning to his country—Sir Walter Raleigh came back from South America to London and was beheaded. In "His Pilgrimage" he longs for "heaven's bribeless hall"—

"Where no corrupted voices brawl;  
No conscience molten into gold,  
No forged accuser bought or sold,  
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey;  
For there Christ is the King's Attorney,  
Who pleads for all without degrees,  
And he hath angels, but no fees."

Machiavelli, secretary of the Republic of Florence, writes in "The Prince," "That to preserve the integrity of the state a ruler should not feel himself bound by any scruples of justice or humanity." Can it be this is the model maxim of some of our official heads? If so, let us adopt and apply the Greek motto "Remember to distrust."

If anyone showed me two roads, one leading to the Devil and the other to a hall of Washington justice, I would quickly choose the former.

Justice uses false scales. The poet tells us of the squint-eyed boy who proved to be a notable

"Pick-purse, and afterward a most strong thief;  
Whence he grew up to be a cunning lawyer,  
And at last died a judge."

Dickens paints a drear picture of law and justice in "Bleak House:" "Never can there come fog too thick, never can there come mud and mire too deep, to assort with the groping and floundering conditions which this High Court of Chancery, most pestilent of hoary sinners, holds, this day, in the sight of heaven and earth. The Court of Chancery; which has its decaying houses and its blighted lands in every shire; which has its wornout lunatic in every madhouse, and its dead in every churchyard; which has its ruined suitor, with his slipshod heels and threadbare dress, borrowing and begging through the round of every man's acquaintance; which gives to moneyed might the means abundantly of wearying out the right; which so exhausts finances, patience, courage, hope, so overthrows the brain and breaks the heart, that there is not an honorable man among its practitioners who would not give—who does not often give—the warning, 'Suffer any wrong that can be done you, rather than come here.'"

Lear wasn't so mad when he said to the sightless Glo'ster: "Look with thine ears: see how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?"

## A PROSTITUTED PRESS



THE press printed columns of lies against me, but few words of truth in my favor. The word "Arrested" was in big type, that of "Nolled" in small. Too often newspapers are owned and run by spreaders of filth, falsehood and poison—by political and financial bandits who plunder their readers. The press oppresses and depresses with lucre, lies and libel. When Philip of Macedon sought the friendship of Athens and was opposed by Demosthenes, the oracles were bribed to give utterances favorable to Philip. This sounds like modern history.

Oscar didn't shoot very Wilde when he wrote: "We are dominated by Journalism. In America the President reigns for four years, and Journalism governs for ever and ever. It has carried its authority to the grossest and most brutal extremes. The fact is, that the public has an insatiable curiosity to know everything except what is worth knowing. Journalism, conscious of this, and having tradesman like habits, supplies their demands. In centuries before ours the public nailed the ears of journalists to the pump. That was quite hideous. In this century journalists have nailed their own ears to the keyhole. That is much worse." Hazlitt said it was utterly impossible to persuade editors that they were nobody. I have found them, as a rule, much duller than their readers. The editor's chair is often a baby's highchair. An editor is one whose bump of intelligence is inverted till it can hold a goose-egg.

Our newspapers haven't changed much—except for the worse—since Dickens wrote about them on his visit to America: "Newspapers dealing round abuse and blackguard names; pulling off the roofs of private houses, as the Halting Devil did in Spain; pimping and pandering for all degrees of vicious taste, and gorging with coined lies the most voracious maw; imputing to every man in public life the coarsest and the vilest motives; scaring away from the stabbed and prostrate body politic every Samaritan of clear conscience and good deeds; and setting on, with yell and whistles, and the clapping of foul hands, the vilest vermin and worst birds of prey."



To quote a famous American journalist, "The enormous majority of newspapers is conspicuously bad. Conducted by rogues and dunces for dunces and rogues, they are faithful to nothing but to the vices and follies of our system, strenuously opposing every intelligent attempt at their elimination. They fetter the feet of wisdom and stiffen the prejudices of the ignorant. They are sycophants to the mob, tyrants to the individual. They constitute a menace to organized society—a peril to government of any kind; and if in America Anarchy shall beg to introduce his dear friend Despotism we shall have to thank our vaunted 'freedom of the press' as the controlling spirit of the turbulent time, and Lord of Misrule."

Crabbe, whom Byron called, "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," has this to say of the newspaper:

"Here Scandal whets her quill,  
Here Slander shoots unseen whene'er she will;  
Here Fraud and Falsehood labor to deceive,  
And Folly aids them both, impatient to believe."

If this seems too crabbed, listen to the late John Swinton, for many years the editor-in-chief of a leading New York paper, and one of America's oldest and best-loved journalists. Speaking to a body of newspaper men, he said: "There is no such thing in America as an independent press, unless it is in the country towns. You know it, and I know it. There is not one of you who dares to write his honest opinion, and if you did, you know beforehand it would never appear in print. I am paid \$150 per week for keeping my honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for similar reasons, and any of you who would be so foolish as to write his honest opinion would be put on the streets looking for another job. The business of the New York journalist is to destroy the truth, lie outright, to pervert, to vilify, to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell his race and his country for his daily bread. You know this, and I know it, and what folly is this to be toasting an independent press? We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes; we are the jumping-jacks; they pull the strings and we dance. Our talents, our possibilities and our lives are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes."

## RAILROAD RAILLERY



THE United States (Unprecedented Steal) Railway Administration sought to close the critical mouth of the clergy by issuing them a one-half fare permit. Mine is wide open for any just criticism I may desire to make since I paid straight full fare on this trip.

I have ridden on government railways in South America, Europe and Australia, but if I had a dead cabbage bouquet to award any line I am familiar with, it would be given to the "transformation" agency of the government which Mr. McAdoo made infamous. From the time I bought my ticket, when the agent lost time with the new time-table printed on cheap paper and as easy to follow as the argument of the League of Nations, until the last home station of the ticket was pulled, I had a — fine time with diner, sleeper and baggage.

To start with, I was rocked to sleep on the Rock Island, but unlike Jacob, my stony pillow was not conducive to heavenly dreams. Kansas City was a "striking" city as we knew from the smell before we saw it. The street-cars were on a strike and so the taxis struck while the iron was hot, compelling citizens and passengers to dig deep and give up. We had a flying start of an hour late on the Santa Fe; that's what you expect, to lose time in traveling West.

Although a standard sleeper was paid for through to the Coast, we were put out of the sleeper at Trinidad into a day coach until we arrived at Lamy, New Mexico. The Pullman conductor even refused my money when I offered to pay him the difference I had already paid. The porter audibly remarked he was a fool, the train conductor overheard it, thought so himself and brought him forward to our coach where he apologized. But an hour had elapsed and we really preferred the day coach to his company and car.

Glorietta is the name of a battle-field where, in 1862, a crucial battle of the Civil war was fought. Our train stopped where we could look down in the valley and see what remained of the Pecos Pueblo, an old walled city whose men and women were self-reliant and brave. As a poor eastern outpost of Pueblo civilization it was exposed to attacks by



the Plain tribes and was often besieged. Recent excavations disclose subterranean chambers and balconies. This old dead city lives in the new fresh paint of artists, and the didactic dryness of archeological reports. I wonder how it feels to be a scientific ghoul, pry around dead cities and dig up these geologic graves.

The train was so late reaching Lamy that the plug-stub that runs, or crawls rather, to the capital, Santa Fe, had gone, and we endlessly waited in a foul, dark railway station with a group of greasers till the train came back. The free trip to the capital, promised in the folder to passengers holding through tickets to California, had suddenly been withdrawn for government reasons. In order to see the country round about I decided to stay over several days. The coach to the capital was anything but capital—small, cold and lit with smoky oil-lamps that enabled the hungry passengers to read a big and beautiful “Save Food and Win the War” sign. Several aboard were more thirsty than hungry, or wished to drown their sorrows, so they went by pairs into the wash-room and shortly returned with brandy breaths. You see, New Mexico was dry and they were, too.

After a stay in Santa Fe, we returned to Lamy. Since the California Limited was only nine hours late, I lay me down to sleep in a Harvey hotel, an honor to Mr. H. and an oasis in this desert. I left an early call for No. 9, but there were seven No. nines that night. My section was due at five A. M. and I left a call with several hotel officials, but they were dead as the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, or those under the rails. I went out and waked them up and they kindly informed me my train had gone. However, a wide-awake switchman said the train would not come for five hours, and he advised me to return to the hotel and finish my nap.

I did, then came back to the station, waited a few more hours and filled in my time thinking of nice things to say about the railroad. Looking through a dirty pane of glass I saw a sign almost buried in a snow drift, “Keep off the Grass.”

After five hours’ sentinel duty we entrained. This was the “Limited” and well named. I went to the washroom to shave. The porter waited until I took my collar off and had

my razor and brush ready when he complacently told me there was no water in the car. Fortunately there was a half bucketful of ice-water in the corner which served. Never since I was a little shaver did I have such a hard time. There was no water to wash with, but the passengers in upper bunks received free shower baths early in the morning from the melted frost of the steel cars.

At Albuquerque there was no snow excuse for delay yet our train had acquired the habit. We just stayed there four hours. Other trains, even freights, came and went, we simply stuck. The excuse for this hastily organized inefficiency may have been weak-lunged engines or fuel conservation—I think it was fool conservation.

“Leave Health Behind, All Ye Who Enter Here,” should have been the motto over the entrance to the diner. Again I saw the ubiquitous and iniquitous sign, “Food will win the war.” I am sure this food would have won it if the Kaiser had been compelled to eat much of it. Burton says in his “Anatomy of Melancholy” that diet is the cause of melancholy—he must have ridden on one of these trains. The only fast thing on this train was the diner—where one had to fast. If one were poetical he could sit and satisfy his stomach with a bare imagination of a feast; if mathematical, he could see his X (ten), represent an unknown quantity; if scientific, he might use a telescope or magnifying glass to discover what he ordered; if archeological, he might ponder the antiquity of the ruined remnants before him. Since I was a moralist, I reflected how near man was nigh unto death.

The portions served were out of all proportion to the prices paid. The soup was a superfluity, the steak a mistake. The chicken was small, as if it had just come out of the shell, and as tough as if it were the original old hen that walked with Mr. Rooster into Noah’s Ark. The vegetables were flavored with the different soils they were raised in. When I ate meat I wished I was a vegetarian, and when I tasted the vegetables I was sorry I was not carnivorous. The coffee suggested “There’s death in the cup.” For some occult reason the milk was called cream. As to pie it was impiety. There was nothing left out of the whole bill of fare that was not calculated to take away the appetite of an honest man. Another

day on this line and I might have become a cynic or dyspeptic. From personal experience of my Department of the Interior I am prepared to make an exhaustive report to Washington. Nothing but love of life urged me to enter that dining car and make my stomach a museum for the culinary art of their curious cooking. As a parson I took it as a part of religious sacrifice, and as a patriot, a pill for the ruling party. The meals were "rotten," and I am sure the Romans would have enjoyed them, who were accustomed to feast on dormice baked in honey and poppy; sow's breasts with truffles; oysters stewed in garum with sauce made of the intestines of fish; spiders in jelly and lion's dung served in pastry. Speaking of pastry recalls Careme who began his treatise on fancy dishes as follows: "The Fine Arts number five; Painting, Music, Poetry, Sculpture and Architecture, the principal branch of which is Pastry."

### POLITICAL APRON-STRINGS



THE functionaries of the present railroad system are defunctionaries—but what can young or old America expect from such Paternalism—of a government omnipotence that runs railroads and ships; fixes the prices of food; the rates of telephones and telegraphs; prescribes the hours of labor and the amount of wages; tells us what to drink, what time we must arise and when to ride in autos; holds up cables; runs movies for political propaganda; censors the mail; bars books from libraries, articles from magazines and magazines from the postoffice; sneaks around to find how much money a man has in the bank, and snoops about to see how much coal is in his cellar; tells not simply what you must do, but what you must not do. Such mischievous, meddling and muddling maladministration is un-American and undesirable. Guizot characterizes such misrule as, "that gross delusion, a belief in the sovereign of political machinery."

Children well brought up leave their parents and become independent. After this it is foolish surely to put them under the Paternalism of a government; to map their day's program of when to get up, what to wear, eat, drink and do; how many



hours to work; what they shall read; what church or theatre to attend; when they shall go to bed and what form of prayer they shall use and how long they may sleep. When this comes to pass in America, as it did in Russia, we may look for a big addition to the Anarchist and Nihilist rank. Give us liberty or give us death.

Herbert Spencer was a man to think deeply and speak deliberately, and his words should echo across the sea and within the corridors of Congress. In his essay on "Over-Legislation," he affirms that officialism cannot help but be sluggish, stupid, extravagant, unadaptive, unjust, corrupt, stationary and obstructive, and quotes a state official as saying, "wherever there is government there is villainy." We must content ourselves with the maxim of the old Roman who said, "Against stupidity the Gods themselves are powerless."

The Southern Pacific from Los Angeles to 'Frisco was delightfully pleasant. I wished to stop off at Santa Barbara, but the town had arranged a reception for the ex-Mikado of the railroads, so we continued on to 'Frisco. Returning from Vancouver on the Canadian Pacific the only thing that marred the trip, through the sublime panorama of river, forest and mountain, was our old, wooden, prehistoric sleeper and the carelessness of the Canadian baggage officials who lost my trunk for ten days.

After being side-tracked on this paternal preachment, kindly return with me to that dirty, dingy train on the main line to the capital.

## INN BAD



**A**FTER jolting like peas in a pill-box for 18 miles we reached Santa Fe. No stage coach with horses awaited us, just a jitney that nearly wrecked us as it sailed along and tried to navigate the narrow streets. The boasted climate had fallen down and felt like the Arctic "icy air of night." Knives of frost were whetted on my nose and ears. I knew the town was dry when I saw several drunks on the street. The Montezuma Hotel was passed by and it looked as though old Monte, or some three card Monte Mazuma man had built it.

So we rattled across town to the Palace Hotel, once known as the De Vargas, a name happily changed for you have only to give a dog a bad name to kill him. The Palace is big enough for its name. The portales, arcades and arches loop around it. Inside one finds it most ancient and conducted on Santa Fe lines. No elevator service; people get an appetite for breakfast by walking through the interminable corridors and down stairs to the dining room. It is not necessary to go out for a morning walk. At dinner we found two girls and a boy waiting on 75 people. This does not include waits at breakfast for the cook to get up. Before the courses one has time to read and take a course in New Mexican history. This hotel has another original feature. The traveler should carry his own alarm-clock. He may leave a call but will not be called—what if he misses the train, there will be another the next day?

There was a full house for the governor was to be inaugurated, and the politicians and their followers had flocked from all parts of the state in various states of intoxication. Some were brawling in the hallways, calling on the stairways and on each other, while others were in their rooms shouting, smoking and spitting. It was like an old forty-niner place described by Bret Harte or Mark Twain. There was a shaking of heavy boots that suggested earthquakes; laughter like fire calls; strange oaths and ribaldry; a female parade in the corridors, and half-open doors, showing how women were made to look like morning beauties with paint.

Saturday night was dark and quiet save for a light, fantastic, Mexican half-breed dance. We looked in. They were mutually happy in spite of their homely partners and the awful music. I think the musicians were graduates of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum and were unconscious of the terrible discord they made.

### SANTA FÉTISHISM



EARLY Sunday morning we were roused by bells that banged and clanged as inharmoniously as the orchestra. We saw the blood-red sun rise over the "Sangre de Christo"—Blood of Christ mountains. Our ears tingled not only with the bells but with the cold. The narrow, crooked, little streets were shiny with ice and white snow. Over



them from all directions came Spanish and Mexican women in black dresses and mantillas. God made the world light but man made religion dark and gruesome. Young girls and old women were thinly clad and formed a shivering saintly parade to the cathedral. It looked like a Sunday section of Peru and Chili. We followed them into the service. The big, barny room was dim, cold and damp and the walls echoed to constant coughing and throat-clearing as though it were a T. B. hospital. I trust the communicants received some spiritual life—I know the seeds of physical death were sowed. Outside, wet with the long drive, stood the poor horses hitched to sleighs. Blankets and robes, which should have covered them, were piled on the seats. The proverbial “merciful man” had no place in these pious drivers’ creeds. Did not Christ come to lift the whole created world to a higher and more human level? Did not He, whose cradle was a manger and his nursery a barn, intend to help the world of dumb, suffering, overworked, underfed and abused creation, whether it were horse, cow, dog or cat?

The cathedral, originally built in 1612 and destroyed in 1680, is cruciform and with unfinished towers. I saw several alleged old master paintings. In the rear of the altar lie buried two Franciscan friars killed by the Indians, and under the altar are the remains of Archbishop Lamy.

From this heaped-up stone monument, this pile that represents the money ground out and filched from human fear and imbecility, and spent to maintain mental and moral subjection of the Indian flock under the cruel sceptre; from this church which in this region had corrupted, poisoned and murdered, and had passed a blight of mental mildew and blast of moral death upon the country and its people; from this stone pile of stupidity and senile superstition start annually the De Vargas and Corpus Christi processions.

The Corpus Christi is one of the chief festivals of the Roman Catholic church instituted by Pope Urban IV in 1264 in honor of the Eucharist. An old inhabitant told me that when he first came one was in danger of being mobbed if he didn’t take his hat off quick enough when the procession passed by in the Plaza. Now it is different. The procession avoids the public Plaza, goes down and around side streets, and one may stand and look on with his hat on without being forced to

idolatrous worship, as I saw in Madrid, Lisbon and Montreal.

Santa Fe railway folders show pictures of Corpus Christi day processions as advertisements to travelers. Except in some small, bigoted European cities, and backward mountain towns in Central and South America, they have been prohibited. Even Chili a few years ago caricatured and burlesqued them at Santiago. Still they have full swing and right of way here. Yet there are some skim-milk Protestants who wonder if there is any need for contributions for home missions.

The Roman Catholic church in Santa Fe has full privilege of teaching and enslaving the humble. Pay your money and take your choice of the cathedral, St. Vincent's Sanitarium and St. Vincent's Orphan Home, Loretto Chapel, Loretto Academy, Loretto Convents, Roman Catholic Parochial Schools, San Miguel Church, St. Michael's College, Rosario Chapel and Cemetery, and St. Catherine's Indian School. Tourist and other accommodations are limited, but when you want religious facilities there is room and to spare in these dungeons of dogma where the service of spoliation is conducted and young brows are won over to old error. Superstitions, opposition to New Testament and Declaration of Independence spirit, hate of public schools and boycott of Protestants, are the seeds sown in the minds of the New Mexican citizens of tomorrow. Great schools for mental infamy! Influenza is bad, but from these Papal pesthouses the contagion of error is spreading through all the country.

Out upon this imbecile teaching, hypocrisy of practice, perversion of worship, social injuriousness and deadly action on women and children! Faugh! on all this stage-shifting of mystical scenery! Christianity and Churchianity are two very different things. Any denomination should be criticized that puts creed before conduct and permits Sunday's devotion to atone for week day's deviltry.



PUEBLO BELLES, SAN IDLEFONSO, N. M.





INDIAN KIVA, SAN IDLEFONSO, N. M.

## HEARTLESS SISTERS



LET me illustrate. Up in the mountains at Buckman, N. M., after a big blizzard, I met an Indian and his Mexican wife who had brought their three children, girl and two boys, over a hundred miles to the station. The train was five hours late. Since the father must drive back before dark, he asked me if I would see the children on the train, have the conductor give them receipts for their half fares, and then see them off at the Santa Fe station where they would be met by some sisters of the St. Catherine Indian school. Our train arrived late at night and no sisters were there. It was fifteen degrees below zero and a fierce wind was blowing. I placed the three children in a taxi with me, went to the hotel and ordered the driver to take them to the St. Catherine Indian school outside the city limits. Imagine my surprise in an hour to have the clerk at the desk phone me at my room that there were three Indian children who wanted to see me. I went down in my overcoat and slippers, startled the well dressed hotel guests who had come in for the inauguration and told them of my charge and promise to the father and mother. The driver said he had taken the children there and the little boy had presented the letter to the sisters, but it seems the father had made a mistake and should have sent the children to the U. S. Government Indian school. I said it would have been an easy matter for the sisters to have kept the freezing, frightened little folks till morning and then have properly placed them. Not so! The door was slammed in their face and they were out in the cold world at midnight. These sisters of St. Catherine were far-away followers of their namesake, the virgin martyr St. Catherine of the Third century, who was martyred at Alexandria by being bound to a spiked wheel, and whose kindly life made her an honored saint in the minds of the faithful East and West. These sisters were unworthy the name of St. Catherine the saint—they should enlist under the banner of Catherine of Russia, the cruel, selfish, sensual, loose-lifed woman, half-Pagan and profligate. They forgot the Master's, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Their interpretation of His, "Suffer



little children to come unto me," was to let them "suffer" as much as possible.

The driver was compelled to take the children across this Arctic space to the hotel where I was. They were brought in half-frozen and put by the fire to thaw out. I told them not to worry, it would be all right. Then I saw a brother Mason, told him the trouble. He phoned and the little brothers and sister were wrapped up warm, sent to the U. S. Indian school and placed in clean warm beds. My talk and action led an outsider to ask if I were Billy Sunday. I said "Yes, and Billy Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday until Sunday comes again."

### A DIVINE DUMP



LEGEND has it that De Vargas' lying bones lie in the church of San Miguel. The church, though not the oldest in the U. S., as claimed, for there are some in the outlying villages much older, was built about 1607, partly destroyed by the Indians in 1680, and rebuilt by De Vargas in 1610. L. and I visited it. It is small in space but occupies a large place in Santa Fe history. For the sum of 25 cents each we saw an old 14th century bell of Spanish make. The Father rang it for me. The folder says it is the "sweetest" toned bell in America. To me the harsh note of the cracked Liberty Bell is far sweeter. There is a 600 year old Ciambue altar painting here—what the church most needs is to have the building painted. One holy canvas had two arrow holes in it made by the Indians. These savage critics made pointed comment, and the only interesting thing to me about the picture was the arrow holes. The "Annunciation," in describing which some critics would use denunciation, is painted in old red, blue and yellow by Ciambue, teacher of Giotto. As I studied the picture I could easily believe the Father when he said, "The artist was greater as a fresco painter."

"Saint Teresa," 300 years old, is naturally much faded, the paint is cracking from her face that no massage can correct, and her frame is dry-rotted and falling to pieces.

We saw a small copy of "Our Lady of Guadaloupe" whose original we had viewed in Old Mexico. In this corner of antiquities it might be well to bury these "oldest" things in the "oldest" cemetery, and have the old bell ring out the old and false and ring in the new and true. The Father was the usher about the church, and judging from the cracks in it, it will be another "Fall of the House of Usher."

Across the street was the "oldest" house, where Coronado and others, 'tis said, resided until the Palace was completed. It is adobe and poorly preserved. Opposite is the cemetery, very old and a part of the down-at-heel deadness and debility of the city.

We were boastfully told that Santa Fe was "old" when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and that Franciscans and Spaniards were here 80 years before. Well, age is often a good thing but not always. The fact that an egg has age is a poor recommendation. Thank God those who landed on Plymouth Rock were Puritans in doctrine, worship and practice, and not impure Spanish marauders and murderers.

The religious Rambler, when he goes out to see, will see that Santa Fe is the site of the Archbishopial See of the Roman Catholic church, and that Santa Fe is also significantly the headquarters of the internal revenue system of New Mexico and Arizona. There is a plan afoot to change the Plaza so as to place the Cathedral on it and make it like all other Spanish Plazas. The customs of the town, its education, religion, speech and slowness are now too Spanish for the United States. This ideal may do for Spain, South and Central America and old Mexico—give us a new Mexico, new in ideals, liberty, humanity and patriotism. There are efficient Protestant religious bodies and souls in this city whose churches I visited and who conduct schools for boys and girls.

### CHURCHLY CUTTHROATS



HERE in the wilds of New Mexico, seven thousand feet up in the sky, walled in by low hills and mountains rising thirteen thousand feet, like a Mediaeval city, lies La Villa Real de La Sante Fe de San Francisco—"the royal city of the holy faith of St. Francis"—a large name for a little town. Do you know its early history?

Long ago Cabeza de Vaca, a shipwrecked and stranded European adventurer, crossed the continent with three companions experiencing all sorts of difficulties and dangers. He passed some fixed habitations that undoubtedly were Indian pueblo towns of New Mexico. He wrote such a Creel account of it that Coronado, the great governor of New Galicia and a Southwest conqueror, sent a Franciscan monk, with a negro, who had been one of Vaca's companions, to give the country the once over and reconnoitre it.

He reached Zuni (Cibola) where the negro was killed, but the monk, true to his early teaching, found it impossible to tell the truth and brought back such a wonderful story of the place and the people that it got Coronado's goat, and he started out next year, 1542, with 300 Spaniards, 800 Indians and five Franciscan fathers. This bandit buccaneer and mob of marauders was of the Carranza class. They insulted, robbed and killed the Indians, wiped out their towns, took their houses and drove the people out, which was the Spanish idea of "Kultur." Such was their John Baptist way of preparing the way of the Lord. Then the Franciscans blessed this robbery and butchery, and for their unholy sacrifice of the Indians offered the regular Holy Sacrifice.

Coronado came to New Mexico to plant a cross and raise gold; he got left on his gold and silver loot and returned to Mexico a wiser and a madder man. He failed to find his El Dorado—the Seven Cities of Cibola.

Some of the Spaniards remained and their descendants were found 65 years later by Onate. He founded the present Santa Fe and made it the capital of the province in 1607. The Spanish worked the silver mines and the natives, and the cruel slavery to which they were reduced to obtain the metals, caused the Indians to revolt in 1608. For the 13 years they were in power, they filled up and sealed every silver mine. During the revolt the Spaniards barricaded themselves in the old Palace, through which tourists walk peacefully today, and executed 47 Pueblo prisoners in the Plaza which faces the Palace. The Spaniards were licked and decided to leave. Then came the sweet revenge of the Pueblo chieftains who ordered the destruction of the Spanish archives. But don't feel bad, there are enough of them left today to puzzle and



befuddle historians for two hundred years. The Indians burned the church ornaments in a big bonfire. Wise savages to destroy all this divine junk! Yet were the Indians savage as their conquerors who festooned the portales of the Palace with dried Indian ears?

The Indians were victorious and defeated successive Spanish expeditions until 1692.

Now Diego de Vargas, another churchly cutthroat, appears on the scene. He comes up with soldiers and friars, conquered the Indians and made peace, one of the terms of which was that they should not be enslaved in the mines. He was forced to conquer the town twice, once in 1692 and again in 1693. He rose early to get in his formal religious devotion. He said his victory was from heaven—no, it had nothing to do with this bloody bigot—it was his Father the Devil who led him on. He vowed an annual procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin, if successful. This town surrendered on the morning of the thirtieth, 1693, and with thanks to God and the Virgin he shot many of the Indians, enslaved the 400 women and children as servants of his soldiers, and stole all the provisions. *Laus Deo!* Missions were then started to grind down the people and grind out glory to God. But the Indians rebelled and I don't blame them, do you? In June, 1697, they killed seven priests, 21 soldiers and made a first class wrecking job of the churches and contents. Yet D. V., not *deus vult*, but damned villain, Diego Vargas, fought to restore peace and secure some semblance of order.

Fortunately his term as governor expired—if he had never had it fewer would have expired—and a new governor, Cuebro, celebrated his arrival by throwing De Vargas in jail where he remained till 1700, when he was taken to Mexico and tried. He flammed the judges, was let off as innocent, came back to Santa Fe and was reappointed as governor. Cubero jumped the town to save his head and hide, riding on the trucks of a Santa Fe Limited.

Jail never reformed D. V. and seldom does anyone—for he was soon back on the job of killing the Indians for Christ's sake. Heaven be praised, he caught a fever and died. He willed that his body be buried in the San Miguel church, near the remains of Father Juan de Jesus. According to the

New Testament which rewards good and punishes bad, that's about the only Jesus he will ever be near.

In this San Miguel church the guide Father told me of the saintly De Vargas and gave me a pamphlet which reads: "Here we have, buried in Santa Fe, a truly great Spaniard, a great benefactor and conqueror. How can Santa Fe, even entire New Mexico, ever repay his services. There is no monument erected to his name, not even a tablet in the church which he re-erected and where lie his remains." Alas, isn't it awful!

Now every June there is a De Vargas Roman Catholic procession through the streets of the capital in honor of this imp and impious impostor. It begins at the cathedral, and ends at the Rosario chapel built in commemoration of the taking of the city by De Vargas.

When Mexico became independent in 1820, New Mexico began to be governed by political chiefs. Indians, Mexicans and others scrapped among themselves until the coming of the American army in 1846, under General Kearney, who took bloodless possession. A provincial government was established by the American. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo made New Mexico a part of the United States. In 1862 a Confederate army from Texas crossed the line and occupied Santa Fe, but was defeated at Glorietta.

## INAUGURATION REMARKS



A. Larrazola was the first Republican to be elected governor of New Mexico and it was some inauguration. He was born in Chihuahua forty years ago, educated in St. Michael's College, Santa Fe, was a Democrat, then jumped on the Republican band-wagon, and became a member of the K. C., Knights of Credulity. His practice of the law helped him to political position. He is opposed to prohibition. Heaven help New Mexico!

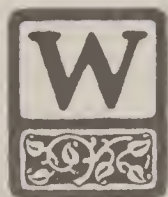
I went to the state capitol and saw and heard him. The place was jammed with a jamboree of color, yellow and white. There was an orchestra led by a woman that blew itself in discordant blasts as fiercely as Boreas outside. All that any cynical philosopher has said about woman would be confirmed



by what we saw and heard here. Mexican soldiers with their suits and guns stood at attention to his speech while the people sat spell-bound. Retiring Governor Lindsey said Good-bye and Larrazola rose with a Hello, how are you! Lindsey was an American and spoke eloquent English, Larrazola was a Mexican and spoke Spanish with fluency and fervor. He translated his speech into English, though it was received with less applause. The program was printed in English and Spanish. We criticize foreign languages in our schools, preaching and press, yet it has come to a pretty pass when a governor of a state in the Union is compelled to make his inaugural speech in Spanish because most of his hearers, friends and voters are Spanish and don't understand English. His speech sounded eloquent in his native tongue, and the thing that appealed to me in its translation was, "Public education must not only be encouraged but compelled." Yes, I think so. The mountains of his state are high but education is low. His people think more of gold than grammar and of mines than mind. In 1900, 33 per cent of the population of ten years of age was illiterate, making the worst showing of any of our states. Mexico is great on geology, pedagogically speaking she is punk and will be until she has more public and fewer parochial schools. She brings up the rear in the march of progress in our states. New Mexico is just old Mexico with a new name, in origin, language, religion and abysmal illiteracy. The Middle Ages have only passed away in the school books—they are still with us in New Mexico where the Mexicans are physically, mentally and morally degenerate; where bribery is frequent; elections a farce, and politics a game.

While there's life there's hope and let us hope that all will end well. The climax of the inaugural day was a big ball held in the Scottish Rite Cathedral—the right kind of a cathedral that in Scotland or America stands for the loftiest ideals and purest practice of piety and patriotism.

## ARTIFICE AND ART



WE visited the Museum to attend the Governor's reception. The building is in the shape of an early Roman Catholic mission. The sanctuary walls are decorated to commemorate the life and influence of St. Francis, who is the city's patron saint. His history is romantic. He was a gay boy, a dandy who loved fine clothes and to be seen on the streets with the boys. His town was Assisi and he was a sort of sissy in his dress and conduct and the foremost in his revels with sporty nobles. He got into a fight between the men of Assisi and Perugia and was landed in jail for a year. When the devil was sick the devil a monk would be. Francis was sick at twenty-five and turned to religion, but on convalescence, backslid into his former fast life. He again reformed, renounced the works of the devil, gave up his possessions and went on a pilgrimage to Rome. One day he paused to think and pray at an old chapel. From the ruins a voice came, saying, "Francis, see'st thou not that my house is in ruins. Go and restore it to me." He started to do it, went home, swiped a bale of stuff from his father, strapped it to a horse and then sold the horse and the bale for the church. His father cuffed and cursed him but finally got the swag back. Francis then gave up his earthly for his heavenly father, devoted himself to poverty and founded an order of mendicants—holy hoboes. To match the poor brother society, he founded an order of poor sisters, "Poor Claras" (Clarisses) so named because of the example of a young girl named Clara who fell deeply in love with him, his poverty, preaching and so forth. Of his many other acts much is mere legend. He loved animals, spoke of the ass on which he rode as his brother, called the birds his sisters and said their songs pleased God. That's more than I can say of the female voices I heard in Santa Fe. He was a great animal-tamer, the very wolves crouched at his feet. He fell into the vicious troubadour habit of writing lyric poetry. In his "Song of Creation" the sun, fire and wind are his brothers, and the moon, stars, water and death are all his sisters. So although he left his home he was not alone, and for one who took the vow of poverty and celibacy for his bride he had a very large family. Wonders increased as he grew old

and the greatest of all was when he was dying. While praying he had the vision of an angel with arms and feet affixed to a cross. Then came the miracle of the "Stigmata," the nail prints of the divine Christ appeared on his own human hands and feet.

One should wear smoked glasses when he visits the Santa Fe art gallery, the coloring of the pictures and murals is such a dazzling red, blue and yellow. These colors would give Ruskin an epileptic fit and they are put on thickly with a slap dash style as if with a shovel, trowel or hose. They are wonderful if you squint your eyes, and some appear to best advantage when your eyes are shut. I met one of the artists, polite, gentle-spirited, sweet-voiced and gray-haired. It did seem strange and sad that he should have committed such pictorial atrocities. Van Dyke asks, How to Judge a Picture? I judge that some of them should get twenty years.

### BLOODY PENITENTES



RUSKIN affirms that one of the reasons for the gloom of the peasants in the Tyrolean mountains is their religion which delights in scenes of bloody martyr death, in depicting suffering in their chapel walls and shrines. The atmosphere of Santa Fe and surroundings is known from the gruesome name given the mountains just back of the town, "Blood of Christ" range. It's a bad habit to blacken God's beautiful world; to think He enjoys discomfort and degradation more than ease and honor; to visit beauty spots in nature, feel happy and lift the voice in song or mind and heart in thanks to the Divine Father and then suddenly come to some statue, picture, cross or name that shows souls sweltering in blood, pitchforked by devils, or roasting in red waves of hell-fire.

Two miners were on the train who had spent years in New Mexico. They told me they had hidden behind adobe walls in outlying towns and seen repellant and degrading sights—a crowd of howling Penitentes, running by stripped to the waist, thrashing themselves with thongs tipped with cactus. You take not simply your kodak but your life in hand when you attempt to get a picture of this fanatic, infuriated mob infected



with the rabies of religion. They carry heavy crosses on their shoulders and up to a few years ago devotees were crucified and killed on them. These men told me the Penitentes now do not kill but torture their victims by tying hands and legs to the cross. Henry Savage Landor, a tourist in Thibet, was put on a cross and tortured. Travelers in New Mexico today are tortured on the cross of hard beds, lashed with hunger at empty tables, and made to sacrifice their good money.

Auto drivers at Santa Fe informed me that during this festival they had taken tourist parties out to see the holy show. Strange that God made man a "little lower than the angels," and man, under the guise of serving God has made a beast of himself until a pig is a saint in comparison. You find this mania illustrated in Pagan times, Middle Ages, and India today where I saw filthy fakirs at Benares lying on a mattress of spikes. They looked and smelt like a human menagerie. There are many religious orders that literally stink by rule to honor Him who created the pure air of heaven and millions of sweetest flowers. Penitentes! Lunatic cross bearers! Life has many and severe enough crosses without this madness of the cross, "stultitiam crucis." It is incredible that such weird, wicked and torturing rites should exist in America. This secret sect influences the politics of the state, stones onlookers, and would kill critics if it had the chance.

Self-torture is an old story. The Lupercalia was an ancient Roman festival in honor of the wolf-god. It was held by the shepherds on the 15th of every February on the Palatine Hill where an altar and grave were sacred to him. On this day the priestly devotees of Lupercus made sacrifices of goats and dogs. Following certain ceremonies the goat-skins were cut up—part for coverings for their body and part made into thongs which they used as whips, rushing through the streets of the city and lashing right and left all they met. Childless women courted this punishment and were glad to expose their bare breasts and shoulders to the marks of the cruel thongs, hoping thereby to bear children. Even the great Mark Antony acted as one of the Luperci when he was consul. On general principles a stroke of lash is supposed to have a salutary effect. Some of us know what a lickin' will do, that to "spare the rod" or staff is often to "spoil the child."



From earliest days in every nation, both savage and civilized people have whipped themselves to please the deity. Herodotus says the old Egyptians made a carpet out of themselves and beat their bodies at the time or after the sacrifice at the annual festival in honor of their Goddess Isis.

At the festival of Artemis in Lacaedaemon, Lyscurgus is said to have instituted the "Dramastigosis" on account of which he took youths before the altar and marked them with zebra cuts. This practice was later found in Asia Minor and Italy.

St. Augustine says in his day flogging was used not only by parents and teachers for discipline, but by bishops in their courts. Provincial councils upheld the practice as right.

Self-flagellation came later as an act of voluntary penance. At the end of the 11th century, Cardinal Peter Damian preached and practised on himself the idea of sacred spanking. In the 13th century there were public, pious swat ceremonies and faithful fraternities were organized for their benefit. St. Anthony of Padua, 1210, said it was a good thing. About 1260 Rainier, a monk of Perugia, whipped himself and others with a cat-o'-nine-tail club to make them feel better after the long and losing Guelph and Ghibelline war in Italy.

The hit-'em-again fever spread and everybody was doin' it. They ran and crowded through the streets with bull whips like cowboys rounding up cattle. According to a Paduan monk's chronicle, "they drew forth blood from their tortured bodies amid sighs and tears, singing at the same time penitential psalms and entreating the compassion of the deity." Carry on the Good Work was the slogan. Can you beat it? They went near and far as Rome. The religious anchorites continued this punishment of their rebellious saints because it seemed to make good. Feeling that politics and piety were a bad mixture, the Ghibellines put up the bars.

In the spotlight of history, on the stage of the Middle Ages, this Flagellant stunt was a literal scream. It soon became an all round nuisance and was prohibited by the clergy and civil rulers. They got the hook.

The society of the strap reappeared after the great plague in the fourteenth century in Hungary and Germany, and thence spread from the continent to England but left with no converts. In 1349, Pope Clement let loose a mad bull against

the organization, and during the days of Gregory 11th the holy officers of the Inquisition gave them a taste and a big dose of their own medicine which wholly finished the macerating society. Later in Thuringia the order was revived and called "Cryptoflagellants," but the life was cut short, the author and his aides were tried and their heads cut off.

Later France practiced in private a more refined and fashionable form of this faith, but it ill agreed with the epicurean motto, "Eat, drink and be merry," and failed. Henry III. of France thought he would give the Parisians a new thrill of joy and attain political influence at the same time. He instituted a whipping brotherhood in gay Paree and received a ha-ha for his self-inflicted pains. Henry IV. stopped the thing, and personal massage with strips of rawhide that made the hide raw, went out of fashion. There was a little flare up of the flagellants later in Italy and France. In Lisbon as late as 1820 there was a public procession of flagellants.

You say what a sorry set those old time heathen were. My tender-hearted reader, the same things and thongs are pulled off just before Easter among the Penitentes of New Mexico.

### PESTILENTIAL PIETY



ANCTUARIA, the Lourdes of New Mexico, is a sanitarium where people flock from California, Arizona and New Mexico to worship at a quaint chapel with its shrine and miraculous cure. It is primitive in its architecture, dating from 1816, is 60 by 24 feet, has massive walls and is embellished with native woods and engravings. The natives proudly call it the new Lourdes. Well, I have seen this Lourdes business in Europe, Central America and Canada, and it is a clerical circus humbug that has Barnum beaten a mile. If you don't know what the word Lourdes means read the following description of its "shrine" in France, by the great realistic novelist Zola, who had much to do with driving the clerics out of France—although since the war the clergy of Alsace-Lorraine want their patriotism repaid by government church support. Here is Zola's description:—

"There was no end to the train of abominations; it appeared to grow longer and longer. No order was observed;



ailments of all kinds were jumbled together; it seemed like the clearing of some inferno where the most monstrous maladies, the rare and awful cases which provoke a shudder had been rolled together. Eczema, roseola, elephantiasis presented a long array of doleful victims. Well-nigh vanished diseases reappeared; one old woman was affected with leprosy, another was covered with impetiginous lichen like a tree which has rotted in the shade. Then came the dropsical ones, inflated like wine skins; and besides some stretchers dangled hands twisted by rheumatism, while from others protruded feet swollen by odema beyond all recognition, looking, in fact, like bags stuffed full of rags. One woman, suffering from hydrocephalus, sat in a little cart, the dolorous motions of her head bespeaking her grievous malady. A tall girl afflicted with chorea—St. Vitus dance—was dancing with every limb, without a pause, the left side of her face being completely distorted by sudden, convulsive grimaces. A younger one, who followed, gave vent to a bark, a kind of a plaintive animal cry, each time that the tic douloureux which was torturing her, twisted her mouth and her right cheek which she seemed to throw forward. Next came the consumptives, trembling with fear, exhausted by dysentery, wasted to skeletons, with livid skins, recalling the color of that earth in which they would soon be laid to rest; and there was one among them who was quite white with flaming eyes, who looked indeed like a death's head in which a torch had been lighted. Then every deformity of the contractions followed in succession—twisted trunks, twisted arms, necks askew, all the distortions of poor creatures whom Nature had warped and broken; and among these was one whose right hand was thrust back behind her ribs whilst her head fell to the left, resting fixedly upon her shoulder. Afterwards came poor rachitic girls displaying their waxen complexion, their slender necks eaten away by sores, and yellow-faced women in the painful stupor which falls on those whose bosoms are devoured by cancer; whilst others lying down with their mournful eyes, gazing heavenwards, seemed to be listening to the throbs of the tumors which obstructed their organs. And still more and more went by; there was always something more frightful to come; this woman following that other one increased the general shudder of horror.

“From the neck of a girl of twenty who had a crushed, flattened head like a toad’s, there hung so huge a goitre that it fell even to her waist like the bib of an apron. A blind woman walked along, her head erect, her face pale like marble, displaying the acute inflammation of her poor ulcerated eyes. An aged woman stricken with imbecility, afflicted with dreadful disfigurements, laughed aloud with a terrifying laugh. And all at once an epileptic was seized with convulsions, and began foaming on her stretcher, without, however, causing any stoppage of the procession which never slackened its march; lashed onward by the blizzard of feverish passion which was impelling it towards the grotto.”

After this charming description Zola describes the holy water where these happy people were cured:

“The Fathers of the Grotto only allowed the water of the baths to be changed twice a day. Nearly a hundred patients being dipped in the same water it can be imagined what a terrible soup the latter at last became. All manner of things were found in it, so that it was like a frightful consomme of all ailments, a field of cultivation for every kind of poisonous germs, a quintessence of the most dreaded contagious diseases; the miraculous feature of it all being that any should emerge alive from their immersion in such filth.”

Here’s to the health of Sanctuaria, the Lourdes of New Mexico!

## KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS



**D**URING the past year the Knights of Columbus, a society that opposed the Masons, defamed the Y. M. C. A. and belittled the Red Cross, has by press, magazine and movies turned the spotlight on itself, and in that light we see the “spots” of an organization that claims to have been the Good Samaritan which cared for the brave U. S. boys who fell along the German highway, while insinuating that the Priest and Levite of other American agencies passed them by on the other side. What is this K. C. Society?

An Order of Political Propaganda:

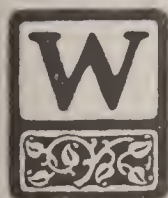
A Mystic Alliance of Politics and Religion:

The Genteel Society of Grab and Graft:



The Columbus Coterie of Caballers and Connivers:  
 The Sublime Legion of Subterfuge:  
 An Organization of Opinionated Pin-Heads:  
 A League of Holy Humbug:  
 Militant Disciples of Mendacity:  
 A Co-operative Association of Character Assassins:  
 A Society for the Prevention of Knowledge:  
 Champions of Clericalism:  
 A Labor Organization for the Union—of Church and State:  
 A Bolsheviki Body for the Suppression of Free Thought,  
 Free Speech, Free Press, Free Church and Free State:  
 Guardians of Senseless and Superstitious Traditions:  
 Ancient Body of Blathering Bosh:  
 Organization of Disorganizers:  
 Renegade Rank of Republican Government Revilers:  
 A Band of Business Boycotters:  
 Fraternity of Sinn Feiners:  
 A Federation of Folderol:  
 Faithful Followers of St. Christopher Columbus.

## WHO WAS COLUMBUS?



WHO was Columbus? I tried to learn, and visited his birthplace near Genoa; residence at Lisbon; Madeira, where he voyaged; Salamanca, where he asked help of the doctors and scientists; the Alhambra, where he received aid from Isabella; the islands of Cuba and Haiti, and the mainland of South America which he discovered; the Watling island of the Bahamas which he touched at, and the southern part of the Gulf of Mexico in which he cruised; the temporary resting place of his remains at Seville and Havana, and the final place of his burial in the church at Santo Domingo.

The impression I received, wrote and printed from this travel and study was that Chris. was avaricious, dishonest, cruel, immoral, unfaithful to wife and family, false to his friends and many other things which I need not here repeat. Lest the reader think I am prejudiced, let me quote the following eulogy on Columbus, written by Ambrose Bierce, one of America's great literary men, a master of satire and fantastic tales, who was boycotted in life, his books denied existence by the chief pub-

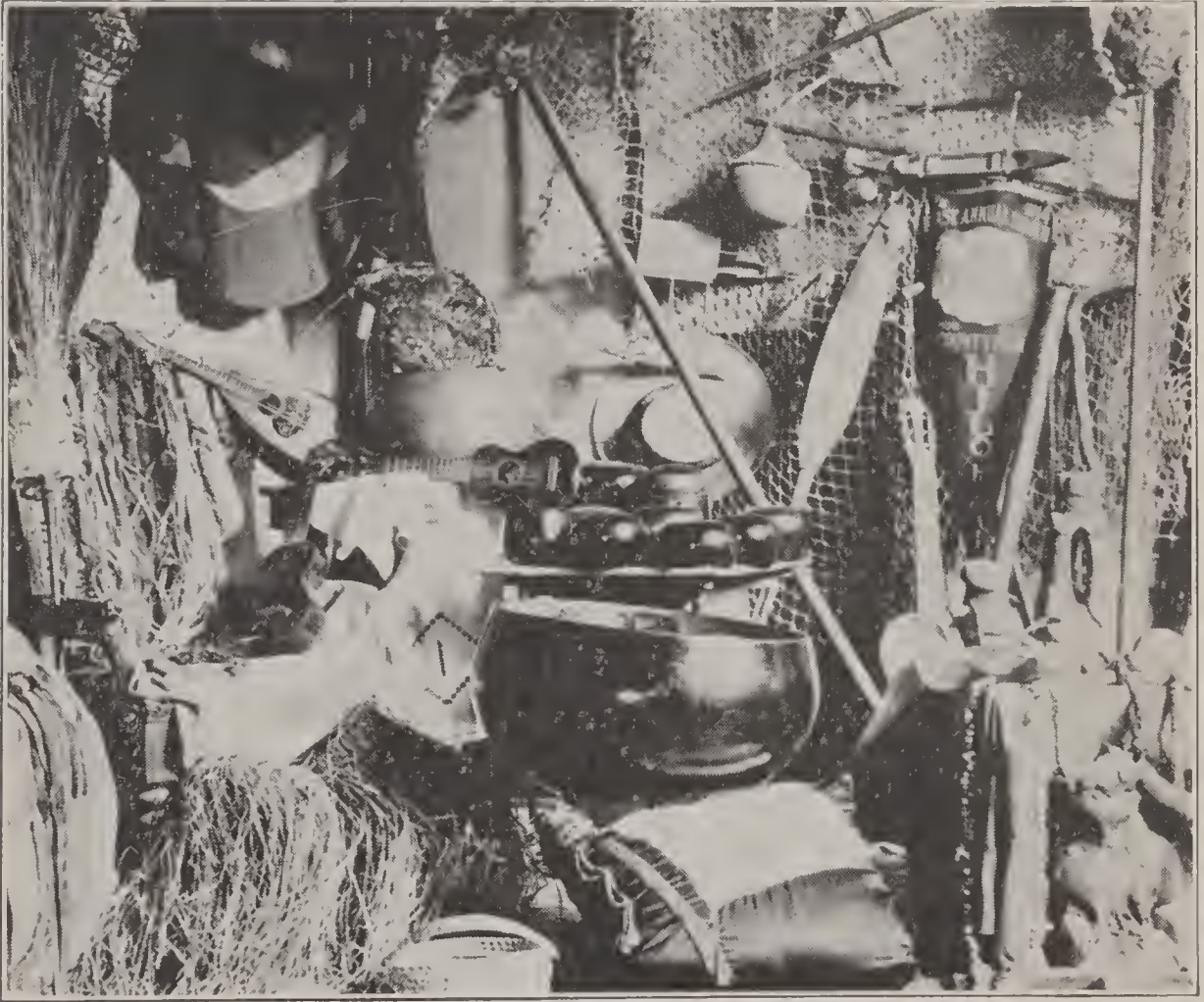
lishing houses of the United States and only printed through the generosity of a rich friend—Ambrose Bierce, whose works fill 12 large volumes, yet whose name is not even mentioned in some of our leading European and American encyclopædias, though the organization of the K. C.'s has plenty of space. Here follows his classic encomium of Columbus:

“The human mind is affected with a singular disability to get a sense of an historical event without a gigantic figure in the foreground overtopping all his fellows. As surely as God liveth, if one hundred congenital idiots were set adrift in a scow to get rid of them, and, borne by favoring currents into eye-shot of an unknown continent, to simultaneously shout, ‘Land ho!’ instantly drowning in their own drool, we should have one of them figuring in history ever thereafter with a growing glory as an illustrious discoverer of his time. I do not say that Columbus was a navigator and discoverer of that kind, nor that he did anything of that kind in that way; the parallel is perfect only in what history has done to Columbus; and some seventy millions of Americans are authenticating the imposture all they know how. In this whole black business hardly one element of falsehood is lacking.

“Columbus was not a learned man, but an ignorant. He was not an honorable man, but a professional pirate. He was, in the most hateful sense of the word, an adventurer. His voyage was undertaken with a view solely to his own advantage, the gratification of an incredible avarice. In the lust of gold he committed deeds of cruelty, treachery and oppression for which no fitting names are found in the vocabulary of any modern tongue. To the harmless and hospitable peoples among whom he came he was a terror and a curse. He tortured them, he murdered them, he sent them over the sea as slaves. So monstrous were his crimes, so conscienceless his ambition, so insatiable his greed, so black his treachery to his sovereign, that in his mere imprisonment and disgrace we have a notable instance of ‘the miscarriage of justice.’ In the black abysm of this man’s character we may pile falsehood upon falsehood, but we shall never build a monument high enough to top the shadow of his shame. Upon the culm and crown of that reverend pile every angel will still look down and weep.

“We are told that Columbus was no worse than the men of his race and generation—that his vices were ‘those of his time.’





HAWAIIAN CURIOS



STRANGULATION STONE, KAHALUU, HAWAII



No vices are peculiar to any time; this world has been vicious from the dawn of history, and every race has reeked with sin. To say of a man that he is like his contemporaries is to say that he is a scoundrel without excuse. The virtues are accessible to all. Athens was vicious, yet Socrates was virtuous. Rome was corrupt, but Marcus Aurelius was not corrupt. To offset Nero the gods gave Seneca. When literary France grovelled at the feet of the Third Napoleon Hugo stood erect.

“It will be a dark day for the world when infractions of the moral law by A. and B. are accepted as justification of the sins of C. But even in the days of Columbus men were not all pirates; God inspired enough of them to be merchants to serve as prey for the others; and while turning his honest penny by plundering them, the great Christopher was worsted by a Venetian trading galley and had to pickle his pelt in a six-mile swim to the Portuguese coast, a wiser and a wetter thief. If he had had the hard luck to drown, we might none of us have been Americans, but the gods would have missed the revolting spectacle of an entire people prostrate before the blood-beslubbered image of a moral idiot, performing solemn rites of adoration with a litany of lies.

“In comparison with the crimes of Columbus his follies cut a sorry figure. Yet the foolhardy enterprise to whose failure he owes his fame is entitled to distinction. With sense enough to understand the earth’s spheroid form (he thought it pear-shape) but without knowledge of its size, he believed he could reach India by sailing westward and died in the delusion that he had done so—a trifling miscalculation—a matter of eight or ten thousands of miles. If this continent had not happened to lie right across his way he and his merry men would all have gone fishing with themselves for bait and the devil a hook among them. Firmness is persistence in the right; obstinacy is persistency in the wrong. With the light that he had, Columbus was so wildly, dismally and fantastically wrong that his refusal to turn back was nothing less than pig-headed unreason and his crews would have been abundantly justified in deposing him. The wisdom of an act is not to be determined by the outcome, but by the performer’s reasonable expectation of success. And after all, the expedition failed lamentably. It accomplished no part of its purpose, but by a happy chance it accomplished something better—for us. As to the red Indians,

such of them as have been good enough to assist in apotheosis of the man whom their ancestors had the deep misfortune to discover may justly boast themselves the most magnanimous of mammals.

“And when all this is conceded there remains the affronting falsehood that Columbus discovered America. Surely in all these drunken orgies of beatification—in all this carnival of lies there should be found some small place for Leif Ericsson and his wholesome Northemen, who discovered, colonized and abandoned this continent 500 years before, and of whom we are forbidden to think as corsairs and slave-catchers. The eulogist is always the calumniator. The crown that he sets upon the unworthy head he first tears from the head that is worthy. So the honest fame of Leif Ericsson is cast as rubbish to the void, and the Genoese pirate is pedestaled in his place.

“But falsehood and ingratitude are sins against Nature, and Nature is not to be trifled with. Already we feel, or ought to feel, the smart of her lash. Our follies are finding us out. Our Columbian Exhibition has for its chief exhibit our national stupidity, and displays our shame. Our Congress ‘improves the occasion’ to make a disgraceful surrender to the Chadbands and Stigginses of churches by a bitter observance of the Sabbath. Managers of the show steal the first \$1000 that come into their hands by bestowing them upon a school girl related to one of themselves, for a ‘Commemoration Ode’ as long as the language and as foolish as its grammar—the ragged, tagless and bob-tailed yellow dog of commemoration odes. And this while Whittier lived to suffer the insult, and Holmes to resent it. What further exhibits of our national stupidity and lack of moral sense space has been engaged for in the world’s contempt one can only conjecture. In the meantime state appropriations are being looted, art is in a process of caricature, literature is debauched, and we have a Columbian Bureau of Investigation and Suppression with a daily mail as voluminous as that of a commercial city. If at the finish of this revealing revelry self-respecting Americans shall not have lost through excessive use the power to blush, and all Europe the ability to laugh, another Darwin should write another book on the expression of the emotions of men and animals.

“That nothing might be lacking to the absurdity of the scheme, the falsehood marking all the methods of its execution,



we must needs avail ourselves of an alteration in the calendar and have two anniversary celebrations of one event. And in culmination of this comedy of falsehood the latter date must formally open with dedicatory rites, an exhibition which will not be opened for six months. One falsehood begets another and another in the line of succession, until the father of them all shall have colonized his whole progeny upon the congenial soil of this new Dark Continent.

“Why should not the four hundredth anniversary of the rediscovery of America have been made memorable by fitly celebrating it with a becoming sense of the stupendous importance of the event, without thrusting into the forefront of the rites the dismal personality of the very small man who made the find? Could not the most prosperous and vain people of the earth see anything to celebrate in the four centuries between San Salvador and Chicago but it must sophisticate history by picking that offensive creature out of his shame to make him a central, dominating figure of the festival? Thank Heaven, there is one thing that all the genius of the anthropologists can not do. Quarrel as we may about the relative claims of authenticity of portraits painted from description, we cannot perpetuate the rogue’s visible appearance ‘in his habit as he lived.’ Audible to the ear of the understanding fall with unceasing iteration from the lips of his every statue in every land the words, ‘I am a lie.’ ”

And it is for this man that a former “learned” college president and historian, now the President of the United States, proclaims a national holiday, Columbus Day—in spite of the fact that Columbus never saw the day of discovering the mainland of our continent; it is for this man that the public schools are closed October 12th through the influence of a Knight of Columbus society which would close them every day in the year; it is for this man that public money was used to erect a magnificent monumental lie in Washington, D. C.; it is for this man that Papal pen-pushers distort truth in lexicons, public school textbooks and newspaper and magazine articles; it is in memory of this man that the Knights of Columbus have organized themselves under his banner and in his spirit to go forth to discover ways and means by which they may violate the laws of heaven and earth!

## CITY SIGHTS



SANTA FE manufactures bricks and cement—naturally since her city is founded on bricks thrown at each other and cemented with blood. The products of the state are gold, iron, coal, turquoise, zinc, silver, brick, clay, lime and copper. The farm products are fruit, beans and grain. Stock raising is a profitable industry. The town manufactures much silver filigree work and the climate is fine—for consumptives.

The old Santa Fe trail was the trade route between St. Louis and Chihuahua. By 1843 the merchandise entrusted to 230 wagons was \$450,000. Over this road trailed trappers, plainsmen and mountaineers, men on foot, horseback and in prairie schooners. Later came the U. S. armies to have and to hold this outpost of a coming civilization. Think of the old coaches, people packed in like ivories in a dice-box and baggage, drivers, and stages alike, all full inside. The Jehu driver cracked his whip, the horses galloped, raising clouds of dust, the guards following with their guns and all rushing like a whirlwind into Santa Fe. There is a small sort of grave stone here marking the end of the Santa Fe trail. In this Plaza General Kearney planted the Stars and Stripes in 1846. I noticed a Soldier's Monument erected by the Territory. Its inscription has been much criticized because it refers to the Confederates as "rebels." The Daughters of the American Revolution have built a suitable monument for General Kearney.

I read a sign "Don't spit on the Plaza," yet my 33 degree Masonic friend Spitz has been on the plaza many years, refined and unrefined. In his large jewelry store one finds workmen making beautiful filigree silver work. He gave me a Swastika pin for good luck and I gave him a good luck wish in return.

The Scottish Rite Masons have one of the largest and finest buildings here in the U. S. It is Moorish in design, lavishly furnished and finished for every good Masonic work. I was pleased to visit it, to be shown around by brother Kennedy, felt I was one of the brethren and expressed my feelings with my fingers on the big sweet organ. This was a gala place when filled with the high society of New Mexico at the governor's inaugural ball. Some of the leading men arrived with cowboy hats and fur coats over their full dress suits. Others



wore tuxedos with red neckties. The women were dressed in small samples of beautiful and expensive fabrics—I marvelled that their dresses held on—it was the one miracle I saw, the result of faith in this city of the Holy Faith.

Near the Plaza there is an old and interesting Masonic lodge full of many historic relics. Members are proud to say that Kit Carson was one of their honored brothers. Literally and figuratively, Kit was a good “scout” and never led or lost anyone on a false trail. There is a monument erected to him in front of the Federal building. “Kit,” the short for Christopher, was a U. S. Indian agent at Taos, N. M., and was honored by the government for services as scout during the Civil War. He was bred in old Kentucky, went to Missouri at the age of 17 and became a hunter, trapper and professional guide. He was scout guide for Fremont when he explored the Rocky Mts., gave him valuable service during the conquest of California, and took parties overland to California at the time of the gold rush. What Kit was and did outweighs a dozen Coronados and De Vargases.

There have been many plots against the Masons, but I found one plot for them in Fairview cemetery where repose the remains of many leading citizens of the Territory, as well as of military officials. The National Cemetery has a beautiful setting for the veterans of the Mexican, Civil and Indian wars. Among the many places for the dead is Rosario Chapel and Cemetery. I ploughed through the snow and was tired enough to drop in the newly dug grave, yet kept on until I roused the keeper who unlocked the chapel door. This chapel is where the De Vargas procession ends each June, at which time the crowd of enthusiasts is most dense. During our visit the only parade we witnessed was one of barnyard fowls. Within near the altar, there was a dainty depiction of purgatory and hell in terra cotta, to remind the living where their friends were and whither they were going.

Mr. Feemster, a crack shot and lover of the wild West, who exhibits a case of curios in the Museum, showed us many more in his room. He took us out to the Garita, an old, yellow adobe mud wall—a relic of a Spanish fort where traitors, murderers and devil-doers were lined up and shot by men who were often worse criminals.

Santa Fe climate is so sunshiny and salubrious that the natives line the sides of streets like so many lizards. It is a paradise for beggars and bums to live in luxurious idleness. Coronado had the gold-fever, perhaps he came to Santa Fe to find health. He and De Vargas made it very unhealthy for the Indians. Their idea of a good Indian was a dead one. The few days we spent in bright Santa Fe we felt as bitter blasts and biting cold, saw as much snow, and were as uncomfortable as if we were once again down in the Straits of Magellan or up in Medicine Hat. The oldest inhabitant told me it was the severest frost and blizzard in 39 years. Mail trains couldn't get in or males and females get out. It was called "unusual weather"—I think it was. The climate is dry, the best in the Territory—so were the people who felt their worst under prohibition. It is an Elysium for one-lungers—not a health resort for people used to the free and bracing air of open thought, action and discussion. Healthy for weak lungs, it is conducive to general mental torpidity, I fear. The air is so clear that things seem near that are far away—very deceptive to travelers starting out to some lunch counter at the end of the street, who fall dead with starvation before they get there. It is also cold. I saw natives in adobes huddling over small fires or in the sun trying to get warm.

### A SPANISH PALACE



GOVERNOR PRINCE of Santa Fe said in a land report in 1890: "This ancient Palace surpasses in historic interest and value any other place or object in the U. S." This sounds like a piece of flatulent verbiage. Did he ever hear of Faneuil Hall, Boston, and its Liberty Cradle; Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, and the Declaration of Independence; or the White House and Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation and scores of other noted places in U. S. history which make his Palace a barn in comparison? True, it was the headquarters and seat of authority which make a foot note to a page of American history. He is more hysterical than historical. However, there were some things of interest about the Palace, though much like Gratiano's kernel of wheat in a bushel of chaff. Here Onate went East, un-

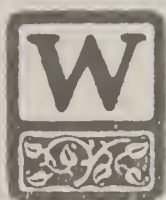
Masonically, for light; here pusillanimous Saldivar started for the Moquis, but fairy stories of giants hustled him back, putting him without the pale of David or Jack-the-Giant-Killer; here Penalosa gave the Commissary General some of his own Inquisition medicine and shut him up in the strong room; here Gov. Martinez elected himself chairman on a committee of Death, and picking up a chair polished it on the skull of a Ute chief. There is one event which puts all others of American history to shade and sleep—the fact that General Kearney slept on the earth floor of the Palace after taking possession of the city. Think of it! One sees the room where General Lew Wallace wrote the last part of his Swedish novel “Ben Hur” while acting governor in 1879 and 1880. Did politics help his written style or drag his chariot in his literary race for fame? Yes, I sat in his chair as in Sir Walter Scott’s and many others, just to say I had, but I couldn’t fill them.

The Palace has been the home of the Historical Society since 1885. I met a kindly gentleman, old as the curios and wrinkled and yellow as the parchment, who pointed out, explained and directed me to a great variety of New Mexican historical antiquities. Here we saw how the old Indians fought in stone and pottery; what they did and what tools they did it with. Doctor Edgar Hewett, who heads the Department of Archeology, can pick up a stone, arrow or bit of pottery and erect the whole fabric of New Mexico’s civilization as Cuvier did an antediluvian animal from a bone.

It would make the shade of a prehistoric Indian shake his ghostly sides with laughter to come here and see how we admire and meditate over some of his old junk placed and labelled under a glass case. What if our civilization should be wiped out and a toothbrush, collar-button, shoelace or corset stay were placed on exhibition in some future museum, while spectacled antiquarians published pamphlets and inaugurated schools and institutes for the life study of these souvenirs of departed genius!



## AN ARCTIC EXPEDITION



WE were anxious to see cave-dwellings and excavations that made Santa Fe look like Jonah's gourd, the growth of a night. The only way one can enter the the true romantic spirit of these places is with an auto. Accordingly, one morning, we set out with Professor Coomer. He had a rope and a spade that we might hang ourselves if we became despondent and dig our own graves. He carried a barrel of water for the car and I carried a flask of medicinal cognac as a life-saver. Roped to the sides of our car were canvas for tents, boxes of bread and canned stuff to throw to the hungry wolves if they pursued us.

It was freezing cold when we started out and before going very far we found we should have taken snow-shoes along for the auto, for the "beautiful snow" covered the road and the car slipped and bucked the snow-drifts, or playfully bumped the bumps, stopping to make snow balls which it threw up to hit us. I am not sure what torments there may be for some of us in the next world, but in this one I do know that riding across the undulating scenery of New Mexico in an open car in winter is all but heavenly. I tied my face up in my handkerchief, piled baggage on my feet, packed a newspaper in my cap, held the robe tightly over my chest and trunk until my gloved fingers were like a handful of icicles.

Our driver's motto was "Excelsior" and he took us mutton-heads up the mountain where we met flocks of thousands of sheep whose drivers were taking them down the mountain for protection from the coming blizzard. On we whirled. Before us the snow-white mesas, table-land and crags appeared like Cyclopean castles and citadels. It is a pleasant trip in summer but I warn the reader not to attempt the risk in winter. Suddenly we saw spread out before us the magnificent city of Buckman, through which the narrow-gauge Denver & Rio Grande ran as though it feared to stop and might never be able to find its way out. After a careful survey, if I remember rightly, the entire city was composed of 4 and one half buildings. One shack combined the post office, grocery store and freight depot; another the home of the post office man and mistress where all the real centre and life of the town meets to

exchange news, sit around the stove, have a hot time and listen to music. Then there was a barn with pig-pen whose family squeal rivalled graphophone records. Nearby stood a woodshed with logs to shed heat if one was handy with the axe. The other "half" of the town we had no time to visit during our snowjourn.

The P. O. mistress, a kind motherly woman, was sorting out mail, a few letters, old papers and magazines with one hand, while with the other she poked up the fire in the old stove, made some coffee, pulled down from the shelves some crackers and cheese, and broke the ice on a can of condensed milk. This, with our own provender, kept off the wolf for awhile. Her husband, Mr. Stork, came in from chopping wood. He was tall, angular and strong, reminding me more of Lincoln than anyone I had ever seen. He was glad to see us and helped his wife entertain us. Our chauffeur professor was afraid to venture up the rest of the mountain trail without him, so he became one of us. He was strong and warm without coat or gloves, for he had gotten up a good blood circulation by chopping a cord of wood before breakfast. His legs were so long that he could walk over any difficulty. If we fell down a canyon, his endless arms could pick us up, and his hands were strong enough to lift the car if it turned turtle. His great heart could make a hundred of the pygmy politician and stunted statesmen sort we had left at the capital.

New Mexico is healthy, but it is bad on your heart and lung action to auto up a rough, steep, icy road on the ragged edge of despair and a deep chasm. A descending team disputed our way, we got by, but the descending snow took blizzard shape, threatening to stop and bury us. I have seen snow from Alaska to Patagonia and North Cape to Switzerland, but old Boreas gave us a sublime snow show here. Above us, snow; below, the Rio Grande like a silver snake; beyond, panorama of pine-covered plateaus; everywhere, marvelous stone sculpture by the hand of Erosion, one of Nature's grandest sculptors in this outdoor Museum of the Almighty.

## CAVE MEN AND COMMUNISM



HE faces of the cliffs were pockmarked by caves natural, and artificially made by the Indians. 'Twas foolish to go further for we were practically snow-bound, so we sheltered the car under a tree and clambered up to a cave. I was nearly all in with the trip and trudge and happy to gain protection from the blizzard. This cave was one of thousands that honeycomb the cliffs in this region. Fortunately it was empty, for sometimes wolves, mountain lions and wildcats take possession, as well as sheepherders and outlaws.

The party said I resembled a saint in a niche. I thought of Elijah in the cave at Horeb, and of some of the later ascetics, as well as of prehistoric man, who hitched up his three-toed horse, whistled to his big dogs, now extinct, and went out to trap a mammoth or a mastodon. Looking around my cave I found its walls blackened, showing former occupancy either from dirt of ancient Indian, or his sooty fire. The cave man may not have known it, but he was an expert at the art of pictography and petroglyphy in this Pajarito Park. Many of these comical stone pictures and scrawls have been obliterated, handled roughly by vandal tourists and time. In these mountains he had a wide range of subjects. There were scenes of hunting, birds, geometrical designs, supernatural beings, savage and symbolical. I fear these Indians never went to Europe to study art, so of course their pictographs are inferior to those of their cave men brothers across the sea. An artist could not have picked out a more picturesque place. For those who desire quiet this cave and community house country offers many inducements.

'Tis said these caves were the ancestral homes of a clan of the present Tewa Indians twelve centuries ago. If you have acquired the love of broken pottery, from what you have seen in your home owing to the careless servant, you will be interested and rejoice for these cliff dwellings are full of it. The Indians roosted and nested here like swallows at top of barn, or rooks on a rock. The cave kitchenettes were small and comfortable. There was a fireplace, draught and clay, polished walls. They were their own wall decorators, loved the simple



life, and were far above the low, worrying, extravagant life we drag on in the city.

It seems wicked to waste all this sublime scenery now on mountain goats, sheeps, wolves, a few tourists and scientists. In the Frijoles Canyon there is an ancient Kiva in a Ceremonial Cave where the men had a sort of bachelor's stag quarters. Here they could be free from feminine worriment, and go for a club affair, political discussion or some secret initiation with big ceremonial and blowout in the windy canyon. Above the cave I was in, on the top of the mountain, were ruins of an ancient community city. It appears there were socialists in the early times. L. and the guide left me and climbed through a rocky trail to this city of Tsankawi, and "sank away" in the snow to their knees. The beaten road to this town was a wolf trail, the place, a terraced tenement in old days, now resembles a honeycomb or egg-case. There is another city on an adjacent mountain top called Puye, meaning a place for cottontail rabbits. The crumbling ruins on the tableland are antique ant hills. At Puye the cave ruins contain 2 to 50 rooms each. Left to my "ice"olation, it was easy to slip back into the ice age. This country has been described as the "land of little rain"—we found it the land of much snow. The cliff caves looked like holes in a big cheese. I suppose the Indians were happy as mice in them.

The Indian community houses were built on hill tops like an Acropolis. I wonder if these cities went the usual way of community experiments. 7000 ft. up in the air, they are as much in the clouds as the "Utopia" of Thomas More and "Republic" of Plato. No one knows why these archaic people in New Mexico died out. Was it famine, war, pestilence? Did they, like other pueblos in this country, die of fear because of Apache raids? Plato advocated community of wives in his community city, and that the number of births should be regulated by the state; More gave women more rights, but he had slaves do the menial work; did the Indian communities go on the rocks because they put these ancient ideas in practice? In Utopia labor had a six-hour day. Did they have it here and thus die of ennui and idleness? Did they pass away because births were regulated as under the Spartan government? Did they perish because they had celibacy laws like the Shakers?

We thought and said many things but night was coming soon, we must come down from our perch and that would take time, since we had neither the wings of an eagle nor hoofs of a goat, only a snowplow of an auto. We were half dead but the machine wasn't—so we slid down and were again in Buckman. Think of visiting a town like this twice! Sleeping accommodations were limited to the postoffice and pig sty, but that wasn't our style, and we struck across the desert to the Indian Pueblo of San Idelfonso.

### SNOW-BOUND AMONG INDIANS



AS our car entered this mud village, the Indians and little children ran in and out of their hovels like gophers in holes. Directed to the leading house, for hotel accommodation, we timidly knocked and were answered by a woman who refused to take us in, not caring whether we starved or froze so long as it was not on her premises. I mention this as a typical example of New Mexico hospitality and what the tourist may expect. She had no room in her heart or home for us, but there was love for a big bull for whom she opened the gate and allowed the shelter of her back porch. There is no accounting for tastes.

Fortune smiled and a little Mexican grocery store took pity on us. The family brought us in by the fire, cooked a hot supper and gave us warm welcome in true chili con carne style. After this the professor piloted us across the pitch black plaza, or court of this pueblo, to the house of the chief Gonzales whom he had known for years. The heap big chief heaped up a wood fire for us and proudly brought out his wife and daughter to exhibit. He spoke excellent English, and had been on exhibition at many national fairs. There were glass-beads, leather work and photos to be seen, and he told us his Indian history and legends, and of the fearful ravages of the Flu among the pueblos. He said his people were not like the wild Apaches but believed in peace. Just then we heard a war-whoop of calls, yells, savage beating of drums, approaching footsteps and were prepared to be scalped according to the ideas learned in early years. There is a scalp dance in some of the Indian villages—the only type here is the cooty. The door opened and

his son came in, informing us they were practicing for a New Year's dance to which he invited us. More talk and fireside fancies, and we left to call later, that is, early next day.

The Mexican grocer and wife gave us their daughters' room and the girls acted as housemaids. We three had a stove, washstand, centretable, a lounge and a bed. On one wall there hung a picture of the Pope with a couple of pretty girls next to him on a calendar. On another wall there was a framed marriage certificate. Since I had filled out many of them, I walked up to examine it and discovered that the usual printed matter was there but nothing written in to show who was married, and when, and where, and by whom the ceremony was performed. No matter, some people in New Mexico do not possess even this much to show that they are married. My host and hostess had this blank—but more, a true proof of marriage relation, their children.

All night we listened to the wild war-whoop of the winter wind, and the sharp arrows of sleet and snow darting through the cracks and windows. We were besieged by the savage storm. The wind took another part and mimicked the groans of a dying man, or went whistling by with crazy demoniacal fury. Morning found us snow-bound. The snow whirled around us in war-dance fashion. It had drifted up to the window-sill and the doors were barricaded. The blizzard, the Mexican shepherd had predicted the day before, had come down like a wolf on the fold. Out of the frosty window we saw a snow-covered Roman Catholic church with its cross, and outhouse that served for the whole Pueblo—for sanitation was not part of its creed. Our poor auto was buried deep with little hope of resurrection until spring time. We thanked Providence that we were snowed in in a grocery store, the commissary department of the village, and that the shelves were well stocked with canned goods. In an hour the storm tired itself out. The sun came forth and we went out to say good morning to the village and take pictures.

The chief's son was our guide and introduced us to several swarthy girls, friends of his, smartly dressed in blankets, leggings and moccasins. We called on a beautiful Indian woman who made and painted pottery beautifully. Its color and shape were as good as the girl's. The clay bowls were not phil-



osophical as the clay population that spoke to Omar Khayyam. Still, I did not feel bad—if their clay lips were still, hers were not.

The U. S. flag was floating over the little red man's school-house. Inside the boys and girls, who had floundered through the snow, were floundering through their lessons. The teachers looked surprised at what the night blizzard had blown into the village. The mixtures of breeds shut their books and opened their mouths and eyes to see us. I am sure we were all glad to see each other. I told them a story, they posed for a picture and I am certain the public school is the great civilizer and melting pot in the ice and snow.

### THE KIVA



HE kiva was the most interesting object in the Pueblo. It is a small eminence, a round mud platform with two poles sticking out of the center giving it the appearance of an old-fashioned ink-stand with two pens stuck into it, or that of a gigantic snail with horns.

The kiva is old as the tribe, and the center 'round which all its history revolves. The Spaniards called it "estufa," meaning oven, for there is but one opening for light and ventilation. The summer temperature is warm enough to bake, which may explain some of the half-baked beliefs that are mixed up with its mysterious rites. Despite the cold and snow my Indian guide removed his hat when he climbed the outside stairway to the top. The only entrance to the kiva, this chief council cellar, is by a ladder that descends through a small opening on the top of the roof. It is the holy place and visitors are not allowed. The Hopis believe if a stranger enters and looks on these rites he will swell up and burst. I peered around. It resembles a cellar, empty now, but when the city council meets it looks like a good place to plot dark deeds. The chiefs debate here and the civil and religious life of the Pueblo is ruled from this cellar. It is the Civic and Commerce, Physic and Comic, of the town, the business bunco bureau and ceremonial center where Indian priests and politicians meet—the place where the two curses and plagues of the human race set up the pins. "Keep Out" is the invisi-

ble sign, for outsiders are not wanted, and even the women are only permitted to enter when they bring baskets of lunch for their gentlemen relatives.

In the kivas of Moki land, during the snake dance when they pray for rain, the snake-priests, who resemble bogey men, chant weird songs and go through a lot of religious rigamarole. The ceremony to bring rain ends by their gathering on the roof of the kiva, almost naked, quaffing huge bowls of emetic drink and puking, this being called the ceremony of "Purification." This is certain to bring rain, and I doubt it not, for the heavens are surely sick of the sight and spew out a shower.

The kiva symbolizes the birth-place of man from Mother Earth. It is a sanctuary where prayers are offered for rain, harvests, war, hunting and the general "good" of the community.

### SAVAGE VIRTUES



HERE is a division of religious labor among the Pueblos. I have known one minister to carry on city church work while the deacons, who should have helped him, expected to be carried astride his back. The Pueblos believe in a divinity of duality and choose a theory that should please the philosopher or theologian. There are the dualities of Father Sun and Mother Earth; of Summer and Winter; of Earth and Sky; of Male and Female; of Light and Darkness. The tribes are divided into summer and winter people, and the ceremonies relating to them are conducted by respective summer and winter committees. The Indian is a fine artist and doesn't know it—also a good theologian, but not for mere doctrinal discussion, and he is not a pedant in philosophy distinguishing between monism and dualism. His theology is the operation of principles good and bad; his physiology asserts that the two hemispheres of the brain act separately and independently; his chemistry declares that every definite compound consists of two parts having opposite electrical activity, and that man's nature is a combination of the corporeal and spiritual. Sure, he believes this stuff—do you?

The Indians are reputed to have been Christianized by the Franciscans, but the communicants have a mixture resulting in a compound of holy heathenism. The Pueblos generally belong to the Roman Catholic Church. In the corn dance recently held at Santo Domingo, the Indians began their orgies by going to the Roman Catholic Church and having some Christian preliminaries. Thence they paraded across the Plaza with their patron church saint at the head of the procession, and this was followed by their Pagan ceremonies. When the Franciscans first came to the Pueblos and said their Gods were Evil, the Indians threw the Franciscans, "long gowns" as they called them, over the edge of the mesa. At a recent corn dance they caricatured the early Conquistadores, and the Franciscan Fra Moreos by making him mumble prayers, while they burlesqued his companion, the negro Estrean, as flirting with the squaws.

Their dances are made with the idea of securing food. Other dances are called the "flute," the "snake," the "eagle," "deer," and "buffalo." There is a clown dance where by gesture the corn is sown, the clouds come and the rain falls, and in pantomime the Indian represents the growth of the corn from the ground.

Lately at Santa Clara, the Indian boys were forbidden to smoke until they were big enough to have killed deer, buffalo, rabbit and coyotes, and if they sneaked off and had a puff they were thrown in the river. Unmarried men were not allowed to smoke in the presence of the elders. Not long since a council was called because three boys had been found smoking commercial tobacco. They were publicly reproved, and a dance of all the children in the Pueblo was ordered in expiation of the scandal. The Tewa women rarely smoke. Are there any lessons that smarty smoking young Americans can learn from these savages? Our U. S. atmosphere is one of the Inferno. The big ads in press, magazines and on billboards are not to advertise books, lectures and music, but brands of cigars, cigarets or pipe tobacco that are reputed to possess all the odors, flavors and excellencies of God's best fruits and gifts. Big business for Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and K. C.! giving good money, with the motto "In God we trust," to the Tobacco Trust. Why even King James I. in his "Coun-





**CAPTAIN COOK MONUMENT, HAWAII**



HEATHEN TEMPLE, NAPOOPO, HAWAII

ter-blast to Tobacco," 1604, calls it, "A branch of the sin of drunkenness which is the root of all sins."

The Black Mesa, or Mountain, loomed up white over the sea of snow like the hulk of a huge battleship. In Indian mythology it is called the Sacred Fire mountain. Today the Indians make pilgrimages there and carry offerings. I can't blame them for worshipping fire if they have many winters like this. The top is covered with the remains of half-buried dwellings used by their ancestors. Natives built their pit houses here and lived during those historic sieges that marked the early Spanish occupancy. What an impregnable natural fortress! In olden times people hied and hid themselves on the mountain tops to avoid the flood of water—here on the Black Mesa the Indians fled from the outpoured fury of their Spanish persecutors.

There was no way out in the auto for it was buried in drifts, so the Mexican's son hitched up his team and drove us back to Buckman through cold blasts and banks of snow. L. and I kept our hands and feet in constant dancing motion, not for pleasure, but to keep from freezing. It was a memorable trip to this little Pueblo town, which at one time had nearly 1,000 inhabitants, and in 1680, during a revolution, had its mission destroyed and its two Franciscans killed by the Indians.

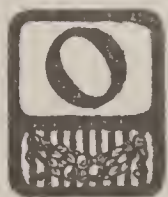
While waiting at Buckman for the train, five hours late, my Lincoln-looking friend beguiled the time by telling how the native population believed in ghosts, and that a woman came in one night and asked him to go and dig up her relative who was not dead.

At last the Denver and Rio Grande engine came in sight. As it wound down the mountain all we could see was its bright eye glistening like the eye of a dragon. The snow-plow was higher than the smokestack. Most of the freight was snow, yet there was a car of baled hay for the flocks of sheep to prevent their starvation. We were glad to climb in the little coach though it was crowded to choking. It was the dirtiest, gloomiest, smokiest box I was ever packed in. After a ride in it one should take a bath in the river Lethe to forget it. This poor toy train had a terrible time getting through the drifts. The engine was superannuated and as old as anything



we had discovered in this primeval land. It started, slowed, stopped and we feared we might be stalled all night and compelled to walk to town. But steam prevailed over snow, and we gave devout thanks as we stepped off at the station.

## VISIT WITH UPTON SINCLAIR



ONE Sunday afternoon at Pasadena I called on U. S., not Uncle Sam, but Upton Sinclair. I was at Los Angeles and he at Pasadena—both of us busy, but not too much so to prevent a sympathetic and sincere talk. He seemed terribly out of place in that millionaire city, his house a shed compared with their splendid palaces. There was no auto driveway to his door or butler's servant to usher us in, just a walk over a dirt path towards an humble door that opened, and a young man without collar or hat, in yellow coat and blue pants, with unshined shoes, came out with smiling face and extended hand and said, "Hello, Golightly, I have just been reading your 'Devil in Mexico,' and you are certainly some language-slinger." He is not the only one who can throw the English Bull.

Sinclair is in a class by himself, not a millionaire one, but the wealth of ideas and ideals makes all his beer, chewing gum and safety razor kings and neighbors look like thirty cents plus a lead dime. We entered his sanctum. The floor was bare, the books were in a corner, papers were strewn about, there was a pile of letters, a small typewriter, his key to knowledge, an anvil on which to forge his thoughts and forge ahead.

I spoke of his "Profits of Religion" which I had just read and said I wished I were rich enough to buy and give a copy to every minister in the United States. He laughed, picked up a new copy and wrote on its cover, "To Golightly Morrill with best wishes for socialism—Upton Sinclair."

He had been blackguarded, lied about and his books boycotted. I had just passed through a year of that experience and could sympathize with him and love him for the enemies he had made.

This did not mean that I fully understood or wholly agreed with all he had said or done, but that I believed his initials

U. S. stood for Universally Sincere, that he loved man, his rights and freedom, and hated everything and everybody who would enslave man's body, mind or soul. As I looked into his intelligent face and felt the force of his words, I could but wish him long life and success every day and way. He has no love for Bastiles of thought; for a humanity whose ideal classification divides society into two classes, beasts of burden and beasts of prey; for a social order that would shame a pack of wolves; and any church which seeks to make God a greater tyrant than the Kaiser. The day is gone when the bonehead can call honest thought blasphemy.

### A LINCOLN WARNING



SINCLAIR believes in religion and prophets, but not in the profiteers whose text and sermon is firstly, secondly and thirdly "The Profits of Religion." In the spirit of earth's greatest prophet, he would enter the temple church today, overthrow the tables of the money-changers' ministry, and drive out all who have made God's house of prayer a house of merchandise and a den of thieves. If you have not read Sinclair and think he simply writes and talks about poor Lazarus in Heaven and rich Dives in hell, suppose you read what Abraham Lincoln, a well-known American gentleman, said, a something you will find omitted from sermons, speeches, editorials, school books and popular Lincoln biographies. In his message to Congress in 1861 Lincoln wrote:

"It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital, that nobody labors unless somebody owning capital, somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. But labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could not have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much higher consideration. I bid laboring people beware of surrendering a power which they possess and which if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and fix new disabilities and burdens upon them until all of liberty shall be lost.

“Monarchy itself is something hinted at as a possible refuge from the power of the people. In my present position I could scarcely be justified were I to omit raising a warning voice against the approach of returning despotism. There is one point to which I ask brief attention; it is the effort to place capital on an equal footing with, if not above, labor in a structure of government.”

Again, in a letter to a friend in Illinois, Lincoln says:

“But I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power will endeavor to prolong its reign by working on the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed.”

### VULGAR, VICIOUS VERNON



LOS ANGELES was a cemetery after 9 P. M., Bacchus had been banished and his Venus and venial votaries followed him to Jack Doyle's and the Vernon Country Club outside the city limits. You may go there by auto or street car in 15 minutes. There were many trolley line rides out of town but this was the best according to the number of fares. Our street car was full of old bums and new sports who sprawled, sat or lounged about. The talk was of booze, women and horses and punctuated with pointed profanity flavored with strong breath.

At Jack Doyle's there is a picture gallery of all the fight favorites over the bar. Over the bar, too, you may get a punch and some knockout drops from two dozen bartenders. It is unnecessary to go to Venice to see the glass-blowers. One man had a load with a kick in it, for one of the many policemen on duty gave him the toe of his boot and put him out.

I saw some reels out in front, but the real life is just beyond at the Vernon Country Club, a combination of saloon, restaurant and dance hall. This is the movie heaven and the stars appear here at night. Plowing through an acre of autos, we reached the door, paid fifty cents and entered the liquor oasis of the Los Angeles prohibition desert. Music was playing



but the Muse of music would not recognize it. In Collin's Ode, Music was a "heavenly maid," played in Greece and was Wisdom's aid, was chaste and sublime—perhaps, but not at Vernon. It was jazz gone drunk and crazy. This dance hall where a thousand can dance, that is, contort and cavort, and as many guzzle and glut, was a scene to delight the heart of the prodigal son and daughter.

Through clouds of cigaret smoke we saw the movie stars. These "heavenly bodies" have very earthly souls. Some were "fixed" stars at tables, others "falling" into partner's arms, and "shooting" stars were shooting love glances to each other. I fear these stars have a baleful influence over many people's lives throughout the world. Some other stars seemed votaries of Astarte, the licentious goddess to whom a temple has been erected in Hollywood. I have been there, but not to worship, and talked with men who lived there who say that morals and movies are not inseparable, and that Hollywood is a sort of Daphne grove where the Seventh of the Ten Commandments is largely forgotten or erased.

We sailed through this nebulae of male and female stars, who could not be scientifically classed with the Milky Way according to the kind of liquids they were drinking. A moving picture of this crowd would disgust the public from future waste of time or money on them.

"Hawaii" was another room with a bar around it over which broke waves of booze. L. and I, to be friendly, drank a lemonade, gave up a buck and walked over to the Hawaiians. A beautiful Hawaiian girl who had been born in Butte, Montana, or Seattle, came out into the middle of the room. Her breakfast food skirt was a fit and her dance a convulsion. It was a disappointment, neither artistic nor obscene. The young greenhorns and the old tinhorn sports, closed up around her, ogled, applauded and urged her on with Simian smiles until her loose manner nearly loosened her two-piece skirt and at the same time loosened the pocket-books of her admirers. Quarters, halves, dollars and bills were rained down during this storm of applause. A fool and his money are soon parted. Had it been done to bribe her never to repeat the performance, it would not have been so bad—but alas, this lass did but receive greater encouragement to give another

dislocation dance that was anything and everything except the Hawaiian hula. We grew sea sick at the motion of her al "leg" ro furioso. It was more than 2000 miles off from the real thing.

A pretty woman came up and said "Hello, Dr. Morrill," and I knew it was time to go to the hotel—with my son—and we did. In the spirit of George Washington at Mt. Vernon I have told you the truth of this whole matter.

Prohibition is a good thing in Los Angeles. Previously one had to hunt all over the town for his friends, now he knows just where to find them—at Vernon. I was glad to get away from the smoke and swirl of the Smart Set, nauseating nebulæ, and go out under God's sky where I could breathe the fragrance of the nearby slaughter-house.

### THEODORE ROOSEVELT



R. Is Dead" was the press telegram, the bolt from a clear sky, that blinded my eyes in the depot at Los Angeles. It could not be. I had in my pocket a letter from him, dated October 30, 1918, from his New York office saying,

"My dear Mr. Morrill:

I thank you, and look forward with pleasure to reading the book.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) T. Roosevelt."

It was my recent book "On The Warpath." I have many letters, which he has written to me during the years of our friendship, but this last one, though his shortest, will be longest remembered.

Theodore Roosevelt is one of the great names in the world's history. The letters T. R. always stood for Truth and Righteousness. He was aggressive and progressive and indicated the high water mark in the tide of the world's civilization. His shadow is bigger and more powerful than the bodies of our bulky blockheads who lumber the Cabinet rooms in Washington today. The U. S. is weary of swivel-chair senators, wrist-watch statesmen and piddling, piffing politicians.

The saddest words of tongue or pen—"what might have been," if Theodore Roosevelt had been president and sent a warship to Vera Cruz, taken the Americans aboard, and told the Mexicans that if they did not keep their treaty obligations with the U. S. he would blow them off the map. Then Germany would have known we had a man with a backbone for president and not one with a cotton string; that we fired shells and not firecrackers. Then there would have been no "watchful waiting," the Lusitania would not have been sunk, and thousands and thousands of our brave American boys would not have rotted on European battlefields.

The biggest nation mourned her biggest man when "Teddy" died. He was always alive and ever picturesque, patriotic and princely. He was a young giant with a big stick that smashed to smithereens every sunny-faced falsehood. In private life his character was above suspicion. In public life he kept the spotlight man busy. With Washington and Lincoln he forms a Trinity that Americans daily worship in spite of the commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Had Carlyle lived he would have placed Roosevelt in his "Hero and Hero-Worship."

Roosevelt loved America, its plains and mountains. To him America began and ended with "A no. 1." Some years ago when I was traveling in Europe the criticism of our government and leaders was sarcastic and severe. I patiently listened and finally said, "Well, what's the matter with Roosevelt?" Instantly there came the reply, "Nothing, he's all right," and the abuse of my country ceased.

In brain and thought, hand, head and heart, Roosevelt was a giant. Simple in home life, sincere in politics, clear in intellect, clean in heart, pure in patriotism, virile in his personality, he was a bright and shining light of a 100 per cent pure Americanism to us and to the world.

He illustrated a sentence from one of his speeches, "In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for us all is spend and be spent." Strenuous, democratic, Christian, he indelibly influenced state, home and church. "Fear God and take your own part" was the title of his book and the volume of his daily life.



He was our Sir Knight, hating everything that was evil—the world-champion for a square deal for all. As man and American he deemed nothing foreign to him that related to mankind.

## PLAGUES



ORTEZ and Pizarro were bad Spanish plagues in Central and South America, yet they never killed as many as General Spanish Influenza who brought his grippe to Boston last year, smuggled its contents of contagion through the customs, and made a thorough tour of the United States. I buried his victims at the rate of four a day in Minneapolis, but did not meet him personally until I reached 'Frisco.

Kipling wrote, "San Francisco is a mad city—inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people, whose women are of a remarkable beauty." That's the way it looked to me as I entered it one night from Los Angeles. The Mask of Death was being played in the theatre of the city. Men, women, policemen, conductors, newsboys, sailors, soldiers, working and professional men, rich and poor, young and old, wore masks. It appeared to be the convention city for the world's Ku Klux. Had it not been for the chilly breezes I could have imagined I was in Constantinople with the veiled women and prophets of Khorassan.

The mask was very becoming to people with receding chins, poor teeth, thick lips and flat noses; very convenient for burglars and street-holdups; embarrassing to smokers and chewers, and to women who wanted to talk and show their ruby lips and pearly teeth. Of course, the health board was delighted, and I didn't care since I didn't have to shave twice a day. The restaurants were amusing. Patrons hung masks on their ears, to prove they had them and these white rags moved up and down like wings and flags. The city resembled a ward full of operating doctors and attending nurses. At a leading church the deacons, who passed the plates, came up the aisles like pairs of Dead-Eye Dick bandits, and the congregation was prompt in its contribution. The minister removed his mask to preach. However, there were several in the choir who should have kept them on as mufflers, or to strain their sour music.

Once again we sailed to the Barbary Coast, that old plague spot of the town. Woe is me, its former beauty and glory were departed. The streets were dingy, many historic places were silent as death, the dives and dance halls were dark, the bars were inviting, but the flu ban had hurt business. On this Barbary Coast souls are still being wrecked. The music said "come in," and the girls looked and said the same thing, but, nix. I saw the police putting men out of the dives because they had no masks on, and the girls along the line felt put out because they were compelled to wear them. The inducement to sit down or stand up before the bar with these masked maidens was not very great. In vain did these damasked beauties invite us to travel along their primrose path. L. and I made the rounds on both sides of the streets, and of the joints up and down stairs, but the siren music of these harpies was jangled. A paunchy cop told us how the flu devastated the district so that the shrieks and moans of the dying had been heard above the squeak of the phonographs. There was no lure to these Lorelei. Behind the masks of gayety one could see the ravaged face of disease and disgust. This back-door entrance to Hades is unattractive. Not many enter here now, they prefer the lights, flowers and music of the front door—big cafes, clubs and hotels.

The brightest light we saw was in a basement mission—no admission—simply the Gospel invitation of, "Come, without money and without price." We entered, listened to song and prayer and left with prayer for the success of those faithful ones who were seeking to save the lost.

Dear old 'Frisco, always the same! Were one to come here a hundred years hence, he would see and hear the same or worse. But she wears her wickedness on her sleeve and is no hypocrite like some of her sister cities. The same string of splendid, sinful cafes are here to entangle and strangle. They were full of soldiers and officers. Food and femininity were for sale. As they drank wines many looked as if they longed for Nepenthe to forget their sorrows. Boys brave abroad were being overcome by women at home. Like Apollonides, they were encountering girls who killed with their eyes all those on whom they looked too long. Women were enchanting with enchanting words, and as fascinating as those Nymphodorus

wrote of. At these tables of revelry Death was the waiter, and the forbidden fruit they ate, like apples of Sodom, turned to dust and ashes on their lips.

There was prohibition talk in the air but the air of liquor was everywhere on the breath of the people. As soon imagine 'Frisco harbor dry as her bars—or a world without political corruption, religious cant, telegraphs and newspapers. Drunks were commonly seen on streets and in hotel corridors. One lay flat in the hall way howling near my room, delirious with drink. I have heard many arguments for and against the saloon. Let us be fair and not intemperate in our judgment. I know one good thing that can be said of a saloon I have in mind—it is closed. But will it be closed in the United States so long as our president wants wine and beer?

I thought I was some traveler, but in many lands I found the Plague had landed long before me. He is a great globe-trotter and I saw him in India, Egypt, Peru, Mexico and China. As companions, he travels with Mars and Mors, and they never weary of each other's company although they have been together for thousands of years.

The world has always been a pest-house and beplagued with plagues. In Egypt, Jehovah used ten plagues to free the Israelites—plagues of blood, frogs, lice, flies, murrain, boils, hail, locusts, darkness and death of the first born. Thucydides describes the "Plague at Athens," telling how the temples were full of the corpses of those who died, and that when one man raised a funeral pile, others threw on their dead first and set fire to it, or when some other corpse was already burning, before they could be stopped, would throw their own dead upon it and depart.

One of the blackest pages of history is that which tells of the Black Death. It was so called because the patients, in addition to boils, had black blotches on their bodies. It is supposed to have originated in China and come to England by way of the Black and Mediterranean seas. It broke out in 1348 and 9, one half of England's five millions died, and 100,000 in London alone. There was great mortality because of lack of sanitation and the fact that people had been enervated by half a dozen previous attacks of a similar nature. This "Great Pestilence," as it was called, reappeared in 1362-



7-9, and in Ireland in 1370. This was immediately followed by the reappearance of the Flagellants, the persecution of the Jews in Germany and the general upheaval of trade and agriculture.

In his "Journal of the Plague Year," Defoe tells of shut-up houses, the dead-cart, pest-hole, the plague-stricken lunatics; how delirious infected people threw themselves into pits where the dead were, and were buried alive; how some drank and others prayed; how people shrieked and fell dead in the streets, or threw themselves out of the windows; how mothers murdered their own children in lunacy, and suicided by hanging. In treating this plague-stricken populace, quack physicians frequently tortured many to death.

Dr. Hodges, in his "Loimologia", refers to the hungry London children hanging on the breasts of dead mothers. Death was midwife and children passed from birth to burial. Some lay vomiting in the streets, lovers died in their first embrace. Vincent speaks of Death's pale horse galloping down the streets and how people fell thick as leaves in autumn. Nothing was heard but groans of the dying and the creak of carts carrying away the dead, while the churchyards were stuffed with the dead piled up in tiers.

Hecker says that in Avignon the Pope found it necessary to consecrate the Rhine river that bodies might be thrown in without delay, since the churchyards were full. In Vienna 1200 died daily, corpses were stacked up like cordwood outside of the city and plague patients were buried alive. In England there was death of soul as of body. Churches were priestless, morals were low, avarice abounded, lawyers grew up thick to dispute inheritances. Cattle had murrain and beef reached recent wartime prices. Clement VI. hurried up a jubilee celebration of the faithful to Rome in 1350. This made the plague break out anew and scarcely one in 100 escaped. Italy was stricken and those who returned spread disease and immorality.

Europe lost 25,000,000 in the Black Death. This ill-wind from the cemeteries blew good for the church. The dying gave her all. If she did well after the Crusades, she did better now for she filled her fists with treasure and land property. Like a vulture she battered and fattened on the dead.

To this Iliad of death woe was added another. First from Hungary and then Germany came the brotherhood of Flagellants, cross-bearers, or brethren of the cross, as they were called. It was made up from the lower class, either because they sincerely hoped to pray away the plague, or because fat and lazy, they didn't want to work and took religion as a pastime. Such people ought to be licked even if they had to do the job themselves, and they did. It was a new fad. The more foolish the bigger the crowd to join, and so some nobles, churchmen, nuns and children united. On they came in black, red crosses on breast, back and cape, and with triple scourges knotted and iron-pointed. The fanaticism was fast and furious. Men sang, women embroidered banners for them and they were wine and dined. All this helped spread the plague. Dirt and devotion made new conquests.

The author of the Flagellants was said to have been St. Anthony of Padua, 1231. When Italy was a sink of vice and crime, a spirit of virtue suddenly rose. People met, each had a whip or cat-o'-nine-tails of leather with which they whipped themselves to bloody cuts, and blood and tears mingled. It was a scourge of death in which they scourged themselves.

Burning zeal showed itself literally. Believing the plague was the result of poison, somebody poisoned the ears of the people by charging that the Jews, rejectors of Christ and haters of Christianity, had poisoned the wells and gassed the air. It started in Switzerland, "the land of liberty." In 1348 at Chillon they were persecuted, prosecuted and fiendishly tortured. At Basle they ran the Jews into a wooden building and without sentence or trial burned them. When fire and sword were not used, the Jews were banished. At Eslingen the Jewish community went into the synagogue, locked the doors and set the place on fire. Mothers on the street threw their children into the fire pile to avoid baptism, and then themselves. Instead of the plague's bringing sincere grief, it gladdened mad mobs and incited to murder and marauding. A terrible picture, yes, but no worse than Jew-baiting pogroms today. And we are told the world is growing better!

In Florence, an edict forbade the ringing of church bells or publishing the number of dead to keep the people from despair. No toll of bell for toll of dead. Boccaccio says the



rich and well forgot the poor sick, shut themselves up in homes and ate, drank and had music; instead of mourning there was mirth. Often the stench of the body was the first indication of death. Early passers by were startled to see dead bodies out in front of the homes. Often whole families were placed on one bier, while on the way to the cemetery one funeral was followed by a half a dozen more that had fallen in line.

In a later century, during the cholera at Paris, Heine heard the whetting of the scythe of Death ringing distinctly in his ears. He describes it as a Reign of Terror far more dreadful than the first because the executions took place so rapidly and mysteriously. "It was a masked executioner who passed through Paris with an invisible guillotine ambulante." There was a rumor that instead of dying of cholera the people of Paris were falling dead because their food was poisoned. "There rolled through the streets a dark flood of human beings, in which, here and there, workmen in their shirt sleeves seemed like the white-caps of a raging sea, and all were howling and roaring—all merciless, heathenish, devilish. I heard in the Rue Saint-Denis the well-known cry, 'a la lanterne!' and from voices trembling with rage I learned they were hanging a prisoner. Some said he was a Carlist, and that the brevet du lis had been found in his pocket; others declared he was a priest, and others that he was capable of anything. In the Rue Vaugirard, where two men were killed because certain white powders were found on them, I saw one of the wretches, while he was still in the death-rattle, and at the time old women plucked their wooden shoes from their feet and beat him on the head till he was dead. He was naked and beaten and bruised, so that his blood flowed; they tore from him not only his clothes, but also his hair, and cut off his lips and nose; and one blackguard tied a rope to the feet of the corpse and dragged it through the streets, crying out, 'Voila le cholera-morbus!' A very beautiful woman, pale with rage, with bare breasts and bloody hands, was present, and as the corpse passed her she kicked it. She laughed to me, and begged for a few francs reward for her dainty work wherewith to buy a mourning-dress, because her mother had died a few hours before of poison." Heine writes that the crush at the cemeteries was appalling. "Mourning-horses of the hearses stamped and grew unruly, it seemed to me as if the dead themselves were growing impatient, and, tired



of waiting, were in a hurry to get into their graves; and when, at the cemetery gate, one coachman tried to get before another, and there was disorder in the line, then the gendarmes came in with bare sabres; here and there were cries and curses, some vehicles were overturned, coffins rolling out burst open, and I seemed to see that most horrible of all émeutes—a riot of the dead.”

To lovers of gruesome tales, who wish to add fancy to fact, I recommend Poe’s “King Pest,” and “Masque of the Red Death”; Hawthorne’s “Lady Eleanor’s Mantle”; and Fielding’s, “A Journey From This World to The Next,” where in the City of Disease he finds the roads smooth leading to it and the suburbs lined with bagnios, taverns and cook shops.

The Black Death was followed by another pestilence. In its wake came the whirling eddy of the mad dance, called St. John’s or St. Vitus’. It was seen in Germany in 1347. People went mad, foamed at the mouth and screamed furiously, leaping and jumping. These votaries of St. Vitus made the streets a dance house. It was a mad Mardi Gras. Farmers, artisans, men and women joined the crowd and followed on as rats did the Pied Piper. It was a chance to gratify the wildest passion. Beggars and idlers fell in line, adding mimicry and imposture to those who were really infected. It was a maelstrom that gathered all to it and moved on in spite of priestly prayer and exorcism.

Music was the magic to drive away the madness, as now it is the chief incentive to “On with the dance.” Week-day and Sunday, in street and church, people clasped hands, formed circles and danced around until they fell exhausted on the ground. An eye-witness relates that a woman danced for a whole month. Another remedy was said to be a strong, swift kick. Still another help was to swathe cloths about their waists or to give a thump to the affected part. The victims saw imaginary devils and called their names aloud, or said they jumped up high to avoid drowning in a stream of blood. Others imagined heaven opened and they saw Christ and his mother enthroned.

The plagues of the past are not a pleasing picture, but we

have some afflictions of our own which are distasteful. Here are a few:—

- Frenzy of Jazz band:
- Melancholia of Moving Pictures:
- St. Vitus Dance of Rags and Trots:
- Gangrene of Party Politics:
- Hydrophobia of Fake Patriotism:
- Jaundice of Sectarianism:
- Fever of Hero-Worship:
- Inflammation of High Cost of Living:
- Locomotor-ataxia of Rotten Robber Transportation Facilities:
- Ophthalmia of Newspapers and Magazines:
- Senile Debility of Diplomacy:
- Nausea of Billboards:
- Spleen of Christian Cigaret Controversy.
- Apoplexy of Capitalism:
- Asphyxiation of Automobiles:
- Heart-Failure from Styles of Clothes:
- Ear-Ache from Pianolas and Graphophones:
- Neuritis of Chewing Gum:
- Ulceration of Slums:
- Leprosy of High Society:
- Coma—the Drama:
- Palsy—Gambling:
- Delirium of Drink:
- Scrofula of Social Evil:
- Convulsions of War Poetry:
- Eczema of Tenements:
- Diphtheria of Gossip:
- Sick-Headache from New Thought:
- Rabies of Lynch Law:
- Dropsy of Prohibition:
- Decomposition of Art:
- Poison of Propaganda:
- Cancer of War:
- Asthma of Preaching:
- Sclerosis of Religion:
- Epilepsy of Political Oratory.

## A SOUTH SEA PRINCESS



WE called on a South Sea princess at 'Frisco whose home we had previously visited at Papeete, Tahiti. You always have a royal time in 'Frisco but not always with royalty. Cooper gave us the "Last of the Mohicans"; it remains for some one to give the final chapter in the history of the kings and queens of the royal family of the Society Islands.

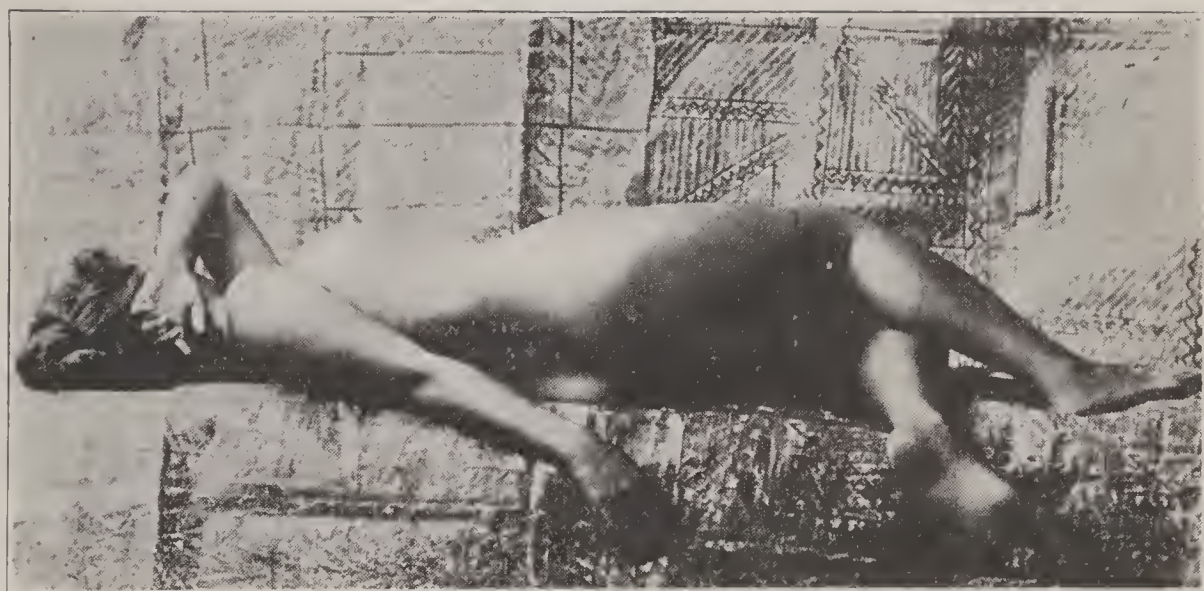
The sub-equator island of Tahiti had entertained us years ago according to the hospitality of the Society Group. It was a French Elysium. Nature had showered her gifts, human nature was gay and careless all the warm days and nights. Business was booming with copra trade—then came the all-conquering King Death, a ruler who will never be dethroned on earth.

Quarantine officials at Papeete, as lax as those at Boston, permitted a pestiferous crew and boat to dock. Stevenson, in his dark tale of "Ebb-Tide," describes the ravages of influenza at Papeete many years ago. Who can picture this? The simple natives thought the flu was denge fever and jumped into the water for cooling and comfort. They were caught like fish in a net and soon gasped and died. At night fires could be seen on the hill tops burning the dead like bodies at the ghats of Benares.

Mrs. Atwater's brother, Tati, chief of the island of Tahiti, in early days was the companion of Stevenson and La Farge, the artist. He went among his stricken people everywhere in the spirit of Florence Nightingale, while many French government officials, thinking solely of themselves, closed their offices and left or shut themselves in. Two others, who did the Good Samaritan act, were the American Valentine Wilson, and Major McQuarrie, the Englishman who wrote the book, "Over Here." Prince Tati died and was mourned by all the natives. His monument is in the loving remembrance of those who survive. In that beautiful island with its Diadem mountain let there be erected a granite shaft with this inscription, "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Mrs. Moetia Atwater, the princess, was personally as attractive and vivacious as ever. She is a woman of rare intel-





SLEEPING BEAUTY




CITY OF REFUGE, HAWAII

lectual and conversational gifts, is world-traveled and widely educated. She sadly told us she expected to return by the next boat to that island graveyard of her dead where the royal family would end its history and the royal estate be divided among them as individuals.

The Grizzlies, California's soldier boys, returned and paraded Market street. The day was gray and chill but the reception given was warm-hearted. Red carnations instead of carnage blazed from their rifles. Like Browning's patriot, "It was roses, roses, all the way."

### THE RED-TAPE WORM

URING the war it was very easy for German spies and propaganda-spreaders to go anywhere in the world they wished, but when it came to patriotic American citizens who wanted to visit Hawaii, as much a part of the United States as Nevada or California, they were insulted and treated like escaped criminals.

Although my steamship tickets to the islands had been purchased for two months, it was necessary to secure a Department of Labor permit. Mr. C. W. Seaman of the Minneapolis branch of Immigration Service had kindly filled out and sent my application to 'Frisco in advance, receiving word in return from Mr. Meehan that it was not the practice of his office to approve the application of any person who desired to depart from the U. S., except on "essential business," and further he considered there was the possibility of a permit card being denied me on arriving at 'Frisco.

I immediately sent a wire to the Department of State, to R. W. Flournoy, Jr., acting chief of the Bureau of Citizenship, inquiring why an American citizen could not visit Hawaii, an American possession, when he was in search of rest, health and material for literary work. The war was over, Hawaii was not in the war zone and the islands belonged to the U. S. As usual, I received no reply from this Circumlocution office, not even a polite answer. Of course not, his bureaucracy was paid to do nothing—and it never neglected its duty. Men might go and sell booze and shoddy to the heathen; go on wild-cat speculation to the uttermost parts of the earth—but that was



“trade,” and it “followed the flag.” Vanity Fair drummers, with trunks of devil’s merchandise, had plenty of ship room. Masons, in the spirit of their great George Washington, willing to give body, mind and soul to their country, were denied transportation to Europe, for war activity, later were put on the same footing with Y. M. C. A. and K. C. workers, yet were prevented from doing anything directly except through these bodies. Be it known that there were over 100,000 of these Masons in the army of the government, with liberty as their slogan and victory as their object. Liberty loans, war fund drives bagged millions from them—they were the leading spirits in the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A., but were kept out of war and refused permission to go to Europe. Individually, they worked loyally with every society but the K. C.’s which bars Masons from its membership. Masons gave blood, brains and bonds but were turned aside. This society of Freemasonry, the only non-sectarian and harmonizing influence in America, which would have instantly received and commanded the respect of all the nations of Europe, was kept away and held away as an institution. Why? Ask Tumulty, Flaherty and Hurley.

I was told again and again that space on ships must be conserved in war time. Yea, verily. In the year ending June 30th, 1917, at a time when it seemed impossible to carry food to the starving Belgians, the port of pious, baked bean, loudly heralded Boston, cleared to British West Africa 766,634 gallons of rum besides distributing more than 80,000 to other countries. Though shipments of necessities of life grew exceedingly difficult it was this same port of Boston that shipped to British West Africa in 1916, 1,049,144 gallons of rum, more than four times the amount shipped to the rest of the world.

It was Paul Bourget, the famous French critic, traveler and writer, who sized up this God and Mammon spirit. Of his friend John Bull, his good neighbor across the channel, he said: “In the temple he is a publican crying aloud, ‘O Lord, I am but a miserable sinner’—outside its door a Pharisee setting up for a marvel of virtue. A worshipper of Mammon and Jehovah, the man most concerned in the interest of the next world and most wrapped up in the concerns of this.” He says further, “It is not at the Abbey of Westminster, it is on the facade of the Bank of England that there ought to be written: ‘Here

England shows her gratitude to her great men'." When one reads the above English statistics, he recalls what Heine penned, "A blaspheming Frenchman must be a more pleasing object in the sight of God than a praying Englishman."

At 'Frisco I called at the Immigration Office and was introduced to Mr. Meehan, telling him that my wife, son and self desired to take the next boat to Hawaii of which fact he had been notified from Minneapolis. He first said there was no room on the ship, and I told him I had secured passage two months before. "You are not going on any necessary business," he said. I told him it was necessary to get travel material for that was my means of support. I then said health was an object of the trip and I needed the rest and recreation. He replied it would be necessary to secure a statement to that effect from a local physician, which I went out and did. On returning he told me that he was sorry he could not allow the passport because my passport to South America had been confiscated a year ago. (Dost thou wish to know what a passport is, Reader? 'Tis a red-sealed, bombastical document given some Americans who go abroad, branding them as foreigners and inviting other nations to laugh at and annoy them as much as possible.) I replied the case was nolled, but he only took my word for it when I wired Minneapolis to wire him that such was the case. Then removing my hat I turned to the flag, saluted it and said, "My country, I love it, God bless it—the Democratic party, I hate it, God damn it." Mr. M. was startled and said, "What did you say?" and I repeated it louder and more clearly, adding that it was not a profane oath but a Christian prayer I had been offering for some time and hoped heaven would soon answer. Next morning he called me over the phone and said he had heard from Minneapolis and everything was all right and I might go—and so I got the permit, and the flu, because the running around and worry for three days to and from his office made me susceptible to the little flu bug that got me.

The world-wide war seemed to have made the United States the safest place for autocracy. At Washington, instead of acting the part of a Good Samaritan, and binding up unfortunate wounds, the diplomatic doctors tore them open and poured salt into them. The Administration seems to have had



a job lot of men who were thoroughly prepared to take the place of the Kaiser and the Czar in Europe.

Hawaii is not foreign, but part of the U. S. Tourists were pouring by tens of thousands into Cuba, Florida, California, Japan and China, but the big wall had been removed from the Orient and erected around the Sandwich islands.

This wartime regulation regarding travel to Hawaii was not only un-American but stupid. It's about time for Uncle Sam to be just to Americans as well as generous to Europeans. It was harder to get a permit to the paradise of the Pacific than it is for a poor soul to get a passport to heaven. The Administration officials are suffering from a red-tape worm that is feeding on the vitals of the Democratic body politic. I fear it will keep on until St. Peter is a Democrat and only Administration lovers may expect to hear, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

### DONKEY WORSHIP



MAHOMET, it is said, went to heaven on an ass, refusing fiery chariots, winged horses and celestial sedans—autos were not then in vogue. Today we are told from Washington that no one can enter the political paradise unless he rides the Democratic Donkey.

Augeas, king of Elis, had a herd of three thousand oxen whose stalls had not been cleansed for thirty years. Hercules turned the rivers Alpheus and Peneus through them, and thoroughly cleansed them in one day. For nearly eight years, the President has stabled the Democratic donkey and a herd of Southern mules in Washington, and it will require a Hercules of some other political party to turn the Potomac River and Atlantic ocean into it before it becomes clean and sweet.

In the Book of Numbers we read that Balaam smote his ass to turn her into the way, and she kicked, refused to go further and spoke, saying, "What have I done unto thee that thou hast smitten me these three times?" How much longer will the Democratic Donkey stand the heathen treatment from its drivers before it will refuse to go a step further?

Caligula contemplated making a horse a consul—I know of a modern mad despot who has selected a Southern jackass for his counsel—Col. House.



Samson slew his enemies with the jawbone of an ass—the present Administration has jawed to death some of its best friends. Partisan politics would even change the Scripture to read, “Re-publicans and sinners.”

Smollett, in his ferocious satire, “The Adventures of an Atom,” in which he pillories the political nincompoops of England, describes the fanatic followers of the “White Horse” which they worshipped and swore by, implicitly, without hesitation or mental reservation. Their creed, paraphrased and brought down to date, would be like the following which we Americans are expected to accept:—

“I believe in the Demorcatie Donkey, that he descended from Heaven, and sojourned in the United States which is the land of promise. I believe in Wilson, his apostle, who first declared to the children of Uncle Sam the gospel of latter day democracy. I believe that the Democratic Donkey was begot by a black mule, and brought forth by a green dragon; that his head is of silver, and his hoofs are of brass; that he eats gold as provender, and discharges diamonds as dung; that the American people are ordained and predestined to furnish him with food, and the people of the North to clear away his litter. I believe that the continent of North America is joined to that of Europe, and that whoever thinks otherwise shall be damned to all eternity. I believe that the smallest portion of matter may be practically divided *ad infinitum*: that equal quantities taken from equal quantities, an unequal quantity will remain; that two and two make seven; that the sun rules the night, stars the day; and the moon is made of green cheese. Finally, I believe that a man cannot be saved without devoting his goods and his chattels, his children, relations, and friends, his senses, and ideas, his soul and his body, to the religion of the Democratic Donkey as it is prescribed in the ritual of Woodrow Wilson.”

### ALL IS VANITY



PTIMISTIC philanthropists and philosophers, who are in danger of wrecking their bark on the rock of cheerfulness, should read what Diderot says in his “Rameau’s Nephew” about the vanity of everything. “What? the defense of one’s country? Vanity! There is no

longer such a thing as one's country. From pole to pole I only see tyrants and slaves. Giving help to one's friends? Vanity! Who has friends, and if one had, would you have one make them ungrateful? Look well into it, and you will see that nearly all who are ungrateful have had services done them. Gratitude is a burden, and every burden is made to be shaken off. The holding of a place in society and the fulfilling of its duties? Vanity! What does it matter if one has a place or not, provided one is rich, since no one takes a position except to become so? What does the fulfillment of one's duties lead to? To jealousy, persecution and troubles. Is that how one makes one's way? Pay one's addresses. S'death! Pay one's addresses. Wait on great people, study their tastes, lend oneself to their whims, make oneself of use in their vices, and approve of their injustice—the secret is there."

Wise words, yet I never heard them during the last two years from press, pulpit or platform—that was the last place to look for them.

## TRAVEL



ABOUT every eight months I want to pack up and go, but not to find new forms of boredom. Perhaps I inherited my love for world travel from my ancestors Adam and Eve who scarcely set up house-keeping in Eden before they broke up and started for another place. To me travel is not a curse but a blessing, making me feel the force of Baudelaire's "Voyagers" who tried to book with Death, saying—

"We would wander Hell and Heaven through,  
Deep in the Unknown seeking something new."

I have read the alluring adventures of Ulysses among giants and sirens; of Aeneas, in burning cities and in Hades speaking to ghosts, and attacked by chimerical birds; of Sinbad, and his exploits with the Roc and floating island; of Aristophanes, and his Bird City, the "Clouds" and ride to heaven on the back of a dung-beetle; of Lucian's hero who traveled in the stars, and of his trip through space where the spiders and fleas fought in the sky, and where women lived whose

fingers terminated in bunches of grapes and whosoever kissed them immediately became drunk—I have read of Hyperborea where happiness was a birthright and the inhabitants became so surfeited with it that they committed suicide from boredom; of a continent with immense cities beyond the ocean where flowed the rivers of Pleasure and Pain; of a land where dreams came true; of the Arimaspi, who spent their lives fighting for gold with griffins in the dark; of the Fortunate Isles where men lived with split tongues and rubber bones, who worshipped the sun, were happy bachelors, and when they were old and near death, slept on a perfumed lawn that gave them a voluptuous death; of the Astomians, whose gowns were made of feather-down and who lived on the scent of the rose; of Cyrano de Bergerac's trip to the moon, where folks had enormous noses and instead of eating food, simply inhaled the odor of cooking; of Plato's Republic, More's Utopia, Bacon's Atlantis, of Gulliver's and Munchausen's travels; of Rabelais' Pantagruel in search of the Holy Bottle; of Shakespeare's "Tempest" island where dwelt Prospero, Ariel and Caliban; of Fielding's "Journey from this World to the Next"; of Dante's tour of Hell; of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe; of the Flying Dutchman's cruise to the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic; of the Island of Demons; of Satan's hand; of fairy regions known to mariners as Cape Fly-Away; and the Coast of Cloudland. I tried to get tickets to some of these rare and wonderful places, and many more, but found that owing to war conditions travel facilities were very limited, passports impossible, and so for the third time I headed for Honolulu.

Since leaving Minneapolis I had experienced difficulty, danger, discomfort and disease—the usual chances in the game of life. What of it? If nothing happened one might as well stay at home, twiddle thumbs and sit on the register. It is the unusual and unexpected that attracts. I would much rather drown at sea or fall in the crater of a volcano than tumble down my cellar steps and break my neck. Give curiosity a chance. Perdition catch the day when everything is cut and dried, when we all look, think, dress and act alike, when personality is gone and we have no more individuality than a bushel of potatoes. The bug of travel had bitten Gautier, too, who wrote:




“And ought we not, after all, to explore in part at least, the planet upon which we keep whirling through space until its mysterious Creator is pleased to transport us into another world where we may read another page of His infinite work? Is it not clearly laziness to keep on spelling the same word without ever turning over the page? What poet would be satisfied to see a reader keep to a single one of his stanzas?”

Another Frenchman, who knew something and wasn't afraid to say it, Montaigne, says:

“Nature has placed us in the world free and unbound; we imprison ourselves in certain straits, like the kings of Persia, who obliged themselves to drink no other water but that of the river Choaspes, foolishly quitted claim to their right in all other streams, and, so far as concerned themselves, dried up all the other rivers of the world.”

### AN OCEAN “ENTERPRISE”

FTER a week's imprisonment for being guilty of the flu, the jailer, Doc. Howard Herrington, a good Shriner, opened the door and bade me go free. Providence was plainly on my side for my good ship “Enterprise” was delayed in the hands of the dock for a week, until she and I were both strong enough to make the trip. I was taken from my hotel, bundled up as if bound for Alaska, placed in an hermetically sealed taxi, and whisked to the pier. I looked around to see the boat and asked where it was—a man said, “It's hidden behind that trunk over there.” Sure enough, what a baby boat for the big sea!

My week's preparation to set out for the other world, to make my voyage between time and eternity, the paid earthly premiums on my insurance, proved me prepared—but was it for this? Had my case been nollod; a journey of 2000 miles made across plains, deserts and mountains; had I, like Alexander, cut the Gordian knot of official red-tape at 'Frisco; and escaped death by plague to risk my life in a tub like this, to go to sea in a sieve? Hercules went to sea in a boat made of a lion's hide—but he was a brave man. When I recalled the storms encountered in great ships on the Pacific, all I could do was to pray for calm weather, and that the Divine Pilot of Galilee would be on the bridge.

The "Enterprise" was no ocean greyhound but a kind of mongrel-cur bark. The ticket agent had told me she was a big new boat; evidently he had not seen her, his business was simply to book and "bunk" me. She was small, over thirty years old—never mind, we were not bothered with stewards and cabin boys to carry our luggage. The Matson Co. makes it very convenient for travelers in this respect. We carried our own bags on the boat after nearly slipping in between dock and side of ship. L. dragged the trunk on board and into the stateroom. I was placed in a steamer chair on deck, wrapped up like a mummy, told to keep still and out of the draught.

The day was clear, we cleared only 12 days behind schedule, and the "Enterprise," with her good Swedish iron bottom, slid through the waves as slowly and smoothly as she had for over a quarter of a century. Just after passing the bar there were some passengers who emptied their dinners and impolitely spat in Neptune's face. No wonder he gets riled, and I looked for a storm—but he took it all smilingly.

This was a freight boat, accustomed to carrying sugar and pineapples, not human cattle. There was but one deck and it was so narrow that after meals it was difficult to navigate between the scupper and the steamer chairs, though after dark it was easy for lovers to steer clear of hindrances. Our passenger list was crowded with two dozen souls. Some overflowed into the dining cabin at night, so that if you looked in on them you were likely to lose your appetite for breakfast. The cabins were of dry-goods box size, and not dry if you left the port open in stormy weather. There was no ship orchestra at meal times, though fiddles were nearby to be used in the selection, "Storm at Sea," or "Life on the ocean wave." I think there was one bathtub on board where you might bathe if you got a chance. An Englishman's home is his castle, and the morning bath, next to his whiskey and soda, is the chief duty at sea. He would have been courageous, indeed, to have taken his "bawth" for eight days here—such daring would have demanded a Victoria cross as reward. The salon parlor resembled the second landing of a stairway in a New York tenement, and was furnished with a piano and phonograph.

It was for this travel de luxe accommodation that the government raised the rates and added a war tax, sending first-class passengers across on a freight boat.

One lady passenger received the greatest attention—it was simply scandalous. I knew there was much latitude at sea, but this was too much. I later learned she spent one night in the captain's room and another in the first officer's. I photographed her one afternoon on deck in the arms of one of the passengers. One might think from her actions that this was not her first sea voyage, and that she had been to Honolulu before. She was rather dark, had small ears, prominent mouth and teeth. If Thackeray said George Sand looked like a "horse," I should say this lady resembled a dog—in fact, she was a dog, a thoroughbred bull dog and enroute to her Chinese owner in Honolulu who valued her at \$500 or more. We watched her for she was on the dog-watch all the time. This dog was much unlike some of the other females on board who smoked cigarets, stayed up late and flirted with every other man on the boat. One of them was rebuked by a man who said, "If you don't quit this, I'll tell your husband when we dock." Yet, what can you expect? Venus rose from the sea and set feelings in motions that are always experienced on the ocean.

Life was far from blue on the blue wave. There were rabbits and chickens aft, and "wild-cats" fore. First-mate Peterson was the animal-keeper for the latter. He directed us to the bow to see them, and we did, they belonged to the nautical species. They are very tame except when unchained and let loose—then beware.

There were some who left Frisco with us, who were not allowed to sleep in the dining salon, and all they had to eat was the refuse from our table. Yet they did not complain, seemed to be grateful, all they asked for was more and it was generally given them. This war-time condition seemed as horrible as the stories of the atrocities of the early pirate ships. Why do such conditions exist? Why? Because they were sea-gulls, gullible reader. I even envied them. On this crowded boat they had oceans of room—all the sea and the sky.

It is a sad fact that five of our passengers died from overcrowding. They were cooped up in a chicken-coop and were



not buried at sea, but in the soup after our soothsayer cook had examined the viscera, discerning good omens.

Honolulu boasts of her fine aquarium, but the finest fish tank for variety, number and color is the Pacific Ocean. The flying fish by the side of the boat resembled a handful of scattered silver thrown to a diver. We sighted a whale, doubtless spouting to a school of fish, and suddenly changed our course. This was either because our kind captain did not wish to disturb their studies, or so that our boat might not strike the whale and be wrecked. Happy whale, thou who canst travel from 'Frisco to Honolulu as often as thou desirest without a travel permit, and who art never held up by inquisitive dolts to ask thee whether it was one of thy orthodox ancestors, or one of another school of theology, who didst figure in the Jonah incident.

Our ship had no culinary camouflage, no save food signs to spoil your appetite in calm weather, and to be a useless admonition when a big sea was running. Out on the ocean our mouths watered for three square meals, and three times a day we sat down and rose full and satisfied. Too bad that Archestratus, that kitchen philosopher and pothouse poet who composed an Epicurean epic on good eating, and who traveled over land and sea, not like Columbus to discover new countries, but new dishes for the table, never lived to travel on the "Enterprise." Had he made one trip with us he could have written another volume on "Gastrology." What poor food Chris. and his crew had compared with ours. His boats were stocked with rats, cockroaches, vermin and vermicelli—ours with abundance, from soup to nuts. Every meal was a captain's dinner and temptations to gluttony were almost impossible to withstand.

Captain Youngren was a real tar no matter how his boat pitched. In looks he suggested old King Cole, a merry old soul, and in generous disposition he was like Santa Claus. He loved everybody, especially the ladies, old or young, married or unmarried. At the head of the table he was father to the whole family. Though old in years he had a smile, a "young grin." The first and last to leave the table, he encouraged our appetites so we could eat in fair or stormy weather. If we were indisposed, he was the only doctor on board, and three times a day, before meals or between meals if necessary, we

could go to his cabin, get his diagnosis of the case, and from a nearby case take the same simple medicine. His very look and laugh was the Scripture prescription, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." His big hands were full of many ship'duties, yet he never neglected the doctor's duty of holding and feeling the pulse, especially if the patient had large eyes and a pretty mouth.

Neptune in all his ocean caves never possessed a more comely collection of fascinating nymphs than those that filled the walls of the captain's cabin. His sea library was not dry. He knew the path from Coast to island as the postman does his city route, and had left his hills in Norway to climb the mountain ranges of the Pacific. Cleopatra or a crocodile were not more familiar with the Nile than he. Water was his element—he had seen and sailed all the seas and knew its vasty and yeasty deep. His face was bronzed with sunbeams of many a clime and he was the son of the land of the Midnight Sun. His look and laugh, attitude and accent, could produce a laugh quicker than a professional humorist, and if you wanted an all around day and night companion on the deep or in the companion way, Captain Youngren was the man.

Alexander's admirable admiral, Nearchus, made 1500 miles in five months and received a crown of gold. This was nothing to the "Enterprise" that made over 2000 miles in seven and a half days and for which we rewarded the captain with golden opinions.

A sea voyage may be a novelty and pleasure to the tourist, but I know that many of the old salts are tired of the run, and would as soon or rather do something else. They regard a trip as a sort of punishment and can sympathize with the Persian Sathaspes, a nobleman, who committed a crime punishable by death, and whom Xerxes commanded to be crucified. A friend of the victim persuaded the monarch to change the sentence into a sea voyage around Africa, which was considered a much more severe punishment.

## AT LAST!



THE early morning of the eighth day I came up on deck and could have imagined I was with the Argonauts. Strange to see the wide, flat waste of the sea for a week, and then to open your eyes on an enchanted island with sunlit pinnacles and vales filled with violet mists and green-clad cliffs. The Creator who made these islands was an artist. I rubbed my eyes to see whether I was awake or walking in my sleep. In reality here was a vision as beautiful as Coleridge saw in his dream of Kubla Khan.

Then we neared Mokapu, Koko and Diamond heads nodded to us. Our old friend, the city of Honolulu, was waiting to welcome us and waved its palms to us. The hills were all decked out in rainbow ribbons, the waves raced in helter-skelter, tumbling over each other on the coral and sand to tell our friends we were coming. Then the big blue eyes of the harbor winked recognition. Even the doctor was pleased to see us and came out and gave us the glad hand. A score of porpoise-looking Kanakas swam out along side to view us, to dive for our dimes, and their mouths were soon literally pursed up with silver. Honoluluans are so anxious to get the tourists' money that they land on him before he touches the shore, and should he leave by the next ship, and have any money left, they pursue him swimming out to get it.

In early days a ship was a strange thing here, and the natives ran down to the water's edge, nearly tipping the island over to see it come in. This may account for many of the upheavals in the group. Our arrival was almost as unusual, for ever since the war ban on ships, and the rank Democratic deal Hawaii had received, ships had been few and far between. Honolulu has the trade winds but wants more trade. So although it was early Sunday morning, there was a crowd at the pier. The reason was that war had killed all Saturday night gayety, and the people retired early and arose the same way. In spite of the absence of the band, with their native roundelays, and of the native women with their flower and paper leis, we were glad to get off our sea legs, land on our feet, walk over to the wharf phone, where we said, "Aloha" to



our friend Mrs. Emmans, who replied, "Aloha Nui." We were soon in our old quarters at Waikiki beach.

## SOAP-BOX BOATS



NEXT day at the dock we saw some water-logged craft, wooden ships built during the war, sea tragedies. With a smile the seamen call them "soap-boxes" and a dirty failure. To make a voyage in them is like going to sea in a net. They come into port with several feet of water in the hold, are hauled up on dry dock and "fixed." They are scarcely out of harbor again before they spring a leak, sending up signals of distress for help. Hurley, and his shipping board, was a joke, with poor timber, defective machinery, careless labor, inefficient officers and crew. We repeatedly saw these boats along the coast and islands, ugly, skulking, hulking, lumbering things, floating proofs of partisan politics. Why, a third-rate pirate would be ashamed to go to sea in one of these crates. Even the rats would desert them. Yet the Public Misinformation Bureau, of which Creel was the high priest, sailed into print, giving us daily cargoes of praise for these worse than Noah's Arks. For real efficient worth they were idle as a painted ship on a painted ocean.

## ALOHA!



LIFE shows itself in action. If you are not dead you will move. Here I had been only five days in heavenly Honolulu and wasn't sorry to leave it. The beauty of these islands is that you can get away from them. The distance to the island of Hawaii is short, 192 miles to Hilo, but if you take the steamer "Kilauea" you will remember the trip a long time.

Most things are stationary but the ship is the one thing that keeps on the move like the tide. Going or coming, the boat is the one unfailing object of interest to the Hawaiians who are on the dock to meet it. This is one of the leading occupations of the Honolulu people. Many boats keep them busy.

It's a God-send—without them they would die, for with the cargoes, there are occasional exchanges of ideas. How I envy the simple souls who dream their lives away under a palm tree.

There was a collection of people at the wharf of all shades and color, possibly because two senators were leaving, or for the pleasure of weeping for departing friends. Some were Honolulu girls sorry to see their soldier boys leave Schofield Barracks to return to the islands. There was a lay-out of leis and passengers were buried in leis like animated busts. The native band played, the native women sang, and our steamer Kilauea, named after the volcano, emitted a cloud of smoke, rumbled and quaked within, and it was "Aloha." I use this word because all writers use it so much, and without it no book is complete. Don't be surprised if I work this word in every other paragraph, for though it is short, it is a wonderful word, and makes it appear as if the author knew the Hawaiian language and all its people. One needs but three or four words in these islands. I got along with the following—"Aloha" (welcome); "wikiwiki" (hurry); "pilikia" (trouble); "wahine" (woman); "okeli hau" (rum); "pau" (finished); "hula hula" and coca-colo. If you don't learn some of these words you won't be able to translate the motto said to be over heaven's gate—"Aloha! Pilikia Pau."

The sea floor was smooth as a native politician and flat as many high-salaried sermons. The only motion aboard was an exhibition of hula dancing given by some Kanaka soldiers, accompanied by several ukelele players fished up from below deck. This trip gave us ukes instead of pukes. The uke has been described by an island bard as,

"Snooky-ukum,  
Cutey little,  
Spooky little,  
Hootchie-kootchie uke."

There should be a "ukase" against this sort of poetry. To the playing of music was added the playing of cards, dice and gambling below. Scattered on the floor of the hold was a mass of life. The deck was paved with both sexes young and old, a hodge-podge of humanity, a dozen nationalities lying side by side with boxes and bundles all around them. The air was so

hot I feared these people of many colors might all melt together like so many different pieces of candy in a paper bag. The odor proved to be anything but sweet.

### ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT



IT grew rougher in the channels and "Kilauea" fell in line and swung from side to side, waltzing o'er the waves. There was no sleep till morning and we stood on deck instead of lying in the stateroom. At 1:00 A. M. the boat anchored a mile off the wharf of Mahukona. We wobbled down the gang into the lightless lighter and were rowed by the smoky boat crew over the star-glinting waters. It was unusual and felt piratical. A picture of our party would be taken for a body of bold buccaneers silently sneaking ashore on some bloody, booty business. We cast furtive glances back at the ship and its blear eye, while the moon, tired from its tramp across the heavens, or pale and seasick from sailing the ocean of space, was now leaning suspiciously against the smokestack, or over the deck rail.

Romance picked up her skirts and fled when we landed and beheld a row of smelly autos staring at us with their dim-headlight eyes, and their swarthy drivers waiting to take us and our money. "All on," I said to my party, "allons" to my chauffeur, showing him the letter of introduction to a certain Mrs. Achilles—not the wife of Homer's hero, for the Court House has no record of the marriage, though his escapades with some girls are chronicled in the Iliad. 'Twas he who quarrelled with Agamemnon over the maid Briseis, and when the Purity Squad backed up to his tent to make a raid and carry the girl away, he stayed behind and sulked leaving his countrymen to fight the enemy the best they could without him.

We went like a tin-can tied to a dog's tail, waking up the sleepy villagers, and the echoes, which are light sleepers and readily roused, as you know from reading literature. Along shore, walls, under trees, through plantation towns, across country for more than an hour, bouncing in our seats like corn in a popper, we raced. The moon looked like a red banana dropped from the banqueting table of the Gods.





LAVA OVERFLOWING, KILAUEA, HAWAII



KANAKA GRAVE, PUNA, HAWAII

Finally the hotel was reached. It was dark, we were not expected. I stumbled up the steps and knocked at the door persistently as death, until it was opened by Mrs. A. who presented a flashy appearance with kimono and flashlight. She eyed us, took the letter and read it, and said there was no room for us. I suggested she need not be alarmed for we were all peaceable, would even pay for a place to sleep, whether on the hall stair or in the bathtub. But it was useless. Then I gave her my card with my home address. "Was I an Episcopal clergyman?" she asked. No, only the pastor of the People's Church, made up of all creeds, conditions and classes, and meeting in a theatre. Horrors! That ended it, let no such man be trusted. This house hotel of hers is isolated from town, forsaken, and off the beaten track, except for a convention of mosquitoes or some traveler who has dropped down from the sky. And why were we there? On the suggestion of the Honolulu Promotion Committee Tourist Bureau which gave us a "bum steer," though it is expected to be on the lookout for travelers, and see they are hospitably cared for. We had long known about Achilles' heel, here we felt her foot, for we were politely kicked out at 2 A. M. She turned away our party of four, two ladies, L. and myself, encouraging us to find accommodations at the Kohala Club several miles away, but saying it wasn't a very good place.

At the Kohala Club there was a light for us belated mortals. We climbed under the mosquito netting at 3 o'clock, leaving a call with the Jap servant for 6 A. M. It seemed we were barely undressed when the sugar whistle blew us out of bed at 4 A. M., with a shriek so loud it must have disturbed the people of another planet. At six we were called and dressed for breakfast. The place was clean and the grub was good. This K. C., Kohala Club, is run by two Masons of high degree, McDougall and O'Brien. What they didn't know, or couldn't do for us, couldn't be known or done. Before prohibition days this club was wetter than Hilo. The thirsty and dusty traveler was welcomed by the host with one hand while he poured out liquid libations of cheer with the other. In one room of former glory I saw stained glass—wine and liquor glasses, telling of departed spirits that still haunt this deserted



banquet hall with lights fled and garlands dead. All that is left to console them is the mosquito bar.

Our host anticipated our wants, told us what we wanted to do, where to go, what to see and how to get there. Like magic days of old I had but to wish, rub my hands and an elegant auto appeared in a cloud of dust and smoke.

## THE NAPOLEON OF HAWAII



AMEHAMEHA I. was the big chief of this island. About 1790 some Americans visited the island and called on him with firearms in one hip pocket and firewater in the other. In exchange for this, Kam. gave them sandalwood, the price of the slavery of his people, for he drove them out to the mountains and made them get it. What were the native's arms of flesh against his arms of fire! Thus was he able to shoot and subdue all before him, establishing a dynasty that lasted till 1894.

If living today Kam. could get the position of head pig-sticker in Armour's slaughter-house. The house of Hawaiian royalty he made for himself was built on human bones and cemented with human blood.

Kam. wrote no book, there was no daily paper, and if he kept a diary some jealous stenographer or typewriter made away with it. No Boswell has given us his complete life, but what we know of it was far from perfect.

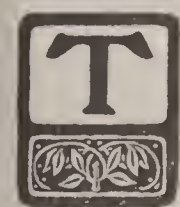
He first visited Kohala the stormy November night of his birth in 1736. He died in 1819. Kam. overran the island like a plague; insulted, robbed and murdered as a pastime; tabooed and made sacred to himself everything he wanted; killed little chiefs to be the big chief; made rivers and waterfalls of blood; choked valleys with dead and thus "consolidated" the islands.

Like a young rake, who later becomes a religious man, he tried to make reparation for past ravage. He busied himself banishing theft, murder, rapine and brigandage. So did the chief island devil seek to exorcise Satan's sway. To admit that he was better mentally and morally than the other chiefs of his day, is not to say much. As well declare that Nero was better than Caligula.

He began the royal dynasty, but had to die, and nasty in his life, his death was celebrated with nasty performances that trampled decency to death. Hell broke loose, and passion burned and destroyed like a volcano. In the old days a king's death meant a Saturnalia—possibly because the downtrodden Kanakas were so tickled to get rid of them. At Kam.'s demise a chief suggested that his body be eaten, but the Hawaiians fearing ptomaine poisoning, said "No!" After his bones had been deified they were hidden in a cave in North Kona, and like Moses, no man knoweth the place of his burial unto this day.

We paid our respects to Kamehameha's statue which stands on a pedestal in front of the Kohala Courthouse, a sublimated woodshed. This is the original statue of himself, the one at Honolulu being a base imitation and worshipped by a poor fellow who is off his base and should be in the pupule (mad) house. The Kohala statue must have been three sheets in the wind, for it fell overboard coming around South America, but was rescued by divers before it went down the third time. There are two taboo sticks in front of it that look like short flag poles with heavy ball tops. The statue is clad in the Hawaiian style of B. V. D.s, a sort of Roman helmet crowns Kam.'s head, a yellow bathrobe is thrown carelessly over his shoulder, one hand holds a spear to balance himself from falling off the native stone pedestal, while the other is raised in a Henry George gesture, "I am for men." The figure would make an excellent wooden Indian sign for a cigar stand. I climbed behind the sacred taboo sticks and was photographed, thus violating a "Keep off the grass" sign that in Kam.'s life would have cost me mine.

### KNOCKING ABOUT KOHALA



THE real kingly things were the ironwood trees, monarchs of the forest who proudly stood waiting our salutation. We saluted with our auto's exhaust, passed by cane fields where Jap girls were working like men with the hoe; by gulches where we saw bowls of rice in mountain basins of hills; and arrived at a clean wash-out bridge, proving that in spite of travel folders there are

hurricanes here. This storm that walked over the islands will furnish talk for ten years. Formerly there was a rail on this bridge on which a fish-god rock had been cemented as an ornament. Kam. had carried it from the beach. It must have been a flying fish for it was nowhere to be seen. We passed villages and schools, our good car easily making all the grades. For fear of being ditched we omitted the Ditch Trail, but climbed to the edge of the precipice overlooking points and pointlace waves, then into valleys green as the tourists who visit them, and trails climbing like snakes up the shoulder of the mountain.

A Chinese girl wearing pants came panting up the trail with a burro laden with charcoal. She could talk English and politely introduced us to her mother, her chaperone. Some might have pitied her, yet she was far happier than if she had spent her life with human donkey companions in a city. Here was an illustration of Stevenson's story, "Travels with a Donkey."

Returning to Kohala with the feeling that the scenery improved on second sight, we stopped by a sugar-mill large enough to keep its black coffee-colored help sweet. They were carrying out the cane and were as sooty as if coming from a coal mine. This monster mill had an awful maw that chewed up all the carloads of cane rushed to it.

We bumped over a monotonous, rough road, but across the smooth channel we saw the island of Maui, and Haleakala, "House of the Sun," with its roof in the big blue sky. At the tip end of the island we reached a rise of ground, neared the beach and surprised a nymph at the bath. She was a quick-change artist, threw on her holoku, and jumped on her horse before we could come up and say, "How are you, I am glad to see you."

On a rocky beach were discovered the iron ribs of a boat wrecked many years ago. It was all rust and a fine spot to rusticate. At a little way up the slope was something resembling a cattle corral. I am poor in geometry, but I stumbled over this stone parallelogram often enough to learn it was over 800 feet long, 20 feet high and 8 feet broad. As an ankle-sprainer and shoe-destroyer, these Hawaiian heiau, heathen temples, are unsurpassable and deserve the first pre-



mium. The sacrificial stone was reddish as if colored by blood. We nearly broke our necks over several stones, and the heat was sufficient to incinerate us. I could readily see how bodies were sacrificed and burned.

Paa'o was the Samoan contractor and builder of this temple in 1585. He was at the head of the Immigration Bureau from Upolu. It is said these stones were passed from hand to hand from Niulii. They were loose, smooth and covered with vines that tripped you at every step. The janitor had been very careless for the grounds were covered with one of the finest crops of weeds. There were two deep rock wells within the temple walls dry as we were. Fifty years ago two polished disc idols, eight or ten inches in diameter, were found in a secret crypt and thought to have been brought over from Samoa. Who smuggled them and why is not known. Had I made an earlier visit I might be able to tell you. Everything is tame and dead now. Sorry we were not here when the gods made visits; when these heathen temples were in full blast with idol gods so hideous they would scare you to death, for they were not handsome like the Greek gods; people fleeing to Cities of Refuge, and bloody battles everywhere. Those were the good old times! Here an excellent opportunity to meditate was lost on account of the heat—my loss is your gain.

### HEATHEN SACRIFICE



THE "bloody business" which struck Macbeth with horror was a picnic to the Hawaiian sacrifice. As with Shylock, sacrifice was the badge of the Kanaka tribe. It is an event with us when we dedicate a church, launch a ship, or lay the corner stone for the White House, but our celebrations fall flat compared with the old Hawaiians'. They couldn't launch a new war canoe, build a new house for their chief, or dedicate a temple without having something to entertain the crowd and break the monotony of their insular lives—killing and sacrificing.

If an old native was accused of breaking an auto speed taboo, or spitting on the street-car floor, or talking to a policeman, or eating poi with a knife or spoon, or with his neigh-

bor's wife, he was made the goat for sacrifice. Often the victim was a prisoner of war. Woman was exempt, for every one knew her whole life was a sacrifice—there was nothing new about that. The head-hunter man, the victim-procurer, who brought home the bacon, was called a "mu." He was a clubman. It was his pleasant duty to sneak up behind a man, crack him over the head with a club, drag him to the temple, introduce him to the idol, lay him face down and leave him to rot in the hot sun. Idols have endured to this day, yet think what they endured then. It was no idle pastime. The odor smelled to heaven. During the meat-hunt of the mu man the populace hurried to the hills and stayed under cover.

Before they went out to war, to kill their brother man and to obtain the favor of victory from the gods, they consecrated a temple. This custom is not limited to Hawaii. In the spring time their thoughts lightly turned to hate, not love. A religious parade prefaced the preliminary rites of purification. This was before the days of the Ringling Brothers and served them for a circus. A first-class sort of a clown impersonated the god. He wore a big human-hair wig headdress, a skirt girth of white tapa, and his fists were full of spears. For fear he might be lonesome, or tired, or quit his job, he was accompanied by a priest who carried a calabash pot of red paint to give things a cheerful carmine color. Many of his descendants even unto this day and night paint the town red. A number went before and after him carrying white flags to show there was no present danger, and that the train of spectators might pass on without fear of collision or violent death. The procession marched till it came to a rock pile marking a boundary between one man's land and another. A rude, carved pig image was set up on this stone pile. The priest then smeared the hog with the pigment of red ochre and prayed. While his eyes were closed, the kids doubtless laughed at the pig-painter. After the "Amen," the occupants of the land, who had received this forced visit, knew there was but one way to pay for the holy show, to dig up, and they contributed feathers, tapas, and real pigs for the red-painted one.

These profits of religion then went on repeating the same grab game. Just before the full moon the people were invited to the temple. The priest took a sacred fern, dipped it into a

holy water solution of salt water and moss, and sprinkled and soused them. The next thing in the show was to carry down the big idol from the forest. Headed by king and priest, the crowd came with idols and various offerings, leading a human victim to a tree and axe, which had been duly prepared for business the previous day. Silence reigned, only broken by the priest's "aha," followed by the king's "amama." This was succeeded by a grunt from a hog that had received a blow knocking him motionless and dead. If no song of bird, chirp of cricket, low or beast, or word of man had been heard so far, it was a good omen and the main part of the ceremony was then read. The poor fellow who had been kidnapped, an unwilling spectator to these preliminaries, now was brought into the spotlight. The king generously offered him up to the god and what was left of him was buried at the foot of the tree. Then the hog that had been duly consecrated was baked in his own lard on the spot, the tree was cut down, branches were trimmed off and carried away. With this as an appetizer, the crowds had a great feast, then formed a line with a feather-duster god in front of them, the chiefs and others following with ferns and branches. The favored few carried the new idol and everybody let loose in a pandemonium of yells. The poor inhabitants of the village, who had spread this table of delight, were not permitted so much as a crumb. For them to meet this sacred circus was death, so they remained indoors, their fires were put out or not lighted at all. Finally the images were taken to the temple and left with a great beating of drums and shouts, doubtless glad they were deaf and could not hear the heathen powwow. A whole week ensued followed by much more monkey mummery.

Then a skull was filled with holy water, a naked man personified some god or deified beast, and there were more prayers and marchings. When night came, the idol was brought near the altar where a hole had been dug for its pedestal. It seems it was time to set 'em up, but not yet, something was lacking, and that was another victim, and they had him on hand. He was killed, planted in the hole, and covered with plenty of dirt. Then the image was placed in position over him, the "aha" was recited, and it was "ha-ha" for him.



What would the reader and writer have paid for a front seat or good standing room at this performance? Yet this was only a starter to the main spectacle of the "great aha," when the interested spectator yelled, "Lele nale ka aha e." The curtain was rung down and the kuili and the church sacrifice was celebrated. The priests were good cooks, appreciated good cooking, and they and the people made hogs of themselves on a great number of hogs. Lucky for them pork was not king and bringing present bacon and ham prices. The hog was a favorite sacrifice with these Hog Islanders—nowadays, money hogs rule the land and sacrifice the natives.

It was now time for the idol images to get busy. They were dressed in white tapa, called names, and received a large layout of red fish, hogs, bananas and cocoanuts all spiced up, flavored and made tasty by the sacrifice of more human victims. Talk of fisherman's luck! If one of these Izaak Waltons failed to hook a ulua fish that night, he went ashore to the village, crept up and killed a man as a substitute for the fish, put a hook into his mouth, and dragged his dead body to the temple. Other impressive, oppressive and depressive ceremonies followed. Better the day, better the deed, and there was no day like an initiatory one, or a deed baptized in blood. There was a temple at the foot of Diamond Head, where, in 1807, four men were killed to restore the queen to health. For fear the king might be lonesome when he died, they killed someone to accompany him. Thus we trace the path of progress by bloody footprints. If any new thing was to be done, human blood made it easy. Just add some hog fat, and you had a combination hard to beat.

Our idea of the gods is that they were rich, had a well-filled larder, and could lend money or give countless sandwiches to the poor, yet of old it seems otherwise. Their hands were always stretched down to earth for gifts of grain, fruit, wine, oil, and flesh of man and animal.

To get back into the good graces of the gods and be forgiven, it was necessary that man should give up what he most valued in sacrifice, so there were gifts of honor prompted by love or of sacrifice wrung out by fear. Homer shows how gifts were eloquent persuaders to gods and kings. Among the Romans religion appeared to be a bargain with the gods.

With the early Hebrews there was the idea that none should appear empty-handed before Jehovah, and the word "sacrifice" in the New Testament is spelled in red letters.

To sacrifice is not to give up what you don't want, because it is old, cheap and worthless, but to hand over what is valuable and entails loss. Cain and Abel offered their best as if God were a personal human friend. The Christmas spirit prompts us to do the same, for love and sacrifice are synonymous. Fear of punishment or of ill will may lead to gifts and sacrifice to appease the anger of what is above us and capable of showing us hurt.

Sacrifices have been made of food in India to sacred cows and bulls, and of living victims to crocodiles in Egypt. Human beings have been deified and received sacrificial offerings among the Marquesan Islanders. The old Greeks had a big barbecue. Knowing the gluttonous capacity of the gods in Olympus, they offered a hecatomb, a thousand oxen at a time. The ancient rain-god in Mexico required blood in his prohibition drink, and many children were sacrificed to him. Both men and children were offered to the corn-god Maize, and millions of all sexes have been sacrificed on the altar of corn whiskey. As late as the nineteenth century a king on the gold coast of Africa killed 200 girls and mixed their blood in mortar for cementing his new palace. Walter Scott tells how the Picts bathed the foundation stones of their castles in human blood to propitiate the spirit of the soil. It was a kind of "Excuse me, sir, for disturbing you," and "Permit me to pay you for the trouble."

All nations always and everywhere have offered some sacrifice of blood, goods or possession to secure protection or to propitiate the anger of some deity of worship. Who is he and what does he want, is the question. So we read of Hindu immolation, Burman cruelties, African fetichism, and savage cannibalism. Moloch will take his children roasted before eating; some gods are austere, and you must bow with your nose and mouth in dust before them; others will take an altar baptized with animal and human blood. Some fastidious queen in heaven has a sweet tooth and offerings of cakes are acceptable. All this has the "heathen" label. We Christians give God "lent" sacrifices, and then take them back again like

Indian givers, our sacrifices of asceticism, formal ritualistic service and self-denial.

History records the personal sacrifice of Leonidas and his 300 for their country; of the king of the Locrians who gave one of his eyes that his obedient son might not lose both; of Xerxes' followers who leaped into the sea rather than have their weight sink the boat; of Codrus, king of Athens, who told his enemies they would gain a victory over him were his life spared, and willingly gave himself up to death.

This wide prevalence of sacrifice raises the question whether God gave the idea of doctrine of sacrifice directly to Adam who transmitted it, or, is it universal instinct in every human heart?

According to Herodotus, the Issedones honored their parents by eating their dead bodies. In the Roman Empire there were shrines of human sacrifice as late as the time of Hadrian. Piacular or expiatory sacrifice is seen in the Semitic sacrifice of the children by their fathers to Moloch, of Euripides' Iphigenia among the Greeks, and the offering of boys to the goddess of Mania at Rome. Theophrastus tells of the Carthaginians who sprinkled their altars with a tribesman's blood. We find blood sacrifice prominent in every religion that possesses a strong sense of sin, and it is the fundamental idea in Judaism and Christianity.

I have visited Calvary, the scene of infinite sacrifice; Kali, at Calcutta; Moriah at Jerusalem; the heiaus in Hawaii; the sacrificial stones in Fiji; and the war god in Mexico.

There are many sacrifices of more recent date:

Society in Europe to Mars:	Health for Pleasure:
Pastor to people:	Frugality for Dishonesty:
Parents to children:	Love for Hate:
Labor to capital:	Others for self:
Principle to party:	Mentality for Idiocy:
Life to liberty:	Eternity for Time:
Nations to wicked rulers:	Peace for War:
Truth to bigotry and persecution:	Religion for Conscience:
	God for Mammon:
Virtue to Vice:	Christ for Coin:
Society to Fashion:	Literature to Journalism:
People to Politicians:	Art to Commercialism:



Brains for Beauty:  
 Substance for show:  
 Happiness for vanity:  
 Spirit for Sensuality:  
 Drama for Movies:

Character for Reputation:  
 Future for the Present:  
 Music for Jazz:  
 Effort for Ease:

Civilization's tree is ever watered by the tears, sweat and blood of prophets, patriots, parents and philanthropists. Duty and death are synonymous. To be blackguarded by men is often to be blessed by God.

Leaving Mookini with its heathen sacrifice, we started back, passing old Hawaiian men who had come down to the rocks to fish, and some women with hair as white as the clothes they were washing. These natives, a few tourists and some sharks that cruise around here, are about the only visitors. Robinson Crusoe was on Broadway compared to this place. One visit is sufficient. We are not sorry to leave Mookini to its history, mystery, glistery and blistry. Don't come out here unless you take your imagination with you, and a cold bottle.

### A COWPUNCHER'S PARADISE



OTO was our Jap chauffeur guide over the infernal roads to Waimea and beyond. He was fat, neatly dressed, wore a cigaret over his ear, and had a wonderful English vocabulary of "Yes," "No." We thought his speech was limited to these words, until we struck a bad piece of road when he proved himself to be a postgraduate in the department of English and American profanity. Our Buick of early vintage buzzed along at the dizzy, dangerous rate of 4 miles an hour—good time for bad roads. Like a tank it crawled up and down hills. As we went up the mountain side the thermometer went down, the wind blew cold, and groups of bald-faced cattle stood still eyeing us as novelties. We passed through some cattle gates erected a year before to prevent the Germans from coming through with cattle germs. A mule and an old gray horse were our pacemakers, refusing to turn out of the road, and for miles ran ahead of us kicking up the dust. Now and then a Hawaiian cowboy centaur shot by with lasso in lieu of bow and

arrow. They didn't wear red shirts but had red blood, and in cowboy contests between cowpunchers in North and South America, took the prizes.

One weird, wild wood was passed where the tree limbs were twisted as with rheumatism. They were fantastic-looking, like those souls that had committed suicide, and were turned into rough and knotted thorns filled with venom, that Dante and Virgil saw in the seventh circle of hell, and on which the black harpies roosted. We took our time to digest the scenery, and at last dropped down safely into the Waimea valley at the foot of Mauna Kea, 13,825 feet above the sea, whose white snow wig was on crooked. This is the cowpunchers' paradise. Here they meet to round up and brand cattle and raise splendid stock, equal to any of the stables in the States or in England. There is a dance hall where the boys remove their stirrups and shake their heels Saturday nights.

Mr. Carter, of the Parker Ranch, invited us into his house and showed his rose garden. Roses bloom on the cheeks of the people as well as on the ground, and it was here that old King Kam. picked the flower of his army. The garden was a fireworks of flowers. There was a large stone where the Hawaiians used to come and place leis of flowers when they wanted rain. Carter wants rain now all the time and so he grew a vine over it as a perpetual offering. Waimea had giants of old and was famous for the tall stature of its men, but is now best known for the breed of horses and cattle. The sun set big in a blue sky, was misshapen, appearing as if the god of day had a goitre. The mountain slopes to the sea are covered with overturned stone walls proving a once dense population.

Repose may be the guardian spirit of this valley at night, but not of the Chinese hotel beds which made the gridiron beds of the martyrs of the Middle Ages beds of roses in comparison. In days of old when knights were very bold and bad, this hotel was the half-way roadhouse to hell. I talked with one of the old timers whose stories and jests were a high-class vaudeville.

Waimea is a desirable place for invalids, and lest we might be in this class, in another day and night with its bed and

meals, we departed. The mist was falling and if it had followed us, and turned into rain, the dusty roads would have become Sloughs of Despond from which we should never have emerged.

The road was fair for a few miles and then came a stretch beyond your imagination. We were entombed under five layers of dust and were transformed from the white race into the Papuan. There was a gentle zephyr that helped the fiery falling dust to bury us alive. For awhile we feared the volcano Hualailai had let loose, and readily imagined how the Pompeiians felt who fled Vesuvius. 'Tis said the gods traveled in a cloud—all five of us resembled second-hand deities in our cloud of dust. It became so deep our car was stopped and we got out and waded while Goto did his best to keep his Buick ship of the desert from capsizing in this sea of sand. The convicts were building a new road near here at 11 cents a day pay. Many of them were lifers, which may account for their slow haste to complete the road within this century. The wind and dust way of the transgressor is very hard.

### A LAVA LANDSCAPE




THE volcanic cones in the valley resembled gigantic chocolate cakes. The lava flow from Mauna Loa was very thoughtless and ran over, ruining roads and villages in 1859. The region of lava formation looked as if we were traveling in another planet. The moraine seemed like coffee grounds and chunks of broken chocolate. There was another flow of 1801 with deep caverns and grottoes of grotesque formations like mouths of dragons with stalactites for teeth. One expected a fiend or ogre to issue from these cavern entrances to the lower regions. The lava resembled bursted bubbles and overrun pie-juice or terra cotta rivers of molasses flowing towards the sea. There were tubes and tunnels to spike your head should you care to explore. It was a district to hurry through and say, "Isn't it cute, nice and pretty?"



The mountain made a bad break in 1801, damming and damaging everything around. At that time the natives gave Pele a luau of roast pig. Hundreds of hogs were thrown into the fiery flow. It was as terrible to be a pig in Hawaii as to be a Jew in Europe in the Middle Ages. Everything failing, King Kam. came to the rescue, became his own barber, cut off an Apollo lock of hair from his sacred head, stood before the coming stream of lurid lava, and threw the hair into it. Whether it was its coarseness that acted as a barrier, or the smell of its singeing that choked the fiery goddess, the stream of fire stopped at once then and there, according to the truthful James chronicler of the time. This was a hairbreadth escape. Had he been bald all would have been burned alive and no one spared to tell the tale.

From the wild mineral we entered the vegetable kingdom and forests of prickly pear and cactus. It has not been Burbanked, and the cows eat it, using the spines as tooth-picks.

### DROWSY KAILUA

ATURE'S scenic spread was bounteous. From chocolate lava flow we came to Kona, the coffee-pot of the island, for rotten, decomposed lava makes the richest and most productive soil. Our journey ran through plantation villages of Hawaiians, Japs, Koreans and Filipinos. It grew warmer and we thirsty. The sides of the road were lined with wild guava bushes. One had but to reach out his hand and pick them on the run, big yellow ones. It's a shame they should go to waste when you know the jelly, jam and paste they make. Emerald green were sea and field. Kona grows coffee, tobacco and pineapples—lazy luxurious products to drink, to smoke and eat.

Kailua town was a resting place where we found two men working at the wharf warehouse. What a dreamy, sleepy, seashore city this is! If ever you wish to doze like Brahma ten thousand years in a golden egg, come and "lay" here. You may feed on love and scenery—what better fare? Eat, love and sleep is the native's life duty. It seems man was made to look at scenery and pretty girls, and eat fruit

and ices instead of thinking and reading. The town is too dead for even a ghost. The patron saint appears to be Hippocrates, the god of Silence. The natives are not bothered with yesterday and still less with tomorrow. The only sign of life was grass, but since we were hungry and not fond of Nebuchadnezzar salads, we strolled up the straggling street by the wharf to an al fresco restaurant where we met a Kanaka woman. It was the Chinese husband and not the wife who prepared the meal for us. Here the Hawaiian woman wears the pants. She dislikes to work and so marries a Chink who takes care of the children, gets the meals, and does the light housework of washing, ironing and so forth. Under the trees we ate the best meal on the island, never believing, from what we had previously received, there was so much good food on the island. I have seen Murillo's picture of angels cooking in a kitchen, but they never got up such a heavenly meal as this. Cocoanut pie, from the fresh cocoanut of overhead trees, and ice cream made from cocoanut milk made a good finish. Cocoanuts here are food and drink. For five cents you may buy one to eat, drink and wash your face in.

It was at Kailua that the taboo was broken before the missionaries came, and the Hawaiian heavens put to let, for the heathen gods were rejected and Christianity accepted. The missionaries landed in 1820 on a big rock that is now under the present modern stone wharf. Here they secured their first foothold on the islands.

## TABUS



ABU, taboo, or kapu, is a prohibition or interdict proscribing something set aside as consecrated or accursed. It is supposed to be of Polynesian origin, but really is as old as the race, going back to Eden where the fruit was taboo. The idea of tabu was formulated by the priesthood. The Greeks recognized it in their Eleusinian mysteries when the pomegranate was tabu, and at the festival of the threshing-floor, when apples, pomegranates, eggs, domestic fowls, red mullet, black tail, crayfish and shark were tabu. It was recognized by the Mosaic law when laid by the

priest on a man suspected of leprosy, or upon a woman at childbirth. It was the trump card of kings who played it to make the people believe they were supernatural beings.

The Hawaiian word tabu meant "sacred," and was applied to the person and position of the chiefs. These old barbaric savages were Sir Oracles, stood on pedestals above the common people, and were up so high as to be in touch with the gods from whom they were supposed to be descended. Their genealogical tree climbed up so far that it touched the sky. The chief worked both the political and religious racket—rainbows were rockers of his cradle, his lullaby was thunder, and lightning was his baby smile. Instead of going down to death when he died he rose to deity. The natives fell for him in life and death. In life the holy buncoes were tabu by day and hid for fear their virtues might fade. By day Kanakas fell on their faces and were as doormats. Death was the penalty for the slightest breach of kingly etiquette—one mistake and the man lost his job and head.

Nowadays, royal loyal subjects rise at the name of the king or at the singing of the national air. Anciently, when the chief's name was called, the subject ducked. If a steward passed, taking a royal cocoanut cocktail to the king or calabash entrees of fish and pork, or some glad Easter rags from his royal haberdasher or best tailor, it was death for a common man to stand. No royal hand-me-downs or visits to second-hand clothes stores were possible, for no one was permitted to wear the chief's old clothes, even though dirty, for his shadow was sacred and not to be crossed. The chief was very exclusive, and without a present, no one could enter the gate of his yard or the door of his grass hut. Granted an audience, you were compelled to crawl in like a snake on your belly and go out in the same way. The divinity of a chief's koko was especially hedged. To touch his sacred skull was treason, to elevate yours above it was to lose it. One was not allowed to be on the same deck with the chief, when he was in the cabin you were in the steerage.

The chief had it pretty soft in his court. The Royal Chamberlain of the Fly-brush whisked the buzzers from his nose; His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief of the Spittoon, kept it shiny and ready for a moment's use; the Imperial





KAHUNA WIZARD, HILO, HAWAII



NATIVE NYMPH

Minister of tonsorial and osteopathic art was always handy. The chief had no time to be lonely or to do much himself. For serious affairs of state he had heralds, runners, treasurers and stewards. For his own private pleasure and profit, to lighten his arduous duties, there were sad-faced diviners and priests, fool bards and story-tellers. Silence was broken by drummers, sadness by buffoons, and hula dancers who were able to throw their left hip over their right shoulder.

To violate a tabu was to pull the plug from the cask of the gods' vinegary vengeance. The chief, kingly, temple, or idol tabus, were permanent, others were special or temporary. As usual woman was treated with the greatest injustice by her lord and master who narrowed the circle of her privilege until she could scarcely breathe without his consent. Hers was humble pie. Her food was cooked in a separate oven from the men's. For fear she might poison them? No! It was skiddoo and tabu for her when it came to eating with the men. There was no loaf of bread, jug of wine and "thou beside me in the wilderness," for her. It was death in the pot if woman ate with man.

An early historian says the wife was barred from the husband's table because he was having a swell layout with some other dames, and her wifely presence would interfere. The tabu was a slave-driver's whip and reduced the people to worse than Uncle Tom proportions. Mathematically speaking, they were just vulgar fractions. By it the chief taboo-dlers encouraged every wicked whim and carnal caprice. It was tabu with death penalty for her to enter her home chapel with its family idols or penates. Poor thing, treated as though she had no soul! Her forbidden fruits were cocoanuts and bananas. Possibly because the natives had theories of the original sin and didn't want her to slip and fall. Pain of death was further threatened if women ate pork, turtles and certain kinds of fish. It was not because they might be poorly cooked, but on account of the tabu. A kind tutor once allowed two of his highbred girl scholars to eat a banana—he was drowned. And an innocent little girl had one of her eyes cruelly gouged out for the same heinous crime of taking a mouthful of banana. A tipsy woman was killed for entering



her husband's eating house, not that she was groggy, but that she dared appear at all.

The tabu was worked overtime. Extras told how not to do it. Warning signals were hoisted at unexpected times and for no apparent good reason. It was a crime punishable by death to take a canoe joy-ride, light up the kitchen gas-range, to pound poi, to fill your stomach, to allow your dog to bark or your rooster to crow during certain tabus. During the most important prayers in the temple absolute silence was necessary. For the three hours the priest prayed lest the charm be broken. Congregations were forced to hold up their arms half an hour at a time—to creak your arm joints, sneeze or snore was tabu.

Each month was divided into four tabu periods according to the four periods of the moon. During this lunny time women were not allowed to enter canoes or see a man. Was it to prevent foolish flirtation with serious consequences? What a terrible tabu and law for youth who worship at the shrine of Venus at Venice or Minneapolis. Hoover had his prototype in Hawaii. Two kinds of fish were tabooed on pain of death every six months by the official priest. Food administration was very drastic.

After these pious pagans dedicated with unholy rites one of their heathen temples, they had a four-day festival when it was tabu to blow a conch shell, go on a toot, beat a drum, pound tapa, fish or bathe.

When the high chief died he was so rotten that the whole district was regarded as polluted for ten days, and his heir descendants had to hike to another district and remain there during this tabu time.

At last the biter was bitten, the tabu was tabued—the prohibition was whisked away by whiskey, and thusly it happened. Liholiho was the too lively son of Kamehameha I. He was on a spree most of the time and on his tomb might have appropriately been carved the inscription, “Hic” Jacet. He wanted no tabu in his life and acted the part of Absalom and Don Juan combined. The Queen Dowager desired a little side liberty herself, so she sent for Liholiho to come to Kailua and leave his idols and idle ways. He started out in canoes with his royal fellows well met, forgot good advice and tabus and

became drunk. He arrived at Kailua where a big feast had been prepared. There was plenty of poi and pig. Instead of hogging the whole thing by driving the common men and women away, he sat down with them with grunts of satisfaction, helped himself and asked the boys and girls to make themselves at home. What a profanation to sit down and eat with women! The natives were struck with wonder that he wasn't struck with lightning or apoplexy. It dawned on their mind that tabus were N. G.—nefarious graft, that man made them and man could break them. Like Macbeth's feast, it broke up in most admired disorder. The gang was all there and full of cheer and cried, "To Helleakala with the tabus, the gods are fakers," and after holding hands and dancing round the ground they celebrated. With the tottering tumbling tabus fell the whole Humpty Dumpty structure of heathen idol worship. The high priest's occupation, like Othello's, was gone—he himself fired the idols out of the temple and burned them and the temples. He sent messengers with flaming tongue to invite men and women to eat, drink and be merry together at the debacle of deities. Revelry and ribaldry reigned.

Like Demetrius, the silversmith, who made silver shrines for Diana and was furious at Christianity for interfering with his idol-making, Hawaiian priests were fierce and furious. They raised a revolt with varying fortunes of success and failure and frightened some of the natives to rebel, heading them with an upstart offshoot of royalty. It was useless, the idolatrous priests were put to flight and the roistering royalists rejoiced. It was out with the old and in with the new, and here on December 20, 1819, at the battle of Kuamoo, Hawaii gave up her religion and was like a ship without a rudder—all ignorant of the Gospel ship that was coming.

Liholiho banished tabus but did not end them. They are in full force today. In Hawaii it is—

Tabu to think, talk, write, print or preach, if at any time or anywhere one opposes the sacred Six who own and run the islands:

Tabu to discuss labor wages, form Unions or strike:

Tabu to sell radical magazines and papers as in U. S.:

Tabu to mention lepers in polite society:

Tabu to criticize the islands, railroads and boats:

Tabu to call the natives Kanakas or colored:

Tabu to say anything good about the Japs, the islands' best workers:

Tabu to preach the Ten Commandments with personal application to rich members present:

Tabu to be seen in society mingling with poor Hawaiians:

Tabu to dance the Hula:

Tabu to sing and play ukeleles at the beach after dark:

Tabu to give the women the promised right to vote:

Tabu to offer money for Hawaiian hospitality:

Tabu to refer to miscegenation:

Tabu to question the methods of the early missionaries:

Tabu to drink, gamble or commit adultery—openly:

Tabu to praise any other town or island of the Group while you are in Honolulu.

Tabu to tell the Promotion Committee that its advertised tourist routes and rates are misleading and extortionary:

Tabu for white people to do manual work:

Tabu to say that the best climate, scenery and people in the world are not in the Hawaiian Group:

Tabu to say anything or aught against the plutocrat sugar and pineapple men who exploit labor, determine business, limit education, corrupt politics, dictate editorials and attempt to tell the pulpit what to say, and the Y. M. C. A. what to do. Death is not the penalty for breaking these tabus but it is financial, social, religious, political boycott and punishment.

## LANDMARKS



BACK of the Kailua warehouse are the ruins of a house where Kam. lived and died. These drowsy old kings were much opposed to being disturbed in their eternal sleep, or having their bones used for fish hooks. 'Tis said just before death Kam. arranged to have his bones concealed in a cave under the water. When he died and was buried every fisherman along the coast was killed who saw the burial. Even then another body was substituted for his, and the original was carried God knows where.

The rocks around this beach are associated with stories of



some king's life or death. The legends are as thick as limpets on the rocks along the coast.

We passed through an arched gate to see a famous stone church, a heathen temple having been torn down to make place for this Christian one. The bird of paradise was a rooster who lit on the church spire. He has the finest look-out and looks as if he knew it was and was crowing over it.

On a point of land there is a large something called a fort. It was a place of defense for the common people and long, high and thick enough to protect them from the nobles. There were many outrigger canoes on the beach covered with mats like logs washed up on the shore.

The old royal palace is a place of roystering reminiscence. It is two stories high and fast falling into ruins. The line of kings was ended but there was a clothes-line strung between the cocoanut trees with garments fluttering in the wind a la Naples. There were balconies, lanais, and a pretty palm garden washed by the sea. The Chinese caretaker was wrinkled as a lava flow. He took little care of his personal appearance but brightened up at the sight of some money. We entered by a back way where Kalakaua, a Caligula for orgies, sneaked in with his white lady friends. What a time then—what cobwebs, dust and fallen plaster now! The royal retinue has been succeeded by rats and spiders who revel night and day. In the garden there is a bathing pool enclosed by a stone wall where the only bather is a fish. The pool was called Kiope after a woman who was turned into a stone by Pele for playing the Peeping Tom act.

### CAVE OF REFUGE



ANIAKEA Cave is the great place of Refuge here, and with four half-clad Kanaka kids as guides, we started out to visit it, climbed over a wire fence, tumbled over stones, rubbed against trees, scrambled through a bramble forest and tripped over vines. The barefoot boys carried boards which they laid down to walk on. We crawled on hands and knees through vines and thorns that tore our clothes to shreds. This wasn't as bad as the surrounding bramble ready to stick us. It was no place for poetry, except

thoughts of Milton's Hell, and that Mother Goose classic, "He jumped into a bramble bush."

The trail led to the ruins of an old mission in the midst of algaroba trees and cactus thickets. The old walls were standing and the chimney fireplace was falling. The mission furniture was the wild wood; the roof the sky; the choir, birds; the flowers, weeds; the collection, debris; and Time's text. "Vanity of vanities."

Lucky L and I were bald or we might have suffered Absalom's fate hanging by our hair in a tree. The women of our party, with disarranged dress and dishevelled hair might have been mistaken for the madwoman in Jane Eyre. Pieces of our party were left dangling to thorn and spine cactus like bits of beef hung on barb wire fences in South America. From our trips it was anything but a pleasure trip.

The Lanikea Cave entrance looks like the opening for a sewer. We fell into it with our flashlights and walked a few feet into the passage which is high in places. I wasn't stuck on it, though they told me an ancient chieftess was who tried to get through and stuck by the hips. The fugitives who lived here for a refuge, had a pool of clear water to drink. They could swim to an inner cave through which they could come out by the sea. The sea along the shore seems to be friendly to smugglers and bandits, for it has hollowed out many hiding places. Our refuge was not there but outside the cave. To remain was to make it a Cave of Adullam and feel like David, distressed and discontented. If the thorns grew then as they do now it was indeed a safe place. No firearms, but the dagger and bayonet points of the cactus, were enough to keep the enemy at bay and away.

The Bishop estate, planters, or some other pious or impious owners of the place, should be compelled to make the Penitentes pilgrimage we did. A few dollars and hours work could clean the path up. But what do these poor millionaires care for old missions and Hawaiians from whom they have received all they now own! How sharper than a serpent's tooth, and cactus, and bramble point, it is to have a thankless corporation.

## TALE OF TWO TOWNS



FROM Kailua to Keauhou there are some 19 heathen temples along the beach or buried in the bush, but we were pagan enough without any more visits. They were not conducive to worship. To find these buried temples would require the eight thousand eyes of spider.

As we sped along we discovered some of the best things on the trip—sky, cloud, sea and surf—not mentioned in the handbook which advises you to look at everything you do not care to see.

Tommy White is the big chief of Keauhou. He lives in a tropical home on the beach shaded with palms. The sand is black like Night's Plutonian shores, not because the natives scrub off their dirt there, but because the volcano left a deposit.

King Kam. III., who lived in the "white" house near shore, made it tabu for anyone to take a morning walk on the cliff for fear a shadow might fall on the house. One was compelled to climb down to the side of the bay and swim over to the other side, and swim they could, for it was as natural as breathing. They could have taken away the championship from the water Gods at Poseidon's court. There is a different regime now—Tommy comes out to welcome you and brings you to his porch to rest. He is accurate in his diagnosis of what you want to eat and drink and gives it to you.

Kam. III. was born on a large flat rock by the wharf under the monkeypod tree with the ocean as wet nurse. The stone has been removed to a small iron rail enclosure back of Tommy's house. A professional guide would point out the birthmark on the stone, but this plague has not yet visited the island. There is a stone tablet on the rock bearing this inscription: "Kauikeaouli, Kamehameha III. Born March 17, 1814. Kai moi Lokomaikai," which, for short, means "king of the big heart." He was a poor actor and made a poor showing from the start. At the beginning of his reign he started a great revival—of heathen orgies and practices. He had rows with the foreign powers, yet all's well that ends well. Some progress was made. He granted the people a liberal constitution and permitted them to hold land in fee simple. Accord-



ing to modern standards of diplomacy, he was really quite a heathen for duplicity and intrigue were foreign to his nature.

On the hillside, back of Keauhou, is where the old kings had a sort of Coney Island resort. There was a stone slide, like the path of an avalanche, that began a mile up the mountain slope. It was wide and railed in by stones to keep the coaster on the stone track. This rocky shoot the shoots was covered with grass to make it smooth like snow, and the coaster came down on his narrow sledge as one slides down the rocks at Funchal. Arriving at the beach, the coaster donned his G string bathing suit, a malo or clout, and took a bellybuster on his surf board, was carried far out to sea, after which he turned back, mounted a wave and was shot to shore in front of his house. Hawaiians, like the Moslems, believed in bathing, and were not like the people in Central and South America who deify dirt. Girl bathers simply wore a skirt from waist to knee. What a "moving" picture this would have presented, if the picture were uncensored, and what a crowd would promenade this cocoanut "palm beach."

Kahaluu is a village near Keauhou, containing several houses and a few people. It is reached over a lava flow road, and is beautifully situated on the beach among palms and rocks. I photographed a white horse here which proved it was either a one-horse town, or the Revelation of a dead one. There is a temple dating back to 1782, and a Place of Refuge, now refuse, built by Kam. I.

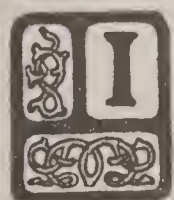
On the beach, and washed by the sea, one finds rock-carved pictures such as idle boys scrawl on their slates at school. There are grave doubts concerning their age and they have neither art nor antiquity. One picture represents a Maui chief killed here with his pet pig, *par nobile fratrum*. Some drawings were of alleged men and women with little difference to differentiate the sex. Naturally they were together on the beach. They were the only ones we saw bathing. At high tide they are invisible. Think what we almost missed. There were pictures, too, of the lucky swastika and one of vague Masonic meaning. Who made them or when is not known. One can do as well with a stick in a piece of soft concrete.

A stone checker-board was noticed by the roadside on which kings and queens of checquered career played on black

and white stones. In a charming little grove we stumbled upon a strangulation stone worse than gall stones, for the patient never recovered the operation. It was a rough piece of rock, not large but heavy enough to hold the victim down after his head had been thrust through the hole cut in the stone. A piece of cocoanut cord was tied around his neck and he was choked to death. This stone would make a fine flower pot pedestal, or a hitching post for my tin horse.

To travel and not arrive is the best part of a journey—and we shot away like a cannon ball in Mr. White's big car. The roads were vertical as if laid out by goats. No surveyor ever made a straight line on these roads. The hills were undulating as hula hips. Plantation stores and towns, inhabited by Japs and Hawaiians, famous coffee and sugar fields, flashed by in rapid succession. There was a wonderful vista of sea, mountain and ocean. The only thing that passed us was Phoebus' car which he was just putting in his cloudy garage after a hot, hard day's run.

### KAPIOLANI, HAWAII'S HEROINE



WAS familiar with high hotels in Paris, and was not looking for a high Paris hotel in Kona. The French sort is not generally conducted by people known for piety, but the house here is, for Miss Paris is a missionary's daughter. Her life has been spent among the natives who believe in and love her for what she has done for them. She is a writer, not of slush and sentimental dishwater love stories, but a translator of Gospel hymns, and every Sunday she goes horseback to her father's church. He came here and taught the natives how to improve their heads and hands as well as their hearts, to burn and make lime from the coral rocks. He instructed them in the schools, and built and was pastor of the noted church of Napoopo, locating it where it could be seen by the native on land and by sailor on sea. Miss Paris' house is a museum containing spears, calabashes, lava specimens and a hula skirt of hula hair.

Kapiolani lived here. I saw the koa wood door and the front stone steps from which she passed on her great journey. She and her eighty followers went on a religious picnic,

tramped all the way to Kilauea volcano and put to shame Honolulu's boasted Trail and Mountain Club. Kapiolani and Mark Twain divide honors in being the most talked about tourists who ever visited the volcano. She and her followers had no handsome Demosthenes to welcome them at the Volcano House. She was a true daughter of Eve and loved forbidden fruit, and gathered and ate the sacred ohelo berries. With her sharp tongue, she talked back to Pele denouncing her as a first-class fraud in words that only one woman uses to another. Fortunately, her secretary was with her, and took down her exact words in shorthand:—"Jehova is my God! He kindled these fires! I fear not Pele! If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele; but if I trust in Jehovah, and He should save me from the wrath of Pele, when I break her tabus, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah. All the gods of Hawaii are vain! Great is Jehovah's goodness in sending teachers to turn us from these vanities to the living God and to the way of righteousness." This speech was made in 1825 and copies were given to the Hilo Tribune, The Honolulu Bulletin, and The Pacific Commercial Advertiser. The long walk from Miss Paris' to the volcano gave Kapiolani ample time to practise this extemporaneous speech which has gone through all the ages. She is in the class of Vashti and Joan of Arc who would all be suffragettes were they living today.

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT



WE rose early next day, and lo! the dawn, in a dull blue kimono, was getting wet feet walking over the dew on the hills above us.

As early at 4 A. M., if you are awake, you will hear the song of the Kona nightingale. As the stars shimmer and the faint dawn envelops you, this melody enters your inmost soul. It is impossible to sleep 'mid such seraphic music. Unlike the other nightingales in Southern Europe, this song is different. Coleridge wrote an ode to the nightingale, calling it "most musical, most melancholy bird." What would he have written had he listened to this Kona nightingale? Prob-



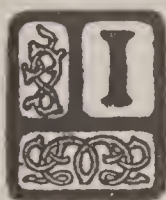
ably what he did write "To a Young Ass," for the Kona nightingale is a donkey:

"More musically sweet to me  
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,  
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest  
The aching of pale fashion's vacant breast."

These donkey birds run wild over the mountains. You may catch them if you can, harness and work them and set them free when you are through with them.

Here I fell in love with a bird that all of the islanders hate—the Mina bird. I heard nothing but slander, nobody spoke a good word for him. He is called a pest that should be exterminated. Were you to ask Mr. Mina bird why he ever came here, he might reply, "Why was the white man brought here—I am no more of a pest than some of the avaricious white men who have exterminated the Hawaiians."

### THREE MEN IN A CANOE



IT would bankrupt my vocabulary to describe all the beauty of the scenery the touring car whirled us through from Miss Paris' to the high-sounding beach of Napoopo. We had arranged for a sampan, but there was more profit in fish than visitors, so we stood like Newton on the shore while our Portuguese chauffeur, Janica, roused a native by entering his house and pulling him out of bed. He looked out at the bay and said it was too rough for an outrigger. Then scanning L. and me, he decided if we were drowned now he wouldn't be bothered with us later. His partner lent him a hand to slide the outrigger canoe down the rocky stays. Then they stood for ten minutes watching and counting the big waves until the right safe one came and carried him out. All this time we waited impatiently, watching the manoeuverings with our glass from the wharf, and longing like Xerxes to spank the bottom of the sea. He took his time to come in, still waiting for the right one, for a wrong wave would have smashed him against the concrete wharf like an egg shell. He was a real Kanaka and so expert in his knowledge of the sea as to know even the influence of

the fishes' tails on the undulations of the deep. Finally he darted up to the wharf, said "Hurry, before the next heavy sea comes," and as he held his craft fast, I dropped down into the middle and L. into the bow. The outrigger was narrow, we weighed nearly 200 pounds apiece, and were so wedged in that if the boat capsized we would be a part of it and sink with it. He was a reliable Palinurus and skilfully paddled us out beyond the wharf and breakers. The Cook monument was our pole-star across the colored bay—the "pathway of the gods," Kealakekai, over which the god Lono journeyed on business from heaven to earth. The water was clear and deep, and the white coral below suggested the bones of dead drowned tourists. The cliffs were full of small burial caves which the guide said were filled with bones of dead chiefs. As soon as we became accustomed to the outrigger and composed ourselves, we ventured to look at the living beauty about of hills, bay, promontories, white surf, beach, palms, etc.

### THE CRIME OF CAPTAIN COOK



At last our keel ground the rocks and green moss, we leaped out into a bower of foliage where stands the white stone marking the final resting place, the harbor where the restless tempest and sea-tossed Captain Cook found anchor. Near here he fell pierced with an iron dagger. This concrete shaft was erected by Great Britain in 1874, and a fund raised for its up-keep. The sexton had been lax, for there were high weeds, cans and other marks of reverence. It is a common looking monument for an unusually common man. The entrance is surrounded by cannon posts and chains. Palms and native huts form a background and the tablet bears an inscription to the great circumnavigator.

January 17, 1779, Cook sailed into this bay with his two ships, named "Resolution" and "Discovery," both typical of his character. On his first visit to the islands three years before, he left the seeds of melons, pumpkins and onions, and his men the seeds of disease, misery and death. His boats were a sort of Chinese flower boats, floating houses of prostitution that cruised from port to port. He returned again after being in the cold storage of Alaska dodging the icebergs of the

Arctic. Evidently they enjoyed their former pleasant stay. The sailors' first visit made a hit with the natives. Messengers told the kings at Oahu and Maui that these men were white, had loose skin, angular heads, and fire and smoke issued from their mouths. A very good description of these sea-devils.

The native god Lono had been gone on a business or pleasure trip, and the Kanakas were lonely and looking for him. Cook arrived at the psychological moment and was met by a welcoming committee of an old priest and two chiefs. They kow-towed and salaamed, believing him to be the incarnation of their god Lono. They posed him in front of the sacred image, togged him out in a suit of red tapa, offered him a dead hog, and annointed him with chewed cocoanut kernel wrapped cloth. He liked this adulation, and the incense of the roast pig filled his nostrils and pride. They took him to their temple and with wand in hand the priest waved all to fall down to do him reverence. Cook was very "observing." He set up his surveying instruments. The priests tabooed them and marked the place off with white rods. He was hedged in with the divinity of a king. Canoe loads of food were brought him daily, which he accepted as a matter of course without so much as a thank you. The Maui king and retinue came over to make a society call on this English sailor god. He was given a religious serenade. They paddled around his ships in their fighting outfit dress of helmets, spears, daggers, bearing proudly their jabbowock, wicker-work, giant idol-god who was covered over with red feathers, his mouth set with double rows of shark teeth, and his wonderful eyes were made of mother of pearl. Quite a tableaux.

The English chief received more divine honors on shore. The Maui king placed beautiful cloaks at his feet to keep them warm, or show his warm affection; moulted himself, placed his own feather cloak upon Cook's shoulders, and crowned him with his feather helmet. Then he gave him things for his inside comfort, such as cocoanuts, breadfruit and hogs, and for measure and will the priest threw in a prayer. Cook took it all in and asked no questions. He invited the king aboard the "Resolution" to four o'clock tea, and munificently returned this kindness by shooting off a few packs of fire-



crackers and pinwheels which the simple natives believed were flying, red-headed spirits. He staged a boxing and wrestling match, and as a token of his gratitude, bestowed on the Maui monarch a linen shirt and a cutlass that he might appear well dressed in ladies' society and cut a wide swath.

Cook's ten day visit was worse than Ten Nights in a Bar-room. The natives and sailors were not teetotalers, nor women-haters. To describe what went on here would make the black ink of the historian's pen blush red. Dante would have to add another circle in hell for them. Without Circe's help, they all turned themselves into pigs. Cook used his strength tyrannically, cooked his own goose and incensed the natives. Desiring fuel, he offered hatchets in exchange for the fence around his temple. They were refused and Cook's men grabbed the railings of the temple and the dozen large wooden idols within. Th Kanakas became angry. Squabbles and stealings grew numerous and all were glad to say good-bye, February fourth, when the ship pulled out. But the vessel was soon afterwards driven back by a storm. Conditions had changed. Natives saw feet of clay in their god image. Cook landed and went up to the temple hotel he had previously occupied. Two days later he made the discovery that some tools had been stolen from his boat "Discovery." The thieves attempted to get away with them and were fired on, Cook's boat pursuing them. The natives stopped, turned back and fought, and the British sailors barely managed to return to their ship.

Cook's next move was to capture the king as a hostage, for with him he could do anything with the natives. February twelfth he landed with his soldier guard, having blocked the harbor with three armed boats to keep away the intruding enemy. A canoe blockade-runner attempted to get through and a high chief was brought low by an English bullet. That sound echoed above the waves to the shore and was heard by a mad crowd. A native picked up a brick and cracked a Cook officer on the head. He turned and a lead bullet put daylight through him. This spilled the broth and Cook was in danger. The dead man's brother came towards Cook who was suddenly reminded of his great countryman's lines, "Is this a dagger I see before me?" Before he could strike him, Cook shot at him but missed. Fatal mistake. Discretion was

in order and he ordered his men to get away in their boats, but they used guns, not oars, fired and four natives dropped dead. While waving his hat to his men in the boat to cease firing, a chief stole up behind Cook, thrust an iron dagger through his very human frame and he fell dead, face down, into the water.

On the heights above the bay there was a small temple. Here the body of the ex-god was taken, his mortal flesh stripped from his mortal bones and buried. His bones were hard to dispose of so they were deified, put up in neat packages, tied with a red feather string, locked somewhere and the key thrown away. Cook's troubled heart had ceased to beat but was not permitted to rest very long, for some children found it hanging in a hut and made a meal of it. The priest took some souvenir specimens of Cook's body to the ship. The head was gone but the body wiggled. The sailors of the ship "Discovery" fired grape shot into the little village of Napoopo and set fire to it. The king was in hot water and sued for peace, gave the crew some of their captain's bones, which were buried with military honors in the deep he loved so well.

One could not blame the Hawaiians for saying with Gerrick, "Heaven sends us food but the devil sends us Cooks." He was a great explorer and exploiter. Were he and his crew to repeat their cruise and conduct in a harbor today, they would land in jail. His room was better than his company and his influence a blight and not a blessing. The Hawaiian was a savage and heathen, but Cook's treatment failed to make him gentle and Christian. He put them on the map for other white slavers to visit with vice, theft and murder that has nearly wiped them off the map. Too bad that instead of discovering these islands, Cook didn't run on a reef with some devil-fish, study its habits, and tell the world how to catch and cook it.

## ROYAL STIFFS

**W**E scrambled up a high cliff overlooking this bay and monument to a burial cave, entered and made a thorough search, finding — nothing — a something Death generally leaves. This was only one of many caves here, and in one there is said to be a pile of gold that a pirate ship once hid, but I couldn't find even a copper cent. The caves in the cliff resemble the Campo Santos of Latin countries where the dead are pigeon-holed for future reference.

During his life the Hawaiian chief always wanted something a little better and different from anyone else. It grew to be a habit. To think death might change his wish, he arranged to have something unique. When he died his bones were tied in a bundle, attached to a rope that was lowered until it reached a cave in the side of some cliff. A servant was then let down to accompany him, and when he had plugged up the hole with the king's dead body, a relative overhead cut the rope and let him dash to death. An appalling way to treat the pall bearer, yet he willingly did all this for his king.

## AT END OF ROPE

**A**FTER nearly swamping the outrigger, we were paddled back and reached the end of the wharf in safety, being careful to avoid being smashed or drowned by the big combers. Biding our time we darted in. The man on the wharf pulled L up and over and he was safe. My arms were short, they threw me a rope, but in attempting to get out the canoe was pulled out from under my feet by the surf, and there I dangled like a big spider on a cobweb. I held to the rope like a Shriner until three men pulled me up thus spoiling a prediction of my friends that I would die at the end of a rope. There is time yet. I am heavy, my arms were weak, but I hung on for dear life—hung, clawed and kicked against the concrete wall until my buttons came off.

Denominationally, I am a Baptist and believe in much water. This was too much water. Twenty seconds later there





WORLD'S LARGEST EXTINCT CRATER, HALEAKALA,  
MAUI




THE WATERFRONT, LAHAINA, MAUI

came a wave with a roar, a smash and swat, that would have flattened me out like a fly. Having been rescued I felt like giving thanks and went over to the temple where Cook was worshipped. At the other end of the village we entered an enclosure where a chief, after he had been killed in battle, was baked as a last indignity. The old oven was not there. Some say this baking was an embalming process before the man was mummified.

Happily, a road has been built to Honaunau, a great City of Refuge. It was formerly necessary to go there via the coast by outrigger or sampan. Once it was an important city and the home of many of the Hawaiian kings, but all pau now—nothing but a half-dozen fisher huts, a few natives, some worn and worm-eaten canoes, wind-torn cocoa palm trees and somber, rambling ruined ramparts.

### CITY OF REFUGE

HOSE were the happy days when a hungry native could feed fat his ancient grudge, go for his enemy who had robbed him of a calabash or a wife, kill him, and then run a Marathon to this city with the dead man's friends pursuing him. If he could just come in under the line, enter within the city outposts, he was safe, for he could turn around, make a face or an oath, scratch the end of his nose with his thumb, and tell them to return whence they came. The Israelites had such cities, three of them on each side of the Jordan as refuge for accidental homicides. Times are very dull here now. It would add immensely to the tourist pleasure if the ancient customs were revived and bleacher seats were erected on either side of the road to watch the fleeing criminals come in on the home stretch. Horse races are but for a few days in the year, whereas this would be a daily performance running fifty-two weeks. The Refuge idea might be extended so as to include thieves, slanderers, liars, moral outcasts and others—many would be caught this way who would never be touched or apprehended in the courts, while the criminals who did get in, secured absolution and became immune, would make no greater number than those who now evade justice.



The fisher guide led us to the temple's outer wall, built of hundreds of immense blocks of stone piled high and secure. The walls are 12 feet high, 15 feet wide at the base, and 715 by 404. Where did they get these lava blocks and how hoist them. one asks as he does at the pyramids and at Cuzco. Easy enough. I saw a coffin-shaped stone over 11 feet long and 3 feet square. It weighed several thousand pounds and an Hawaiian Hercules chief brought it here one day on his shoulder for a settee or divan. The guide said this strong chief was 14 or 15 feet tall. If he could do this he could have built the city in a summer's vacation. This hard rock made him a soft bed where he could lie and dream of new wars to wage, or men to kill, or wives to love. Not far away we were shown a rock which was a mashing and mixing slab for the brains of anyone who displeased the king for some trivial offense.

Not to be outdone, the queen had a rocky time and an easy stone couch on the other side of the wall where she could pose like a Karnak sphinx and be admired. It was within easy hearing of her jealous lord, and raised up on some small corner stones. Old King Kam. I. was a free lover. One day he stole over here to see a local belle who had wrung his heart. His queen wife heard of it and since there were no steamboats, she was her own yacht and took a little swim from Kailua to Cook's bay where she rested, and then swam to Hoanaunau with her one companion. It was dark and she hid under this rock like a spy under a bed. Next morning she was missed in her home, her bed had not been occupied, an alarm was given, search made and 500 houses were burned to smoke her out. It was useless. She was lost and dead to the world until she and her lady companion were discovered by a dog whose curiosity led him around and under the stone. Such are the chronicles of the Hawaiian royal life. Had she written an Heptameron like the Queen of Navarre, it would have furnished hot reading.

Royalty whiled away the hours here by playing checkers. The stone boards were like the one I saw at Keauhou. When one chief wished to fight another he sent him a black stone wrapped up in a "ti" leaf. If the receiver was willing to fight,

he returned the black, and if not, he sent a white one for peace. There was no misunderstanding or duplicity. Scraps of paper were unknown. No peace league, or covenant, or notes—no 14 points, diplomatic lies, messing or red-tape. The plan was sure and simple and is commended as a model to European nations.

In this City of Refuge the women and children found safety while their men went to battle. In a corner of the refuge enclosure there was a round stone structure about 6 feet high, with flat top 10 feet in diameter. It was the butcher's block, or place of execution where criminals after death had the flesh stripped from their bones and burned. The bones were hidden in holes of the stone structure. There was a royal bone-yard where the chiefs were buried. The wooden building on the upper platform is gone—so are the images that stood on low pedestals outside the enclosure, or on rocks leaning over the water. Under the closely fitting, smooth, block floor of lava, were safely placed and planted the bones of big chiefs, and of Keawe, who built it in the sixteenth century. Famous cloaks and shawls buried with these bones are now found in the Honolulu Museum. It does seem strange to walk over these stones with American shoes where bare-footed barbarians have trod, to pull up a block and look for bones as we did, though the guide said they were all gone. Mournful word "gone." The soul of the Hawaiians is gone and there is nothing left but skeleton cities like this one, half buried in the jungle. Soon the grave-diggers of the years will bury all and human dust return to lava dust.

If there is anything gloomier than this black rock refuge, it is the thought of the dark minds of the natives where lurk the bats of superstition and monsters of credulity and cruelty. Silence reigned supreme. Distance placed its fingers of silence on the waves, there was no breath in the palms, the tick of the watch and the beat of the heart were out of place. Our guide said fishing was poor. Was it because he was not devout as his brothers further south down the beach who now offer fruit to insure a good catch?

## A NIAGARA OF LAVA



IT was a relief to leave thoughts of heathen human nature for nature. Our auto was a fast mountain-climber and we rose and rolled along a thousand feet above the sea, whirling through forests like a snorting chimera; passed by coffee plantations, abandoned tobacco factories, colonies of Jap and Hawaiian workers; by old shacks where natives, poor in this world's goods but rich in content, unkempt and unwashed, looked down on sea vistas that would make a millionaire's villa overlooking the Mediterranean very cheap. Some of the roads were not paved even with good intention. There was no poetry of motion, simply blank——verse.

Kau is the earthquake section of the island. We missed the quakes but had auto shakes. It was pleasant to ride through tiny towns not all dead and laid out in mercantile monotony. All this while we looped the loop of Mouna Loa, 13,675 feet high, going over the toe of the foot of the mountain. Leaving Kona, we reached Kau with no cow in sight. Here we sailed over lava flows, the two of 1907, then of 1887, and further down of 1868. We forded the two branches of the 1907 flow. One stands here between chaos and creation, the beginning and end of the world. Everything seems accursed, not a tree left, and peopled only by fancies of horror, desolation and death. Looking twelve thousand feet up the side of mountain, we saw where the lava came down like molasses out of a busted bung-hole. Eager for its race it ran furiously, then farther down it slowed as for breath. In its march to the sea it left the appearance of a lava glacier filled with deep chasms, piled hills and fantastic forms, recalling Young's "Night Thoughts,"

"Final Ruin fiercely drives  
Her ploughshare o'er creation."

What words can describe this blistering blast, fiery chaos. frozen rivers of flame—this running sore on the mountain side—this lava flow dripping down like chocolate over a big cake. To me it seemed as if Pele had long looked with love at Neptune, 'till at last her heart broke and she sought solace in the arms of her sea-god lover.



If you are anxious to know what a powerless, pitiful pygmy you are, stand here. Then open your Milton and feel, "Hail, horrors, hail infernal world!" Look up at the volcano, then down into the ocean, heaving like a monster in chains as the wind scourges it. Here is a trinity of untamed force—volcano, sea and wind, powers sublime never yet suppressed. Yet man thinks he is great, wields power when he builds a house, writes a play, or is elected mayor or president. Even the world, with its oceans and volcanoes, is nothing but a grain of star dust in the road of the universe. This is no place for ordinary souls and we were not sorry to move on. To be marooned here one should be a Milton, a madman or a fool.

Now we crossed over the second river flow of 1907 to that of 1887 which came from a lower point of the mountain and flowed to the sea. Mother Nature is healing and covers her fiery child's scars. Lava is breaking up into a rich soil where small bushes and ferns have sprouted and taken root. Some day a forest will grow over it, life will supplant death, and the once molten lava will furnish food for man and beast.

To many this dead lava flow is a more stupendous spectacle than Kilauea itself—it is hell dried up. In it you may see what the fierce force of Nature can do. No where else on land or sea is one so conscious of his smallness. We sped away and left this section of the Inferno. Unlike Pharaoh, we passed safely through this red sea of lava. This is Kau's masterpiece, worth a trip around the world, yet there are natives, resident whites and tourists here who have never seen it.

### PICK-UPS




IN the Kau beaches there are burial caves, and a beach town where dead bodies and billet doux were found. If a love-sick swain up the coast wished to send a valentine to his girl, he took a flower wreath, put it in a gourd, and it drifted down to this town in Kau. The ocean was his postman. To this shore also came dead bodies of soldiers killed in battle who had been hurled over the sea cliffs. This gave the name "Kamilo" to the village. Deucalion threw stones over his shoulder and they were turned

into people. Here you find black, smooth stones along the shore that are noted for sex, male and female, and it is believed that they possess self-propagating power. Superstitious Hawaiians say that the small stones separate from Papa and Mama stones, grow big and raise pebble families of their own.

We picked up a big, thick, long-lashed whip in this Satanic region which some devil had evidently dropped pursuing a lost soul. The chauffeur said it was a cattle whip belonging to a cowboy. Cattle come high on this mountain slope, and the cattle on these thousand hills, or the thousand cattle on the hills, belong to the big ranches. As we were enjoying this land of the free air, mountain and sea, a man trudged past us who was in irons. He was guarded by an officer on horseback, armed with gun and knife, to see that he made no break for liberty.

Our trip was punctuated with exclamations of delight and a puncture. One good thing about the bad roads is that the auto can't go so fast that you miss the scenery.

### PATH TO PERDITION

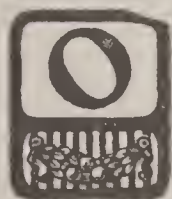
HE approach to the Fire Goddess' house is rough, the premises are badly neglected. A withered waste, with hummocks of lava, weird shapes like hump-backed fiends or souls twisted in torture, stretched before us. We bravely went on till reaching the Volcano House built on the brimstone brink. After a hurried deposit of baggage in our rooms, a dust, a wash, and a meal, we ran out and warmed our imagination with this volcano fire—a furnace in a black, deep cellar where Vulcan is the janitor. The moon, like a love-sick Juliet, looked down from her starry balcony in the skies. As I gazed down in this fiery pit, lost in wonder, one of the party rudely interrupted me by saying, "What a grand place for a garbage incinerator." I wanted to dump him over and in it.

The last time we called on Madame Pele three years ago, she wore a beautiful red plume of smoke in her hair. It wasn't on now, doubtless it was out of style. Speeding by auto for seven miles through a fern forest, a literal inferno, the sight

of the red crater burst terrifyingly into view. 'Twas like Pittsburg at night!

Although you visit the palace of Pele in an auto, you are not expected to wear full dress suits, high heels or patent leathers. If you think this volcano is shaped like a Mexican's sombrero, and that it blows off fire so high that the stars seem like sparks, scorching the wall-paper on the sky-ceiling, you are doomed to disappointment. I have seen State Fair, Fourth of July fireworks, and Bengal lights that for the moment played their fire-streams higher and more brilliantly, but this is a continuous performance, though not by any means always spectacular.

### VOLCANO VAPORINGS



IN a previous visit Madame Pele was very low—500 feet down, but this night she was in high spirits. The lava lake was up to the edge and flowing over. The floors in this house of fire are treacherous and cave in with you. I was nearly tempted to spend the night in Pele's lava bed because it was so much warmer than those of the Volcano Hotel. I sat in the Rest House and watched the lava slowly creep towards me, so slowly that I could sit and warm my feet by these lava "toes." Well for me that I did not fall asleep, for when I returned next day I found the rest house full, occupied by a stream of lava visitors.

A very studious and scientific set of volcanologists we were. With long sticks we made many valuable experiments, such as poking the red lava like a furnace fire, seeing how long a beer bottle could stand the heat pressure, tossing a copper Indian into the flames and watching him writhe and change expression with the feelings of an Inquisitor, or fishing out red lava from the fissures. There were all sorts of fissures save Praed's, "Red Fisherman." Angling in this lake of fire one should be able to make a good catch of smoked herring. Paradoxical as it may seem, your danger is not from burning but freezing. It is ironical to call this a summer resort—we were wrapped in overcoats, steamer rugs, blankets, gloves and then some, but were shivering, not from fear but cold. One



should come, not only with raiment for rain, but gas-mask and asbestos shoes.

There were three fire lakes. Around their sides were caverns in which danced witch-like forms of lava. The fountains were very beautiful, but not the kind you want in your front yard—they might scorch the grass and call out the fire department.

This is quite a popular lake resort—next to those in Switzerland, and rivalling that of the other world. As it is today, one has perfect liberty to walk into the lake, fall into a crevice, tan his shoe in a flow, or poke his nose in a gassing spatter-cone. This delightful freedom will probably be abridged when the region is made a national park. Not that there will be any bridge across the lake, but we may look for an iron fence around the crater, and “Keep Off the Lava” signs. How romantic! It may be nicely policed yet Pele is a woman and will have her way, smash things and run away, eat up a sugar cane field, lick up a town, laugh and make people and the earth quake. She dislikes to be watched, and when the professor set up an observatory near the brink, she objected, was a spit-fire, and talked so vehemently that the observatory was taken down and set up elsewhere.

Next day Professor T. A. Jaggar, Jr., conducted us across this “burning marl.” The question was how to stand on the beach of this “inflamed sea” and not get burned. I was out there twenty minutes, and with shoes \$15 a pair, one can figure the loss of poor soles. The guide is necessary for there are many places through which you may suddenly disappear like magic.

Pele has an unsettled stomach—she belches and vomits lava continually, and her breath is so bad that if you inhale it you have no breath. Walking through her boudoir we saw Pele’s hair, lava spun fine by the wind and scattered all about, lying inches deep in places. She should use a hair tonic. Whether she is penitent at times over the destruction she has wrought, or weeps because Kapiolani ended her sway, is a matter of conjecture, but Pele’s “tears” were everywhere. They look like black glass beads. On Vesuvius I found lachrymae Christi, tears of Christ wine of far-famed flavor. Obeying the

Biblical injunction, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle," I gathered up a gallon or so of Pele's.

We speak of terra firma—I looked over the edge and saw it a melted mass—perhaps thirty-five miles deep. How little we know of the interior. It seemed an infinitely big bomb full of death. To change the figure, I became a doctor studying this cancer in the bowels of Mother Earth. So far no fire department has been able to regulate the smoke nuisance. In a fight between fire and water the professor said he would bet on the water, but from her Bolshevik colors you decide Pele is a Red and that she will fight against being suppressed.

In describing volcanoes some scribblers write in a hot air and gaseous way, some in obscure and smoky style, while that of others is light and bright. The word volcano is from Vulcan. Perhaps he is living with Pele to get even with his wife Venus whom he caught in an affair with Mars, a scandal vividly described by Homer. This lame Vulcan, who was kicked out of Olympus in a quarrel, is some artist. He can forge thunderbolts, and made the armor for Achilles in a hurry-up job of a night. We saw him here as a sculptor, Lincoln's night, February 12th, when he turned out a gigantic statue of the Great Emancipator. It proved to be a striking resemblance of the Lincoln Park statue in Chicago, though in this pose he is sitting, not standing. To the left of the fire lakes, with a background of red fire, white mist and blue starry sky, he sat at a table, his head leaning on his right hand and a large volume opened before him. He was looking towards the lakes of fire as if praying that the hell of destruction that was raging in Europe might be averted from his loved land, and the government, of, by and for the people, might not perish from off the face of the earth.

One noon we watched a waterfall of fire. For an hour it poured out and gave the lava rocks a shower of sparks. It issued from a black hill of lava. One never knows what will happen. Next day there was a quake, and the place we had walked and stood on, collapsed and tumbled in.

At night we viewed a spatter-cone, a vestpocket edition of Vesuvius, that spat out at intervals like a Fourth of July flower-pot. Near the Rest House was a government marker to indicate a former lava flow. The stream of lava was headed


for it and slowly but surely I saw it being covered and destroyed. I was anxious to save it, so I ran over to where some men were removing the observatory, begged them for a hatchet, and ran stumblingly back over the rough lava on my errand of rescue. It was a bronze medal, a sort of disc, engraved and set in the top of a concrete post. I struck right and left to remove the inscription, believing it was of value. It was an heroic task, the lava was coming down just before me and would soon bury it and me. So I chopped furiously to get it for Professor Jaggar, or my souvenir collection, or hoping to be photographed in the salvage act of securing it. Just then some one called out, no word of "Bravo," but "Fine." Fine I also thought, until the voice added, "That will cost you \$250—you better quit—read what it says." I did and there in engraved letters, lit up by the sun and lava, and so plain that any ordinary fool could see it, was the statement that it was government property and anyone defacing, mutilating or removing the mark, would be fined \$250, (I think it was that sum). My burning zeal suddenly cooled. I stopped and decided to allow Pele to work the marker's destruction, and let the government collect and fine her if it could. What fools these mortals be—how often our intentions are right and our actions all wrong.

Man loves risk and agrees to try a thing once which may be once too often. Pele's wild, rushing recklessness sets a bad example and is contagious. Curiosity and courage lead one to do and dare many things. No one has been bold enough to be married here, yet an old maid grew sentimental one night, gave me her hand and allowed me to lead her across the lava to the verge of destruction. That same night a venturesome soldier crowded up to the edge of one of the lakes to get a night photo. About the time he was fixed, the edge crumbled and he nearly went in. Had there been no stronger ledge beneath, he would have been a human sacrifice. His companion pulled him out by the legs. This was an exposure of foolhardiness that gave him a mental and not a film impression. Speaking afterwards to him of the close call, he confessed that when he felt himself going over, his only thought was that the kodak was borrowed and the owner would be sorry to lose it.



This is a mountain of sacrifice. You give up time, money, energy, patience, disposition, clothes and shoes. Years ago devotees gave themselves. We saw a native party of Hawaiians. It was night. The man was wrapped in a cloak, sat by the Rest House and moaned a chant to Pele. His women folks were bundled up in red blankets near the crater's edge, playing ukulele accompaniments to Pele songs. Beyond them there was one who had either taken a drink of gin or broken a bottle as a libation. Chickens, pigs and money are thrown in the crater, but not so frequently during the war. Whites come here for pleasure, and even now the Kanakas come to worship. Families camp by the day and pictures are taken with lava as a background. I saw a fond Chinese father ask his Jap servant to take his six months old baby out to the crater's edge so the child might get a good view, a lasting impression.

### A SHAME

ELE'S every little movement has a meaning all her own, and it is studied here in the observatory by the Professor more closely than a party of tourists studies the motion of a hula dancer. He devotes and risks his life for the scientific study of Pele, and is her warmest lover. He invited us to the Observatory and exhibited the photos taken of her in all her varying moods. Going down stairs we saw the instruments for noting any volcanic quake or eruption on the globe. These instruments are so delicate that the great savants of the future will see how our party left its footprints on the sands of time. Although the building is stone and concrete, our arrival made a jar that the needle point recorded. This was difficult to believe until I recalled the size of our shoes. We ran a close second to the Guatemala quake record. All the priceless data is as poorly housed as Murillo's pictures at the wooden gallery in Madrid. Kona gales have unroofed the place, endangering all the records of seismograms, photo-negatives, maps and drawings. Oil is used instead of electricity, kerosene for heat, everything the worst and most dangerous, not the safest and best. Like other things in the islands there are thousands of dollars for the least important things. For art, literature and science, Hawaii makes a poor show-

ing. Carnivals, horseraces and tourist hotels, judged by the money invested, are here honored institutions. There was money to build ugly concrete wings to the Moana hotel, but no wing for the Bishop Museum with its world wonder of South Sea curios stacked up in dark closets. For three hours I talked to Dr. Brigham, one of the most intellectual and entertaining men I ever met in this or any other country. He doesn't have to write books for his talks are volumes. Yet this man who has put this museum on the scientific map of the world, and whose conclusions in many branches are recognized authority in the great universities of learning, has been shamefully treated and his plans and wishes for the improvement of this Museum insultingly ignored. He has been the leading spirit in collecting, housing, classifying and labelling the exhibits, and has cast his research light over it all, so that the world might see and understand. Yet he is treated worse than a janitor, for he isn't permitted to have a key or duplicate to some of the exhibits to show travelers. A bunch of boneheads try to tell him what to do and where to get on and off—what he knows about them would make very interesting reading and they know it. They would throw him out if they were not afraid of the boomerang reaction.

The sugar and pineapple barons are barren of everything except pineapples and sugar ideals. One is to conclude they have forgotten the Great Teacher's words, "That the life (intellectual and spiritual) is more than meat (pines and cane), and the body than raiment." Kilauea's crater has an area of 26,000 acres. What a loss to these rich planters and ranchers—so much waste space. How many sleepless nights they must have spent in planning how to recover and cultivate this Pele property.

We left wondering, should we ever come again, whether Pele would be here, for she and her family of brother and six sisters have lodged at different times in the islands of Oahu, Maui and Molokai. Why they left we did not learn—it may have been that they were unable to pay the high rents and prices the tourists must today.

## JUNGLE JOTTINGS



OMER'S "rosy-fingered" Dawn, that red-handed servant girl, Aurora, had brushed the cobwebs from the sky when we left the liveliest member of the island, our warmest-hearted friend, Pele, for the Puna section with its blue sky and green forests, for none but a fiend could be satisfied with red fire and black lava.

Puna is a greenhouse where flowers bloom under the glass roof of the sky and with the sun for a stove. Strange, that where nature seems to be most clothed, people are least dressed, and where she is bare, the natives bundle up most. Leisurely we journeyed through a small town where many of the Jap women watched us comfortably and contemplatively with not much on above the waist line, little below. There was no time for social life so we plunged into a jungle of trees bedecked with bird's nest ferns, parasitic plants and wreathed with vines. Picking our way we paused to pick berries. They were a beautiful red but tasteless, like much of the fruit on life's table, or the lips of an old sweetheart.

The ancient style of Hawaiian architecture was a grass house. Few exist now except in books and museums, but we were privileged to see and visit one. Happily it is out of range of the sparks of Kilauea's chimney-pot, and were it not, the owner has a big ocean nearby for a fire department. It is a real thatched house and not a show place. The owner lives here on taro, poi, fruit and small garden truck. His place would thoroughly please "Walden" wood Thoreau with its woods and simple life. I doubt whether this Hawaiian had ever been as far as the roaring city of Hilo. Perhaps he felt like the Chinese poet, whose lines I quote from memory:—

"The lady Moon is my lover;  
My friends are the oceans four;  
The heavens, they roof me over,  
The sun is my golden door:  
I would rather follow the condor,  
Or the seagull soaring from ken,  
Than bury my godhead yonder  
In the dust and whirl of men."



The hut floor was earth, there were ashes of fire in the corner and calabashes and native mats lying about. To him, as to Diogenes, a wooden cup was a luxury. There was a chair hanging from the ceiling—a queer place to entertain guests, and an old Hawaiian raised bed on the side that looked like a high platform. To one used to featherbeds this was as inviting as a guillotine. But a native's weariness can snore on flint when restive sloth makes the downy pillow hard.

The owner was an albino and looked like an escaped side-show freak. He wore ragged pants, no stockings, and for shoes his feet were encased in pieces of non-skid auto tires tied together with ropes. His shirt front was open showing a scaly dragon skin. His hair was long—so were his nails. They say he is a white Hawaiian with fair hair and blue eyes. Others say he is a descendant of Spanish mariners shipwrecked long ago on the Kalapana coast. Did he get his rubber shoes from the discarded blown out tires left on the road? That he might see himself as we saw him, and since there was no mirror in his hut we photoed him and sent him the picture.

### A BLACK BEACH



LEAVING the umbriferous boskage for the open beach at Kaimu, we ran into a crowd of cocoanut trees wildly waving their arms in applause and encouragement to the Marathon waves, with waving white hair, that had run across the ocean, falling exhausted as they reached the beach. The enthusiasm was catching. All jumped out and skipped to the seashore where we swung our arms and shouted like mad. It was on this black sand beach that the movie of the "Hidden Pearl" was staged. We danced around like children in the dust of a coal bin and came out cleaner than we entered. The mother's advice to her daughter, "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water" is good here. You must watch your feet for there is a very dangerous undertow. Should you disobey and drown, there is a small gingerbread church nearby, with a detached steeple, where a fitting service may be held, formal and funereal, with the waves for mourners.

## NATURE STUDY



KALAPANA was a deserted village. The men had gone to work for the week-end in the hills. We arrived in auto—one could never get in alive by boat through the surf. I sauntered up to a Hawaiian girl by the edge of a stream washing clothes. She was the only human being in sight. In pidgin English I asked her for her picture, and was astonished to have her reply, “Certainly sir, is my position correct?” at the same time casting a glance at me like a lump of lava.

The schoolhouse showed no signs of life, 'till recess came and then, like brown bees out of a hive, two score boys and girls flew buzzing out to play. The boys were barefooted and the girls were bare armed and legged, except for several coats of tan. I never saw such perfectly fitting, hole-proof tan stockings—no one but Mother Nature can make them. I wished I were a boy again, attending school here to study anatomy and the art of simplicity and affection. Fine school and faculty—rocks to teach geology, the ocean to scientifically teach music with its rythm, the sky for color and trees for botany! Sentimentally, there was the murmur of the foliage, the ripple of water and sigh of wind. While I sat musing, the real teacher came out, an Hawaiian, who was pleased to have us take pictures of her school, and children as they ran, jumped and hurdled over a high stick. She offered one of her scholars as guide to the surrounding sites and sights.

Our car crawled over the rolling hills for three miles and then some of our party started to walk. L. and chauffeur “Brick,” a real brick in name and nature, made a round eight mile trip to a heathen heiau. They said it seemed longer than a Pharisee’s prayer, a Wilson note, or a Burleson explanation. They returned with blistered lips and feet.

## TEMPLE OF THE RED MOUTH



THIS was the red-mouth temple of Wahaula, so-called because the idols of the temple were red-mouthed—possibly from feeding on so many human victims. After being sacrificed on a stone, the stone-dead bodies were placed on a stone path running through the temple. This

temple was supposed to have been built by the same Paoa and Co. which built the Mookini heiau. There is an exquisite sea and landscape view of cocoanut palms and white billows, and exquisite torture for your feet on the stones at this fetish shrine. Fire was sacred here and tabu—if the shadow of the ascending smoke fell on one, he was sacrificed. Holy smoke!

Our party brought back the print of the stone on their feet, but a demi-god left his hoof mark on a stone, as well as the mark of an arrow he shot at another demi-god coming to fight him. The guide did not show the arrow mark, it may be in the museum.

In Hawaiian legend there was a great wrestler who Gotch you and killed you if you visited the temple. If the road was, as it is now, people must have been half-dead before they reached there, so that it wasn't so much of a feat. This wrestler had a girl confederate who lived in an adjacent cave. When strangers arrived she gave the Hawaiian wrestler a sign or wig-wag. Why? Because she had a depraved taste and loved her meat raw and warm. When he had killed his man he brought the body to her and she ate it. Her murderous mania was for men on her menu. A chief's friend had been sacrificed in the temple. His ghost appeared and appealed to him to visit the temple and recover his bones. It was dangerous, but for Auld Lang Syne he went, and alone, having first anointed his body with slippery kukui nut juice. This was as good as sweat, for he was slippery and slipped it over on the wrestler managing to kill him. When the spirits were out he entered the temple and hid under his friend's bones. The spirits returned, and smelling a mouse or a man, declared there was a human being in the temple. Then the spirit of the murdered friend rose and said, "Not so, he is not here—lie down and go to sleep—you are on the wrong scent." The spirits were snoring, it grew late. At midnight the chief crowed like a rooster, and the spirits waked and departed thinking it was morning. Then the chief set fire to the grass house and lit out with his friend's bones. Here ends the telling of this terrible, temple tale. What interesting people lived in those days. One finds nothing now as exciting as that.





MOLOKAI LANDSCAPE



POI-POUNDERS, HALAWA, MOLOKAI

## KALAPANA



THE caves along this coast are hollowed out by the hands of the waves. The entrance to the Cave of Refuge at Kalapana is narrow. L. got in about 25 feet and stuck—he was too fat and hot, so backed out of this oven quickly as possible. The cave is so winding that no spears could be thrown in, and one was able to keep his foes out and at bay. Sensible then, not so now, for it is necessary to go down carefully, or you will scrape the clothes off your body and flesh off your bones. Consider the war price of clothes and shoes. Since there is no electric wiring you take flashlights. Unless the rich soon give the poor some help, and politicians give women suffrage they may be forced to flee here for safety.

On returning we found the “sleeping cocoanuts” taking their afternoon nap. They had been reclining ever since they were bent over when young. The outrigger canoes were safe, high and dry on the rocks where the waves had tossed them.

Had it not been for the high-school teacher, Mrs. Goo Sun, who had married a Chinaman, it would have been necessary to sleep outdoors with the sleeping cocoanuts. She invited our party to camp in her house for the night. I went over to a Chink store for groceries, accompanied by wind and rain. The store was about ten by twelve feet. The wind blew out the light and then started to lay hands on everything in the store, scattering them about like a ransacking burglar. The rain soaked the Chinks, but they found a few cans of fish floating around with which they soaked me. We paid the pirate-looking proprietors what they asked. With the whole Pacific ocean before me, here I was buying fish canned in California. This food, added to what Mrs. Goo Sun scared up from her pantry, made quite a spread.

## MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT



WE had music with our meals—two native Hawaiian girls who could sing and play. What more could you wish? You couldn't get anything better at a N. Y. or Chicago cabaret. Out on the lanai porch we watched the moon sail over the waves like a gold-freighted galleon.



As an appetizer before supper and sunset, there was a triple rainbow for this island is a rainbow rendezvous. After dinner we had a lunar rainbow. At Kalapana one questions the anti-flood meaning of the rainbow in the Bible, for between here and Hilo there are floods that drown out the rainbow—that aurora borealis of the South Seas. We had seen a flower garden of color at sunset, with lilac, violet, pink, rose and orange hue—we were not looking for a rainbow after dark. The day sunshine had been beautiful but this twilight splendor was glorious. At night the sky is more wonderful than the enamelled 'ceiling of a theatre foyer. With this symphony of color, we had all sorts of Hawaiian airs, air fanning us, and the soft, melodic airs of the girls. Hawaiian music is made of moonbeams, flowers, rainbows, and sighs of wind, and is played to the time of heart beats. It is unnecessary to describe a ukelele to my readers, they are played all over the world—I have even heard they have been introduced into heaven and the angels prefer them to harps.

The diary of our lives this day was surely an illuminated page. How glad we were to exchange the "Tempest" and "Winter's Tale" of the North, for Kalapana's "Midsummer-Night's Dream" and "As You Like It." The hostess, visiting girls and "Brick" tickled the ukes, making them ripple with laughter. They sang Old Hawaiian airs in a way to bewitch us, but—

"There's not a string attuned to Mirth,  
But has its chord in Melancholy."

The lively hula always fell into a minor key describing the loss of their race and the theft of their islands, and the songs of grief were deeper than the ocean.

We had our bed and board, that is, the women shared the real Hawaiian bed and we possessed the board floor, but from our long hard traveling we slept like "Rip."

### ALONG THE COAST



MAKING an early start we reluctantly left the village and the day rubbing their eyes. Neptune's horses were on a stampede along the beach of this little world that was to us rose-colored, sky-blue and apple-green. I think the angels in their earthly flight might pause here many

weeks without being homesick for heaven. We rode over a lava flow. What excitement it would have offered when moving in 1840. Pits along the road yawned like sleepy mouths of hell.

Heine tells how in passing by a graveyard one of the tombs beckoned him. A minstrel leaped out, and sitting on the tombstone, sang of love. At the word "love," all the graves opened and the occupants came out wailing, "Why do you mention love—that is what has brought us here!" Driving by a burial ground where the tombs are built on lava stone, I made the chauffeur stop for I thought I heard a voice asking me to let its imprisoned soul out, for the lava bed and stony pillow were too hard for a "lone couch of everlasting sleep." The sides of the tombs were built of wood, the roof of corrugated iron, to keep the rain out and from leaking down on the corpse and thus disturbing his slumbers. It was more of a dog-house than a mausoleum. This setting of graves by the wide, blue, sounding sea, was a place more fitting the living than the dead. How exasperated these inhabitants must feel to have their view shut off—what ennui and desolation—all the world narrowed to this!

There is a cave not far away—if you are bad and enter it, your skin will change color. I told the chauffeur not to stop, we had already changed color sufficiently. Perhaps this may account for the colors of the different races on the islands.

Pohoiki is a midget town on a miniature bay. The two inhabitants, there may be more, were two young women, aged respectively 90 and 50. They were sitting in their holokus (a dress not a chair) on the floor, weaving mats from the leaves of the lahala tree. Framed in the doorway they made a picture, but not a film one, for neither love nor money could induce them to come out in the sunshine. The white-haired, wrinkled skin weaver was weaving a mat. It was magical and carried me back to the time when mat-making was an island industry for women, instead of autoing and running around for votes.

Next we passed a ring of craters where Pele and her family once lived. They are for rent now and overrun with weeds and grass. A lava road brought us to some lava freaks of nature made by hot lava that burned trees, retaining their mould and form. The lava built an archway and flower-pots, and one lava tree is ten feet in diameter and thirty feet high. The moisture

makes it a delightful home for flowers, ferns and centipedes. Lean on the tree for a picture and let one crawl down your neck, and you will wish you had as many legs as it has to get away.

After this we struck a muddy road, headed for Hilo, wishing we had a hydroplane. And would you believe it, the next day I saw the oddest thing on the island, a man watering his lawn with a hose.

### ALL ABOUT HILO



HILO is a town where you arrive to leave. No one stays here unless he has to. The Spanish proverb, "He who goes to Para stops there," cannot be applied to this place. Even the sick go to Honolulu to be operated on. When it doesn't rain you have the splendid scenery of crescent bay, Cocoanut Island, and snow-crowned Mauna Kea. You journey 229 miles here from Honolulu to get in an auto to go thirty miles to the volcano without stopping, unless there is a puncture.

Hilo is a city of commercial importance second only to Honolulu, but I couldn't buy a pair of detached cuffs and paid \$2.50 for having my shoes soled. Yet with ship service to Honolulu and Frisco I might have purchased some cuffs, but it was unnecessary for I wasn't here to go into swell society with a pair of cuffs or a burglar's jimmy. L. went to order a suit. The tailor said it was \$20. He came back in 15 minutes to have it measured and the tailor said it was \$35, thus showing a business spirit that predicts great things for the city.

One improvement I noticed in the last four years is the exchange of a moss-covered postoffice for a \$3,000,000 Federal Building with colonades and Corinthian columns. Yet the moss-covered postoffice system still remains under Burleson, the son of Hurly-Burly confusion. It is a big postoffice for a small town—necessary perhaps on account of the exchange of love letters. To be postman on this island, with delivery to all the outlandish places and people, must be a frightful punishment. Three years ago the streets were muddy, now they are paved. In addition to Jap jitneys there is a line of yellow busses with brown girls running them. The bus has put bustle in the



place. I saw one "bussable" chaufferino and made two round trips with her, the most exciting pastime the town affords. There are no street-cars yet there are more cars in the street than in most cities of its size. The most interesting thing in the Public Library is outside of it—the Naha stone, which would require a government truck to move it. There was a prophetic offer that the man who could move this stone would be king of the Hawaii island, and that the fellow who could make it turn turtle would rule the whole group of islands. Milo's lifting the ox when he was a calf was nothing to this. Kam. I. did everything and everybody. He never left a stone unturned, and since he became king of all the islands, it is plain proof that he came here and turned over the Naha stone. Paul tells Timothy "The Cretans are always liars," and if he had been shipwrecked on this isle he would have learned they had no monopoly on the profession. But why doubt Kam.'s power, when other Hawaiian chiefs had power to flit and fly from one hill top to another—and they didn't have balloons or aeroplanes in those days.

Some big fish catches are made here, yet the biggest thing ever pulled up was when the demi-god Maui stuck his hands in his pockets, took out his magic hook, threw it into the sea, and landed the island of Maui. His brother spoiled his good luck by turning round, the island broke away, and all that was left on his hook was a small piece of land called Cocoanut Island. It is now a famous bathing place and the guide shows you the hook mark near the spring-board. Get the hook. Waiting for the boat to ferry me across, it was pleasant to think that where I stood had once stood an old heathen temple, and that the adjacent boat club-house was where the natives were sacrificed and their flesh fed to the sharks. No matter how beautiful the scenery here, or any where in the world, man has always spoiled it. The cocoanuts are not the only nuts on this Coney Island. It is a magnet that draws everyone on holidays. Here they swarm to swim, sing, play the uke, dance and flirt. It's so small your sure of a crowd. A tidal wave barred us four years ago from going over—this time we made it, and the boatman was so glad to see us that he charged double fare. Pleasure is the only serious thing on the island. That man was made to mourn no Hilo soul believes. 'Tis a fine place for dreamers,

lovers and pickpockets, to hug and kiss your best girl, no matter how homely, and be happier than the gods in heaven. What seems conviviality to some is triviality to others—we left.

The Masons have a substantial temple and are doing good work. Mr. Patten, the banker, a good brother, took me through the building and showed me a relic of the craft, a grand master chair, Georgian period, Manchester lodge, presented by C. C. Kennedy esquire to Kilauea lodge No. 330, F. and A. M. It was made in the time of George III. and was used by Queen Victoria when she viewed the opening of the canal between Liverpool and Manchester. Later Miss Patten and her friend Miss De Sha, called for us in a touring car and drove to the park where the band was blowing itself, and to the Yacht Club where they were transformed into bathing nymphs, appearing in abbreviated costumes and giving us fancy exhibitions of diving and swimming. Miss De Sha's brother is an excellent swimmer. In spite of swell and current he swam through a narrow passage opening in a rock far down under the water, much as a gold fish does through his castle in an aquarium. Down the coast is the Seaside Club with a Jap tea house, fish pond and heavy surf. The Hawaiian Paradise is said to be a few miles from here hidden in a magical forest. Only one man found it and he couldn't find it again. I am sorry for this Paradise Lost.

After our ride we were entertained in Mr. Patten's beautiful home. The young ladies sang and played for us on piano and steel guitar—a music that steals into one's soul.

Our party called on Mrs. Shipman and daughter, both Hawaiians, at the somewhat unconventional hour of midnight. This made no difference for Hawaiian hospitality is proverbial and the latch string is always out. Next morning was Sunday with a Mormon service held on their lawn. The elder addressed us sinners as "saints"—a startling classification—I've been called everything but that, and I am not certain I am in that class yet. It is high time I get my halo out of the closet and shine it up. During the service he declared his Bible was "fuller" revelation than others, that it had a better family record. Turning to me he asked, "Do you know where Cain got his wife?" I told him no—the main thing was that he got her. He didn't ask me any more questions.

The city is commercial and one expects bank notes—Mrs. Lewis is a classical artistic pianist and gave us musical notes in her home. Mrs. T. A. Dranga is an artist, her home a gallery of splendid paintings her brush has transferred from the islands to her canvas. Her son is an enthusiastic conchologist, and her husband, next to the volcano, the most active thing in the islands. He buys and sells everything old and new from a pin to a piano. His store looks like the Dickens of a place—an Old Curiosity Shop. He deals in junk and when we came in from the volcano he made a bid on us. He prides himself on not wearing a hat, and dotes on his auto with which he breaks the speed records, the traffic laws and our necks, almost, when he took us to the picturesque Boiling Pots and Rainbow Falls. He owns and runs a whole town, Kurtis town, and has announced himself to run for the legislature next year.

A rubber man, John Stewart, whom I met in Bolivia five years ago, where he saved our lives with his Spanish, guiding advice, Scotch wit and common sense, saw our names in the Hilo newspaper, and though 40 miles away at Paauhou, telephoned me he was coming down. This rubber man had bounced across the globe, finally landing on this island of Hawaii on a sugar plantation with 300 Japs under him. The last time I met him was above the clouds in South America, now in this earthly Paradise. He missed his train, but a man who can climb over the Andes and knows them by heart, isn't going to have little Hawaiian hills and gulches stand in his way. He came by auto, and had there been none, he would have come some other way. We were on the veranda of the Hilo hotel. He came up the street alone, but I would have known him in a London crowd—that cap pulled over one eye, that red mustache and a pipe under it, the broad shoulders, swinging gait, the big glad hand, the smile, the Scotch brogue, put him in a class by himself—always first-class—the class Bobby Burns loved when he sang:

“ The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gawd for a' that.”



## KAHUNA WIZARDS



H-SH-SH! Out in the woods at Waieka, in an haunted house in the shade of a mango tree, lives an old Hawaiian kahuna wizard who inspires more fear in some Hawaiians today than anyone else. We went out at high noon when we could see things, and not in the dark. He did not instill fear as the witches in Macbeth by being withered, wild in attire, laying chappy fingers on skinny lips, or seeming rapt withal, as though he could look into the seeds of time and prophesy which grain would grow and which not. He looked like an inhabitant of this world, strong for a man of 109 years, who had lived 42 of them in Hilo. He had spent five years on a whaler, learning to talk English, went to Alaska, then returned to Hilo and worked for elder Shipman. Kihi Kapuli, his wife, and all his children are dead. He lingers alone. He smiled kindly when Dranga introduced us. I gave him some money but hastily withdrew my hand for fear he might pluck a hair or nail and pray me to death for not giving him a \$100 check. He was bald-headed as his brother in magic arts, Kellar, perhaps his hair was snatched away by witches or fell out by fright. He looked intently at us over the forest of his big white mustache. He wore a short-sleeve, natty tennis shirt, short pants held up by a belt, and underdrawers hanging below his knees. He gave us more of a smile than a scowl that led us to believe he would be our friend and give us good and not bad luck and would rather have us live than die. For the evil influence he is said to have exerted years ago he was arrested. We entered his lonely, little house though most people are afraid and stay away. He has no teeth but eats poi, fish, and crackers soaked in coffee, and loves to smoke a plug-cut brand of tobacco that does not give him sore throat. He said he had a little stomach trouble and was anxious to go to Honolulu to the home for aged to end his days. We later met him there—what an unromantic and unnecromatic end for a magician, sorcerer and dealer with devil spirits.

Kahunaism is practised today. While waiting for the boat "Kinau" at Nawiliwili, Kauai, we met a judge who pointed out to us a little Hawaiian girl of 12 years whom he was sending to the Honolulu reform school in care of a Filipino man and

wife. That morning in court, he said, he had taken this girl from a Filipino whom she had been living with for three weeks. The neighbors had complained to the judge that she was too young. He asked her in court where her father was, and she replied that he was dead, that her mother had taken a lock of his hair to a sorcerer in Honolulu, and by this time he must have been prayed to death. It came out in the trial that she was tired of her Hawaiian husband, had fallen in love with a Filipino, and had attempted to get rid of her husband by the kahuna route. The mother had told the Filipino who had called on her young daughter, that as soon as her old man died he could have the daughter. The young Filipino didn't want to wait that long, so he took her to Kauai as wife without benefit of clergy.

How is this for Twentieth Century Christianity in Hawaii! It sounds like a page from Apuleius. What a tale of gross superstition and lust. These are the morals of India and Orient linked with Pagan credulity. I spoke of this kahunaism with horror and was informed that it was quite a common thing. A musician had kahunaed his singers, telling them they would have bad luck if they left him—they remained. A Hawaiian family had a sick child, and fearing that it had been kahunaed by their white neighbor with some charm and incantation, the mother sent word to the doctor that if the family had displeased the neighbor in any way, she would be glad to make it right and remove the curse. The judge further said that when his father came to the islands he fell in bad favor with a kahuna who threatened to pray him to death. The white man happened to be a minister and replied, "Go ahead, I know how to pray and will kahuna you." It wasn't long before the kahuna's wife came to him and said that her husband was sick and begged him to cease his prayers.

This kahuna superstition is still prevalent. I could fill a chapter with instances of what I saw and heard.

Kahunaism was a dark and debasing form of the Hawaiian religion and held in common with their dark brothers and sisters in the South Seas. Whenever anyone grew sick, it was thought some kahuna sorcerer was bitter against him and was putting him on the blink.

There was a medicine kahuna, or quack doctor of the tribe. When a man was ill it was because the spirits were against him

and must be propitiated. For the big chiefs chapels were built, prayers offered and human sacrifices sometimes made. Something had to be done, so the kahuna went early to market, got vegetables and offered them, but they were stale, unless his good-will went with them. Vigorous measures were sometimes used. The kahuna gave the victim a Turkish bath, set him on a pile of hot stones covered with wet leaves, wrapped him up in a tapa bathrobe, and then dropped him in the sea. Sometimes he put him on a squid or octopus diet and prayed while the sick man choked it down. Failing in this department of visible medicine and rough treatment, the doctor called in another school—the sorcerers who were familiar with “spirits.” They were what we call mediums and were of several kinds.

One order was not the benevolent order of Elks, but malevolent—composed of a female, the deadliest of her sex, who went out for mischief. Her very name was enough to throw one in a fit Hiiaka-i-ka-poli-o-Pole. Often an evil medium had for a partner the spirit of some dead relative whom he had appropriated by carefully preserving his bones from the hungry dogs, and had offered prayers and gifts for this spook at daily meals.

There was a sort of spiritualistic kahuna. He was a medium who could translate the voice of a spirit, whether it came from the wind in a cocoanut tree, or thatch of a room. He was an echo, and may have known all the tricks of a modern ventriloquist. When in trouble they sent for him. Had a thief stolen one’s wife or girl, did his head, back or stomach ache, just send for him and he would give a clue and cure. But first of all he must have a drink, spirits were wet—you gave him a good swig of awa, then the divine afflatus entered him, came through his mouth to his stomach and soul, and he told who the sorcerer was who had caused you the trouble.

One medium ran an A. D. T., furnishing spirits for messenger boys. Kakunas often had hard luck. They were not a happy set, were hated, not loved, were regarded as devils, not human, and were put out of the way by being stoned or having their heads cut off. In fact, they had as rough a road to travel as the modern clairvoyant who is forced to skip to keep out of the toils of the police.

Brown people have always liked the black art. A set called



the "Anaana" was greatly dreaded. They worked in secret for hire or revenge and were not generally employed by the rich or royalty as manicurers. In fishing for death the kahuna used bait and went out at night. To get you he first secured a lock of hair, toe or fingernail. The servants were very careful housekeepers. Some youth now run as great a risk of soul-death in the parlors of a pretty manicuress. In absence of anything else, a drop of saliva or bodily secretion would suffice. The thing the chief did was to guard everything through his servant who burned, buried or drowned all the old leavings—there was nothing left even for a rag man. Having secured some of your belongings or personal souvenirs, the kahuna offered a curse, damned and prayed you to death, then burned the personal souvenirs, and expected your friends would do the same for you soon. If this charm failed he would send you to death by the poison route. Another way was to work on the imagination. A neighbor would call one morning and say, "I'm sorry for you—you're kahunaed, and your funeral is set for you next week." The victim meekly replied, "Well, then, I suppose I must get ready." His imagination did the rest, told him he was already near dead, and when the set time came he was. The kahuna was as bad as a bad lawyer today—he set high fees according to the amount of injury he inflicted on his victims. Naturally the greater the number of victims, the greater his reputation and the higher his fees.

The kahuna was the woman in the case. When a man died they sought to learn who had kahunaed him. There was also a highway kahuna who went to the road and drew a square, or some magic mark, and placed a small stone upon it. When his victim stepped on the fatal spot, this K. K. K. of a kahuna offered a prayer to the spirit in the stone. So far so well, the man felt the same, until the fatal spell struck him and he died soon after. What pitfalls then—there was no chance to sneak away from the mother-in-law's jaw, or to get a drink, or to make a love call. The kahuna had you. He was worse than a hiding policeman trying to nab a speeder.

Still another kahuna, "apoleo" was a hypnotist. He was engaging, engaged you in a conversation, then robbed you of your voice and paralyzed your vocal chords. You might live a few or many days according to his will. I know of a certain

country where the Democratic political kahunas tried to take away the voice of the people, silence the press, paralyze the preacher and throttle true thought. We need such a kahuna at Washington to remove the tongue of many wind-jamming statesmen.

The Hawaiian wasn't satisfied with one soul, he had two. One went out at night in a dream and came back late again the next morning. A kahuna would come up to a man and threaten to tell where he had seen his soul last night in bad company, or on a drunk, naked with his tongue hanging out and his eyes shut. Immediately the frightened man came across, bringing chickens, dogs and fish and placed them in a tapa-covered oven. The kahuna prayed, cooked the offerings, handed out a free lunch and prayer, saying his second prodigal ghost would now come home and behave. As a first aid to the injured the kahuna had a good fee.

Another kahuna could see your soul, put salt on its tail and catch it with his hand, wring it to death by the throat, or imprison it in a gourd. He would then proceed to blackmail the owner ad libitum, threatening to kill his soul. This usually sent the victim into a decline or down to death. How very similiar to the religion that deserts a man in life like the man on the way to Jericho, or leaves him at the half-way house in purgatory, or to burn in hell unless his family mortgages the kitchen stove for funds to save him.

There were star-gazers in those days, not including the lovers on the beach. They looked at stars and moon to help their imagination. Another kahuna was a weather-bureau who told the change in the weather as successfully as some do now, and could forecast tidal waves, shoals of fish, or the death of chiefs.

The poor Hawaiian, like many modern natives, was ground between the military and clergy, the chief and the priest. The priests were sure of their job because it was hereditary and had been established by Paao. They had power to mediate with God, a direct wireless and cable, and to select human sacrifices. They taught the children their prayers, conducted the schools, and had a corner on history, medicine and astronomy. For all this they were well paid in real estate which was set aside

for them. Still other kahunas prayed the people to death and some of the doctors relied more on charms than drugs.

And here I was, talking to a Kahuna!

## WORLD-WIDE WITCHCRAFT



FROM the dawn of creation the world has been bewitched. Magic is not a mere fairy story for children's amusement. One cannot understand the world's history or literature unless he is familiar with spirits, demons and witches.

Egypt and Chaldea were the original homes of magic. Nile mud gave birth to many plaguey monsters. Magic and religion were sisters in Babylon; in Chaldea magic was astronomical. The priests interpreted dreams (from rarebit symptoms) and forecast the future. 3,000 years B. C., the Chinese worked out the future by geometrical figure. Persian Magi were soothsayers, Lapp witches abounded, not the variety that lands in the sailor's lap, strokes his face with one hand and picks his pocket with the other, but wizards from Siberia to Greenland, who flourished in the 17th century, and were accustomed to a spiritual orchestra with sacred drum symbols, not the brass ones of the jazz band. By this means they knew what was going on in the foreign world, how their present plans would succeed and what sacrifices were necessary to please the Gods.

Reason, foresight and common sense have not figured in the art of divination, yet for centuries the witch spirit has governed peoples and kingdoms, proving the world mad. Democritus was no fool when he laughed at its crazy inhabitants and said the world was mad.

In some lands Fate was learned by casting lots, as good as any other way, perhaps, for no man knows what a day may bring forth. The Romans, Jews and Celts used auguries, studied numbers, cries, and the flights of birds. This was an up-in-the-air method to those who did differently. There was the butcher belief of Haruspication, of those who told world history and future events and got at the heart of the matter by the examination of the entrails of animals. We find it difficult to stomach this belief of the Etruscans, Romans, Babylonians, Incas of Peru and natives of Africa. The Druids didn't know how to



bet on a race, play the market, or decide who would be the next president until they killed a man and received a tip from the way he fell, looked, threw fits and how his blood flowed. The Romans believed in Pyromancy, using firelight to look into the future, or dropped melted wax or lead into water and prophesied according to the shape the materials assumed. Is this more foolish than our practise of fortune-telling by tea leaves? Some Etruscans used three drops of oil in water, ashes or finger-rings.

From earliest days Crystallomancy has been in vogue. Men looked into a pool of ink, a mirror, or a crystal globe. This ink pool was as large as the ocean, if we may judge by the number of writers who have dipped their pens in it to inform us of the future state of heaven or hell, politics or religion. In his satirical poem, "Germany, a Winter Tale," Heine read the future of Deutschland by poking his head in a close-stool. I think the mirror is the best medium to inform us of what we are coming to. Let the young man or woman next morning after a debauch look into a glass and see which way they are going. Speaking of glass, I wonder if the general reader knows that it was not John Milton who first wrote "Paradise Lost," but Thomas Peyton in his "Glasse of Time," 1620, forty years before.

Dactylomancy was practised by swinging finger-rings, but the rings given now by lovers, brass or diamond, show the future course of true love. Then there was Bibliomancy where one opened a sacred book, placed his finger on a word or line, and read the good or ill underneath. I know this to be a Holland-Dutch practice. Every Christmas morning early, and before a word was spoken, we children came quickly down stairs, took the big Bible, opened it at random, closed our eyes, and with a hickory-dickery sort of motion, stuck our forefinger on the page. The verse we touched was the omen for the rest of the year. But remember it must be a good book—it matters much whether it is the Bible or the latest French novel.

Palmistry or cheiromancy is prevalent. It shows the lines of conduct, hard or pleasant, by the lines of one's palms. Gypsies get a good living out of this. Western cities are full of these hand-squeezers, and the rube dupes line up in their parlors,

lining the palmist's palms with gold. Of all gold grafters they have the itching palm.

Imitative witchcraft existed for many years in Europe. If you wanted to get even with a man, and waxed wroth at him, you made a waxen image of him, melted it before the fire, believing that as it melted his strength would wax weaker until he was no more. This practice came into Egypt, Greece and Rome from Chaldea, and later into India, Malaysia and North America.

There was the magic of incantation. The priest sang and intoned certain words for supernatural effect. He could utter a benediction or a malediction. Thus the ancient Japanese dissipated evil and the Koreans, who now believe themselves cruelly treated by the Japs, should intone these Buddhist magic spells which they originally gave the Japanese emperor in 577 A. D.

The great prophet Daniel tells us in his book that he became "master of the magicians, enchanters, Chaldeans, and soothsayers" of Babylon. The old Gaelic monks called the pagan priests, who opposed St. Patrick and St. Colombia, magi and incantadores.

I listened to an old Hawaiian woman recite a chant or incantation that princess Ruth gave long years ago at Hilo to stop the lava flow of Kilauea. She sat in the doorway of Queen Emma's house, the light falling on her face and moved her lips like a muttering witch with "wild and whirling words." Scott has Norma chant while she works her charms.

There were varieties of magic, black, national, white, celestial, Gaelic. In Australia, as in Hawaii, it was believed that if a man died the magic of some enemy had caused it. In South America the Indians smoke themselves into a state for good or bad spells. In India soothsayers swarm like flies on sugar. Africa has rain-makers and medium men with power of life and death who play the elements of nature. Mohammedans have spells, exorcisms, charms and favorite amulets as I have seen in my travels, for they always offer their help, especially at the base of the pyramids. In Egypt magic each part of the body was placed under the protection of some sort of amulet, but I managed to exorcise the devil in other ways. The Hebrew

used the pentagram as a sign of a philosophic or theurgic magic. The Greeks consulted oracles and worked charms and spells.

In mythology we find the black art practised by the Black Sea. Medea was a headliner in sorcery. Instead of a limousine she had a surpentine-drawn chariot. She was a "charming" woman, and helped Jason secure the Golden Fleece, for he had fallen for her charms. She put the dragon to sleep and changed Jason's father from an old to a young man. This is not the first instance where age has become giddy—generally it is the young who are made old. Medea had a magic caldron in her kitchen in which she threw vegetable and animal life, making a rejuvenating soup. She was a spell-binder and could hypnotize. She aided the Argonauts in their escape, for when her father pursued them, she caused her brother to be killed and his limbs thrown into the sea, not to feed the sharks, but to gain time by compelling her father to gather the remains piece by piece. When Jason threw her down for another girl, she sent her the gift of a poisoned robe, killed her own children, set fire to the palace regardless of loss, leaped into her serpent-drawn car and fled to Athens where she caught a king, marrying Aegeus. Euripides wrote a yellow melodrama about her.

Circe was another famous charmer and was written up by Homer in the *Odyssey*. She had power to turn people into swine. This isn't very wonderful for most everybody can do that without any aid from sorcery.

Nurses delight to scare children with stories of demons, but such philosophers as Socrates and Plato were under demon influence and believed in them. Socrates was poisoned on the charge of introducing novel, demoniacal powers among the young men. Horace, the Latin Omar Khayyam, writes of witches that mangled a boy. Tibullus, the sob-writer, employed a witch and magic means to steal another man's wife. Ovid, Theocritus and Seneca described enchantresses and their charms. Virgil, that writer of dread high school memory, in his eighth pastoral, speaks of the charms of some enchantress who tried by spells of magic to make Daphnis fall in love with her. Apuleius, the short story and snappy writer of his day, was prosecuted for being a magician and gaining the affections of a woman by witchcraft. His "Defense, a discourse on Magic," is a classic.



In his "Tale of a Golden Ass," Apuleius tells us all about witches—how they can make rapid rivers run backward, congeal oceans, rob the wind of breath, stop the sun in his course, draw the moon down to earth by incantations, pluck stars from their spheres, annihilate day and prolong night, raise shades of the dead, dethrone the gods and illumine the depths of Tartarus. He speaks of a sorceress who, disliking her neighbor, changed him into a frog to swim in a cask of his own wine, in which he croaked hoarsely to his customers. There were the Lamiae, who resembled the ghouls of the Arabian Nights. They were fond of the flesh of women and children and prowled around at night to satisfy their sensual desires. Keats describes one of these she-devils in his poems" "Lamia."

Apuleius tells of the traveler who journeyed to Thessaly, that land of magic where the cities are under a spell: the stones, petrified men; the birds, men transformed and feathered; fountains of water flowed from liquified human bodies. He saw the witch Pamphile change herself into an owl, and he writes of Telephron, the student, compelled to watch a corpse at night, that the witches might not tear off pieces of the dead with their teeth to use as ingredients in their magic art.

In his "Masque of Queens," Ben Jonson describes a meeting of the hags and what they brought. They came from lakes, fens, rocks, dens, woods, caves, churchyards and graves.

" From the dungeon, from the tree  
That they die on, here are we."

These eleven hags bring everything—a mad dog's foam, the spurging of a dead man's eyes, the brain of a black cat, and one killed an infant with a dagger to have his fat. The seventh hag cries:

" A murderer, yonder, was hung in chains,  
The sun and wind had shrunk his veins;  
I bit off a sinew; I clipped his hair,  
I brought off his rags that danced in the air."

In Middleton's play "The Witch," Hecate comes on the scene and declares her mission.

“ Well may we raise jars,  
Jealousies, strifes, and heart-burning disagreements,  
Like a thick scurf o’er life, as did our master  
Upon that patient miracle.” (Job.)

This witch fed her spirits on a diet of barley soaked in infant’s blood.

Thus witches move in the scenes of the greatest literature. What would “Macbeth” be without the witch scene, Hecate and the three weird sisters, or his “Tempest” without Prospero, the magician, and Caliban, the son of a witch? Often I have believed that some of the soup menus I have eaten around the world were made by chefs who were classic scholars of the caldron contents of Shakespeare’s witches, “gall of goat, nose of Turk, finger of birth-strangled babe, wool of bat, tongue of dog, lizzard’s leg and fillet of the fenny snake.”

Spenser’s “Faery Queene” is a continued tale of monsters, enchanter, magicians and witches. Marlowe’s “Doctor Faustus” sold his soul to the Devil, yet Faustus realized on his incantations, and had the immortal kiss of Helen whose face launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium. He is not the only one who sold his soul for a kiss. Goethe received his idea of “Faust” from Marlowe. One of the greatest plays of Calderon, the famous dramatist of Spain, is “El Magico Prodigioso,” in which a Daemon plays a leading part.

If the respectable reader has never attended a witches’ Sabbath, he should permit Gautier to be his guide. In his “Albertus, or the Soul and Sin,” Gautier tells how a witch becomes a bewitching woman, entices Albertus suddenly into her arms, turns into a hag and they both ride on broomsticks to the tryst. Enroute they pass incubi, deformed spectres, nightmares, bald vultures, bats, owls, styrgae with hooked beaks, ghouls, larvae, harpies, vampires, were-wolves, mammoths and leviathans, all bound for the same place located in a forest open and lighted by a blue flame. Here are gathered wizards and rude witches on goats, divinities and magi, also delightful coteries on the side of skeletons, a hanged man with protruding tongue and handless parricides. The president was reading a book illumined by the green light of his eyes. Then an orchestra struck up, one man using his belly for a drum and his bones for drumsticks. All at once they started dancing and the heavens closed

their starry eyes, the moon hid her face in the clouds, and echo became silent for fear she might repeat the blasphemies heard. Never did Sodom darken the sky and soil the earth with fiercer foulness. The Devil sneezed. "God bless you," said Albertus, and suddenly at that name the witch, the wizard, gnome and sprite vanished into thin air. Albertus felt sharp teeth and fierce claws strike and tear his flesh. He shrieked, but none heard. Near Rome, that morning the peasants on the Appian way found the body of a man stone dead, his back broken and neck twisted. It was Albertus. If you like more devil and witch stories read "St. John's Eve," by the Russian writer Gogol—it will make you pull the bed clothes over your head at night.

We have the Old Testament account of the witch of Endor whose headquarters were near Tabor. Saul had sinned and turned from God to the devil. He went to see this subterranean sorceress who pretended she could wake up a dead spirit and make him appear. She called and God answered, sending the shade of Samuel to shame her and give King Saul his last warning. In the New Testament magic sorcery is found. We have the acts of Simons Magus and Elymas, also the girl possessed of a "spirit of divination." She is equivalent to the Old Testament familiar spirit, and combines the spirits of superstition and clairvoyance.

In the legends of King Arthur, Merlin, the enchanter, had a rival in King Erricus of Sweden who could command spirits. He had an enchanted cap, could wave it, speak a magic word, bar spirits and direct storms so that it became a proverb that Erricus had on his wishing cap when there was bad weather.

Several Hawaiians told me that Kalakaua was versed in the mysteries of magic art and had a little tin-god or shrine in his palace for his private devotions.

Cotton Mather was a witchcraft and urged the people to burn witches. He was industrious and learned, and as a by-product of his energy he persecuted. He and three ministers held a day of fasting and prayer over a neighbor's children. He fanned the fanatic faith of the community by word and book, and was responsible for the bloody fury visited on the innocent. He later said, "There had been a going too far in that affair." The height of this witchcraft delusion was reached in



Salem, 1692, when a score of persons were put to death.

You all know what happened to Tam O'Shanter when he was chased for looking on at a witch dance, but are you familiar with Mark Twain's, "The Mysterious Stranger," telling of the deviltry and witchcraft of the Middle Ages, of enchanters and astrologers? It is a terrific satire and arraignment of the human family. If you want to know what a fallen race you belong to read this book.

So far I have indicated that all this so-called silly, sorcery stuff, has been food for philosophers and poets, is reflected in their belief and pages, and rules the world today. We are now bewitched by the siren of fame, pleasure and wealth. The hocus-pocus humbuggery and incantations of driveling doctors of divinity, polluted priests, perfidious politicians, subsidized editors and soulless corporations, charm money from our pockets, brains from our heads, and love from our hearts. Superstition still cracks its whip over our backs—our faith has its fetish. War-time spell-binders and orators make thousands of honest men and women knaves and fools.

Devil diplomats plot black art; justice is juggled; the enchantresses of society's circles draw and hold; drink and smoke strangle and choke, turning us into animals. Gambling takes a chance and we are not much better than our fathers.

Just as Faustus conjured up Mephistophilis with his formula, so today lawyers raise the devil with their cabalistical jargon which only they can understand.

Magicians and enchanters of old raised storms and tempests with a few words—now statesmen raise war clouds with a few sentences.


As the magicians brought the moon down to the earth, so law, learning and religion have brought down lunacy to this planet.

Beware the bogeyman lest he bewitch you.

Who knows but that when a dog bays the moon, some wizard in animal form, by incantations, is trying to charm it down to earth.

Who knows whether the caterwaul of a noctambulistic black cat may not be a witch talking in an unknown tongue with familiar spirits? Who knows whether the frog croaking in the marsh is not chanting some mysterious rite? Who knows?—I don't, do you? The thought is too perplexing—let us leave it to metaphysics.


## CRIMINAL CRAFT

E left Honolulu enroute to Maui on the steamer "Claudine," owned and run by the Sugar Trust, and after a few hours sail concluded that a fit punishment for the Kaiser would be to make him sail on this boat for a couple of days. I threw up everything but my immortal soul—enough to fill the crater of Haleakala.

The steamer berth was narrow, until you called the steward and he gave you a wide berth, or until you got seasick, when everyone gives you a wide berth. The "Claudine" had a new captain because the old one had been laid off a few months before for running her on the rocks. I was sorry she didn't stay there. Like other boats of this rich company, it planned to get you out in the big swells before you could eat and early into port so as not to feed you. Some seasick passengers, who hadn't eaten, were forced to disembark at Kahului next morning before breakfast with nothing but dry toast and a cup of poor coffee. The steamship company would not treat passengers so shamefully if there were any competition. Moreover, the rates are exorbitant for the distance run and the accommodations received.

The week before we left the islands, two boats went down in one of the channels, and it was only a miracle that saved the crews. Yet none of these boats have wireless, though the run between some of the ports is over 200 miles. Why the absence of this ordinary precaution? Because it costs money to install it. I wonder how much money was paid the lobbyist at Washington to get exemption from this absolute necessity of modern sea travel. True, you are near land at times, but even then far enough away to suffer and be drowned, because no big boat can be S. O. S.'d to the rescue. The Bible asks, "How much better is a man than a sheep?"—how much less are natives and tourists than sugar and pineapples?

## MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING

HAD no sooner fallen asleep than a mosquito stung me and I knew I was in port. In the distance rose the head of Haleakala bediamonded with stars, and a cane-fire on its side looked like a volcanic eruption. Arrangements for our trip were soon made, and an auto whirled

us by the windy harbor of Kahului to the Maui Hotel at Wailuku. The manager, Will Field, and his wife, ran the hotel first-class every way and gave us the best there was which was good enough for anyone. But it was business before pleasure, so arranging to go by auto and horse 20 miles and 10,000 feet up before sunset, we soon left the hotel with the Spanish proverb on our lips, "To get out of the Inn is one half of the journey."

Banker Aiken, at the village of Paia, is the man who furnishes mule and man power for these trips, and was waiting to say bon voyage to us on the deck of his mules. The traveler is one of the mainstays of the island, and were it not for him, one could see but little, and only then under the greatest difficulties, for these and others of Maui's beauty spots are frequently denied the tourist on account of the difficulty of reaching them. The selfish souls of planter plutocrats stand like the angels at Eden and bar the way. As it was we were not able to see the wonderful Ditch Trail on account of the impossibility of securing mules and horses from the planters.

We were off by cane fields, mills, towns and hamlets, slowing up by the reservoir that is being completed to irrigate homesteads and which is a drain on the pocketbook. At last Aiken's half way house was reached where we found our Jap guide, horse and two mules. L. and I were Don Quixote and Sancho in quest of adventure. The name of my mule was "Friday," and she was everything but "good" Friday, for she balked all the time. Bulwer said, "On horse back I am Caesar, I am Cicero"—I felt like a clown in a circus and my words were not classic. On this mountain side there are cattle ranches containing about 50,000 acres. The scenery appeals very little to mules and horses—it's a hard climb and the rider and altitude make it harder to the top of Haleakala. I spelled the first syllable with an e and two ll's when I was forced to pull my mule half way up the mountain with a rope.

One should have seven league boots to climb the steps of this "House of the Sun." From the number of empty bottles scattered about I discovered why Old Sol has such a fiery face. From the multitude of cans along the side of the precipice, I christened the slopes the "tin canyon."

Up and on we went over rocky ravines, through brush that tore leggings, crossed a stream, followed guide posts, erected because some easily get lost here, scaring cattle, and urging "Fri-



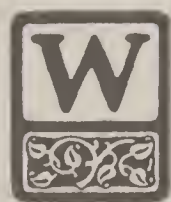
day on with voice, heel and whip. We rested while the mules stopped to breathe or browse and looked down on a wonderful picture of land and water by distance made enchanting.

Now we enter cloud land and like a sponge the mist wipes the sweat from our faces. As we rise higher the clouds are at our feet, making us seem like saints in Old World pictures. Here the guide gathered brush wood for fire to cook, and warm us when we reached the Rest House. There is good goat-shooting. Some come to see God's glory and others to shoot goats. Speaking of hunters reminds me that Maui was the island's greatest sportsman. I remembered how he fished up this island on a magical hook. Do you know how he climbed Haleakala, lassoed the sun with cocoanut rope, broke off his beams and threatened to kill him if he didn't slow up so that his mother, Hina, who took in washing, could have more time to dry her kapa clothes? The sun was obliging and said all right. His course was stayed and Maui was put in the Joshua class.

How many would like to exert the same power, and yet how hard it would be for the world's work and night's rest, if others were able to blockade Sol's chariot! For instance, the murderer to be shot at sunrise; the girl who wants to dance all night; and the daylight saving administration. I saw a lot of Hina's clothes lying about, for the clouds are her tapa and she hangs them up to dry. She keeps them down with stones, and when the stones roll off it is the thunder we hear. Our mules were dry-shod and we thought how lucky it was that we were not ascending from the other side which is deluged continually. In 1904 there were 420 inches of rainfall there.

Like Maui I wanted to catch the sun before he retired, so I yanked "Friday" the rest of the way to the rest house. Even here we could see the islands were being Orientalized, for just as we found Jap tea-houses and tea-gardens in the cities, Sol had a Jap torii gate here through which we passed. The mules were stabled in an old stone shed without anything to eat till the next day, not that they were like naughty boys and sent to bed supperless, but because there was no food.

## THE HOUSE OF THE SUN



WHILE the Jap cooked the supper we crept out to the brink of the crater to fill our eyes and soul. The cloud and mountain sublimity from this summit was second only to that which I saw in the Himalayas. It was a Plutonic panorama. If this extinct crater were active, and all its smaller cones playing in concert at once, I wouldn't care for a parquet seat, but would prefer one in a balcony of another sphere. To use another figure, Haleakala was a mouth and throat of hell with cancer sore cones in it, the smallest cone being over 400 feet high and the largest 900.

Sol's house is no bungalow or Hawaiian grass hut. His reception room is ten miles square, the side walls ten thousand feet above the clouds. He always keeps open house—there is no roof. The cellar is half a mile deep and it is 23 miles around the premises. The banquet hall is deserted except for tourists and goats, but the guests had a hilarious time when live, hot lava-blended couples swept by in waves of mad merriment to the music of wind and steam and the time of falling rocks. The rocks looked like clinkers of a big furnace whose fires are out.

The sun set a red seal on the blue envelope of the sky and the clouds resembled some chimercial country with canyons of hills, islands, plains, and sea. We were disappointed in the color, but the purple shadow of our mountain, as the sun set, was thrown on the wall of the sky. It was gigantic and jarred the imagination. We moved our legs and waved our hands but were not in the shadow picture.

I thought I would like to stay up here, like a gargoyle on a cathedral, but man is not made for mountain tops, and St. Stylites has few imitators. Night came. I was disappointed, the stars were so near I reached up to gather a handful as souvenirs for my friends to be used as stick-pins, but they were just out of reach. In fact there was plenty of room; like Horace I did not strike my head against the stars, for Maui had lifted up the sky, from lying on the earth, smoothed it with adz, and placed it in its present position. It's up there till some cosmic quake shakes the plaster down.

It was so high we could talk with the seraphs. At times the wind roared around in the pit like a madman in a cell. Then again it was so still you could almost hear the world turning on

its axis. The wind was like an aerial ocean with ebb and flow.

In the distance Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea were like islands in the sea of clouds. Finally hunger and cold led us into the new rest house of cement with double decked beds as in barracks or a penitentiary. There were blankets enough for a regiment. The lamp was lit, we lit into the meal and the repast was passed. Then came sleep, "chief nourisher in life's feast." As I pulled the bed clothes over my head I thought of the clothes of a perfect day. We had no bother of mosquitoes at this altitude. The roaring of the wind awoke us and we were afraid it would blow out the stars. The Big Ben sent in his alarm at 4 A. M. We climbed out of sleep in the lofty lap of Haleakala and stalked out unblushingly to see the sun get out of bed. We surprised a couple of angels taking their morning constitutional, and we also hustled to keep warm.

The pit that had been painted red the night before was now a beautiful blue. But there was no riot of colors. Way beyond the city was blinking its eyes, the Kohala Lighthouse winked through the fog bank, smoke of burning cane rose like incense to heaven and Haleakala resembled an island surrounded by clouds. Far down in the valleys where the cities slept, it was dark—we were up so high that it was as if we saw the sunrise of the day after tomorrow. He came up and threw our mountain shadow on the other wall of the sky. One small gilded cloud swam in and around the big crater like a gold fish in a bowl. But for colored sun rises and sun sets, I have seen better in front and back yard in Minneapolis. Napoleon, on Mt. Tabor, looked down on the cloudy smoke of battle—here we stood and gazed down on the battle of clouds. Soon there was a white cloud of truce. We felt like gods as we quaffed nectareous coffee and devoured ambrosial toast. Much revived, I quoted the Ninety-First Psalm, knelt at a rocky altar in this great cathedral of space, feeling, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."



## CLOUDS.



HAVE often wished I could rent the gondola of the moon for a night's sail through the clouds, touching at different star islands and skimming the Milky way.

Clouds are curtains in the theater of space behind which stars sing and shine. If a visible bag of vapor is two miles up in the air, it is a cloud, if it is around your head it is a fog. In physical geography clouds are classified as cumulus, stratus, cirrus, nimbus. We speak of clouds of war, that a man who is visionary dwells in cloud land, and in morals of a cloud on a woman's character.

What a great thing to be a god, and sit on Olympus with a cloudy couch to lie on! Mythology says that when the cloud-compeller Jupiter wearied of his wife, Juno, he flirted with girls on earth and camouflaged his love and liaisons with clouds. He raised a cloud to conceal his love for Io, and when he visited Danae he appeared in a golden shower.

When the gods went out for a summer trip they generally took a wardrobe of clouds along, and traveled in a cloud or raised a dust to conceal themselves, just as some of our rich demi-god auto owners do when they pick up a pretty girl on the street and elude the speed-cop.

In picture books the artist has a background of a cloud of angel faces. In early Sunday school days we fell asleep to dream of angels walking on or riding in the clouds, a difficult performance for heavy mortals. Picnic day had a cloud of gloom and a tear shower of regret when the sun was clouded. Clouds are a great playground for cherubs. If you removed the clouds from the pictures in the world's art galleries, what would become of the masters? Yet of all who try to paint clouds, how many succeed? I have wept at old pictures of sainted children, and men and women, who for over a century have endured martyrdom, sitting, standing or lying on the ragged, broken, razor-edge of some cloud.

The Bible tells us God has set his bow in the cloud—man requires firm piers for his bridge, but the Creator can set up his rainbow bridge on banks of clouds. Israel's oriflamme of victory was a pillar of cloud by day. Elijah went up to heaven in a chariot of cloud drawn by fire horses. In Revelation John

beholds, in the high circle of celestial society, a mighty angel coming down from heaven clothed with a cloud. David tells how God commanded the clouds of heaven and rained down manna to the hungry Israelites. Isaiah said the Lord rideth upon a swift cloud—man at best rides ships, trains, autos and airplanes. Moses went up into Mt. Sinai for six days and the glorious cloud was his shelter, not a tourist hotel or pension. The manufacturer smudges the ceiling of the sky with his clouds of smoke. Job said, "He scattereth his bright cloud." We are stifled by a cloud of sycophants and parasites on earth, but the Psalmist says, "Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." To the guilty, Macbeth-mad soul, tortured with the memory of his crimes, how great the promised comfort," I have blotted out as a cloud thy sins." Tardy earthly courts defeat justice, but of Nahum it is said, "The lord will not at all acquit the wicked; the Lord hath his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet." The Saviour told his hypocritical hearers that they saw a cloud rise out of the West and straightway said it would rain, but they could not discern the signs of the times. Today people keep tab on weather conditions from daily press weather-bureau reports, but of the cloud in the mind or storm in the heart they care little. It was a voice from the cloud on the Mount of Transfiguration which said, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." So now the Father may speak to his child directly from above without man's attending a formal service and listening to a superficial, plethoric-pursed preacher. David meditates on the majesty and providence of God, exclaiming, "Who maketh the clouds his chariot."

Aristophanes uses the "Clouds" as a vehicle of satire to poke fun at the sophists with their heads in the clouds. This lightning wit shows a Thinking-Shop where the pupils of Socrates are seen with heads fixed on the ground, while Socrates himself is seen suspended in air with his head in a basket. Socrates says he holds converse with the clouds, his divinity, that they supported him with thought, argument, intelligence, humbug, circumlocution, ability to hoax and comprehension; that he believed in three things, Chaos, clouds and the tongue; that clouds are food for sophists, soothsayers, practisers of medicine and

meterological quacks. Aristophanes called the clouds, "curls of hundred-headed Typho," "crooked-clawed birds floating in the air."

In many countries I have climbed the ladder of the mountains, been above the clouds, like Manfred have spoken to the Spirits of the air, and chatted and carried on a polite conversation with aerial demigods. I thought how wonderful it would be if, like Byron's Cain, I could have Lucifer as a guide to show me the sights of other worlds, clouds and spheres. Lucifer has been the guide in this world and the next for millions.

We are nothing more than clouds and melt into the air like the spirits of Prospero who says,

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind."

Ruskin, with the insight of a philosopher and the style of Scripture, has chapter essays on "Cloud Beauty," "Cloud Balancings," "Cloud Flocks," "Cloud Chariots," and "The Angel of the Sea." He affirms that he does not know why clouds float, are piled up or red at sunset. He figured out 50,000 clouds in a field of sight, an immense flock to take care of. He says no one could draw or paint clouds but Turner.

Shelley's poem of "The Cloud" is as aerial as his "Skylark." If you care to know what a cloud is and can do, don't go to a dictionary but to his marvelous poem in which he makes the cloud speak. It is as if you were on a mountain peak and the cloud spoke to you in confidence and told you who she was and all the world work she had to do.

Mrs. Browning writes of "The House of Clouds." For years I have been waiting for her to invite me to her house of clouds built of gray cloud walls with a crimson cupola, a sunset chamber tapestried with showers, and a red cloud for a couch. I fear it would be damp with showers and that one should tread lightly with Mercury's shoes on his feet. I believe this house of clouds is in the same block as Hawthorne's castle in the air, where a very select party met, and what a wonderful party it was. Among those present were the Wandering Jew, the in-



corruptible patriot, a scholar without pedantry, a priest without worldly ambition, a beautiful woman without pride or coquetry, a reformer untrammelled by his theory. They dined on the finest viands brought from the land of Nowhere, on cold-potted Birds of Paradise, ice creams from the Milky Way, flummery from the Paradise of Fools, quaffed goblets of water from the fountain of youth and sipped Nepenthe and Lethe.

For real rhapsodical poetry on clouds few lines equal these of Swift:

“Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,  
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,  
That swill’d more liquor than it could contain,  
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.”

Do you know the fog that hangs about the entrance of Dickens’ “Bleak House”? Do you remember the stranger in Baudelaire’s prose poem who, when asked which he loved best—his father, mother, brother, sister, his country, beauty or gold, replied, “I love the clouds—the clouds that pass—yonder—the marvellous clouds.” Clouds, like our dreams, are brightly colored, but too often end in damp disappointment, darkness and the mist of tears. Gautier says, “Love a woman—love a cloud—but love.” Does he mean that she is as changing, watery, weepy, and has the thunder tongue of a cloud?

The cloud is a great mountain-climber and loves to scale peaks. Wordsworth speaks of “trailing clouds of glory.” I remember that when a boy I trailed after my father to the shed and he beat a cloud of dust out of my pants because he caught me making clouds of tobacco smoke. I remember some of my Dutch Hudson river relatives who colored their pipes and noses, and from long-stemmed clay pipes appeared to breathe smoke like fiends, wreathing the room in clouds of blue smoke, and from their continual puffing acted as though they had siphon communication with the devil. As a boy I swept the old carpets without wetting the broom or putting tea leaves on the floor, raising a cloud of dust equal to a Sahara sirocco. My vaporous vauntings in school essays and college oration, rose like miasmatic exhalations from the Roman Campagna.

Fogs rise in the morning, and in the early dawn of history we find the mist of mystery and mental fog colored by rays of

fancy. Greece and Rome were high lights that broke through. Then the dense cloud of ignorance in the Dark Ages settled on man's mind. War clouds have always wrapped the race in a pall of gloom, but Peace looks for a silver lining. The world needs clear thinking. There has been too much of what is fuddled, muddled, beclouded and befogged. It is high time to sound the fog bell and horn and warn humanity of shoals, rocks and reefs, that men may not be wrecked in the mists of mystagogues and metaphysical transcendentalism. In college, we find the fog of the fogey; in law, the fog of pettifoggery; in religion, the mystagogue of mummary, and in European politics the sulphur fume of Fiume. This world is the Valley of the Shadow. In life we grope in a mist of error; in death we feel the mist in our face, the fog in our throat.

About the only money a poor poet sees is the yellow gold in the cloud banks. He is lucky, for he always has a cloud to fall back on. Mephisto usually appears in a red coat and cloud. Man burns clouds of incense to every god and devil in the world. The clouds love the mountains. The mountains are a cloud factory. At Haleakala clouds resembled ships in the air, surf against the cliffs, soap-suds, smoke, glaciers, rivers and canyons. Hell is murky with cloud and smoky torment. Heaven is glorious with golden clouds. Clouds are moving pictures—I suppose the only kind Adam and Eve saw in Eden.

Clouds! Poets apostrophize them, painters limn them, Indians pray to them, sailors study them, the weather man keeps track of them. Man in general has little thought of the beauty, sublimity or swiftness of the clouds, but is anxious to get shelter, find an umbrella or rain coat to keep his ready made suit from becoming wet and shrunken. I have seen clouds of smoke from Auld Reeky's chimney-pots; from earth's belching volcanoes; from Egypt's Sahara sand storm, and in hurricanes in the South Seas. Man can ruin the Alps where he isn't satisfied unless he has a cog railway, puts up a hotel, billboards in a canyon, or litters everything with tin cans—so far he can't contaminate the clouds.

## DOWN AND OUT



AT last we left the House of the Sun and started down the gigantic staircase. "Friday" wanted her breakfast. The slope was steep and she leaned far over to bite a bush, while I chewed on my heart which had leaped into my mouth. Had I fallen off I never would have stopped till reaching Wailuku thirty miles away.

Saying "Sayonara" to our Jap guide at the half way house, we took the car that had waited for us over night, and cruised down to the coast on the other side of the island. As we had been like so many fleas hopping over the bull-dog head shaped isle of Hawaii, so here we crawled like a cooty over the island of Maui, shaped like the bust of a woman. We zig-zagged through cane and pineapple plantations, some of which climbed to hill tops like so much shrubbery. At Haiku we stopped to tank up on pineapple juice and eat the fruit. The girls wore rubber gloves like surgeons in clinics, cutting up the pines into slices and bits and canning them.

Like a map-maker's pencil point we followed every indentation of the coast line, passing fishermen standing like bronze statues with their nets waiting to throw over the fish when they swam up; through Portuguese plantation settlements and tropical towns where the children ran around a la Adam before the fall; and by a romantic ravine and inlet where we saw native women pounding poi in primitive style.

## "SWIPES"



HAIKU is the heart of the moonshiner's paradise where I recalled Moore's lines, "Oft in the stilly night." The law says prohibition is in force, but the Hawaiian is a heathen and law unto himself and makes his own booze. Not since old Bacchanalian days has there been such drunken hilarity. The swipe is made of hops, yeast, sugar-cane, pine apples and tobacco, and has as big a kick as a mule in the moonshine districts of Kentucky. Love is not the only illicit thing on the island. They are progressing from the manufacture of near beer to okelehau and various brands of pineapple brandy. Moonshine "still" is with us though Barleycorn has lost his place in the sun.



Dirty people are often found in the stores asking for copper boilers, but not for laundry purposes, and inquiring for ware to brew trouble for themselves and government agents. The quiet of the Sabbath was broken by a still raid in Kula where the police officer captured a large lard can, a small keg, and a six-foot piece of pipe running through a trough. He destroyed three barrels of beer made from potatoes already for distilling. The sad thing is that the officers were nearly frozen with watching for the outlaws, and the stuff was not fit to drink to warm them. However, as years ago the U. S. custom officers were found to be in the opium ring at Honolulu, so here these spies and revenue men are quite friendly with distillers and willing to drink with them. When the prohibition tidal wave hit Hawaii it made former strangers and enemies social and friendly. People began to call on each other every other day and night, especially on those who had purchased large quantities of liquor. It was unlawful to set 'em up. You could not pour out a glass for your caller, but you could leave it on the shelf, or in the sink, where he could smell, see it and help himself. Some of the most pious hypocrites who "hated" liquor and the traffic, bought thousands of dollars worth of the awful curse and packed it in their cellars, and for other than sacramental purposes, or to lift a burden from the drinker.

This is the moonshine not referred to in the folders and flam-boyant ads of island advertisers.

## MAUI MEANDERINGS

**A**FTER riding with Aiken in his Buick over roads that may be divided into three classes—bad, worse and worst—we were achin'. The names of the towns visited were as hard as the road—Kihei, Kalepolepo. There was a quicksand along one beach, but we went quickly over the sand, passing by sand-hills that had blown and moved across the isthmus like those in Peru. There are many small towns where natives live by cutting wood, sticking pigs and catching fish. Mr. Aiken is the government agent and had a pocket full of leases that were to be signed by these Hawaiian homesteaders. At times the Kanaka was in his hut, and if he were unable to write his name, he took x-tra pains and marked down an "x."



LEPER SETTLEMENT, MOLOKAI



MOLOKAI LEPERS



Others, who were afoot on the road, or horseback, or in autos, stopped, and for a roll-top desk, used the oil-tank of our auto to sign the papers. This official act was performed in the middle of the road, in the sun, in a cloud of dust. What a delightful, unconventional way of doing business without the red-tape formality or delay of the metropolitan city!

We returned by way of an old house falling into decay and leaning over the sea as if about to commit suicide. It looked like some old Ark that had landed here. Scott and Stevenson would have found material for a thrilling story. In the old days it was a trading store, now a storeroom for a Hawaiian curios and library. The native woman told us many interesting things. The only other building I saw was an Oriental fish shack. The active life we noticed was a kind mother pig leading her children down to the seashore—a maternal picture. That night I talked to the Masons at the Kahului Lodge and sat down to a social interchange of thought and refreshment. Later Mr. Aiken invited us to his beautiful home and introduced us to his family of which he is justly proud.

## IAO VALLEY



HARRY Gesner, the shark fisher, told us of the manners, customs and tastes of his sharkship. They haunt the waters here, love the Maui shores, and like the Parisian epicures during the German siege, are especially fond of dead horse flesh. Had I killed "Friday" riding up Haleakala, Gesner would have given us a shark cruise and hunt. Paraphrasing Carrol's Snark poem, this is "Just the place for a shark the bellman cried, as he landed his crew with care." Gesner called at the hotel in his blue racer and we drove like blue blazes to the Iao Valley, as fast as the storm that had been before us and had ruined much of its finest scenery.

Leaving the car we swung across a narrow bridge, through a valley with pali and palisades on either side rising from 1, to 3000 feet, and by the tomb of a chief, where Nature the chief mourner, had planted wild flowers and plants, keeping them fresh with rain.

Iao, the beautiful name of the valley, means "bloody," on account of the dead Maui soldier bodies that were washed down

and carried to the sea. These hills have echoed to Hawaiian war cries, and streams have run blood. The only brawl now is that of the stream. Here the chiefs, unlike Icarus, flew from peak to peak without falling. Nature uses just one color of paint, green, to decorate the valley with grass and ferns. Haleakala is death—this is life. Some prefer the corpse of the dead Haleakala to the living Kilauea. The clouds love this valley and meet in convention every morning about II o'clock. If you fail to come early you can't get a peek of the peaks.

The Alps have been overrun with insect tourists, not the Iao, for the mountain walls are too steep and of material that generally crumbles to your hand and foot. Gesner is the only one who has scaled the Needle for many years. What sheer delight there is in viewing these sheer precipices! The "Needle" is 300 feet high and the mountains 5,000.

I picked my way through the valley over piles of adjectives let fall by delighted tourists till I came to the famous peak of the "Needle," knitting up the raveled edges of a cloud. Strange that some advertiser has not had his eye on this Needle and made it a point to boost his business. The Iao Valley has been called a vestpocket edition of the Yosemite. With "Needle" and "pin" acles without number, and stuck about the scenery everywhere, the island is a big pin-cushion.

Maui illustrates the phrase "sweetness and light," with its cane, pineapples and House of the Sun. The spell of Maui is on me and I spell it this way:

Marvelous  
Attractions  
Universally  
Interesting.

## SUGAR VS. SCHOLARSHIP



HE mills of the gods grind slowly, but not the sugar-mills of men. The Baldwin owners here would think their heads bald to win out and make some more millions. I looked over the second-largest sugar-mill in the world, the biggest I saw in Cuba. The head cane officials are in clover in their headquarters with bathing tanks, tennis courts and bowling alley. Pretty soft compared with the conditions of

the hard-working Japs in their sun-brain-burning, back-breaking work in the cane fields. Here it is the man and woman with the hoe who make progress—not the “rakes.” I snapped a young Jap girl worker who wore a smile framed in a big bonnet, a white towel over her ears, chest and front, a flowered waist, a striped skirt, black-leggings and heavy shoes. The legs above her knees were bare.

There has been some improvement since the contract convict labor days when men were whipped out of bed in the morning and lived in the most squalid conditions. The people rose up and demanded reforms, and now they have better homes and conditions, yet they are still poorly underpaid for the labor they perform and the money they put in the planters' pockets. I saw them sweating in the fields under the sun at Kauai, working harder than convicts on the road, and on Oahu we saw men and women huddled in the open cane cars in the pouring rain at six A. M. with no protection. Many Portuguese were leaving the plantations to go to California because of the brutal treatment, cursing and foul language they received from the lunas, the staff and store employees. But no one can strike for better conditions in the islands. Agitation is suppressed, agitators banished and labor literature, such as we have in the United States, is taboo. The planters are objecting to the Japs for demanding higher wages for doing work a white man can't and won't do. Capital is trying to inundate the islands with cheap Filipino labor that comes here physically and morally rotten and degenerate, unable to compete with the Japs. I saw Filipinos land at Honolulu's Immigration station, and later saw many of their race in jail.

At a sugar-mill my attention was directed to a fibrous dry refuse of cane called “bagasse.” It is made into a sort of paper and saturated with liquid asphalt. It is planned to cover the cane field with this mulching paper preparation. I heard of one sugar plantation in the Hawaii Island that was to paper 8000 acres, like so many walls. This preparation chokes and smothers the weeds, retains the moisture, but allows the sturdy cane stalks to pierce through. It is estimated that the yield of cane will be more and the cost of labor 50 per cent less. This mulch paper, it is predicted, may become Hawaii's second greatest industry. It can be made into box, board and wrapping



paper, roofing, and by the use of chemical bleaching and certain mechanical processes turn out the best grade of print and book paper.

What alluring inducement Hawaii may now advertise! Tourists will flock to the land not only of pineapples and sugar, but of paper-manufacture. What a new and thrilling sight to travel thousands of miles to witness. Pele better look to her laurels. Now will the output of ad. bunk be increased. Enough white paper has been spoiled in the past—what will the harvest be now? The writers who dip their pens in phosphorous, who write in aurora borealis rainbow style, who can't say anything without spilling a jar of guava jelly or Poha jam all over their page, will receive new inspiration. Is Hawaii to be a paper kingdom where everyone is to have the liberty to write about the scenery and climate, whether he has the ability or not? Now will the class of writers abound who push the pen for need, fame, money, or to flatter the plutocrats. Now will mails be misused, post-office hands overworked, and ship space glutted with glowing and false accounts for tourist investment of time and money. Such exaggeration should be held up under the head of obtaining money under false pretenses, and be prohibited from mails because it is in the class of the Louisiana lottery.

We saw a large school near Wailuku that had less efficiency than it should have, because the planters find it educates the children away from the cane, and capital more anxiously seeks manual than mental fitness. The Baldwin brothers own most of the island. Their father was a missionary, they have honored his memory with a beautiful memorial church, and are said to be very generous in their public philanthropies.

Why look you at Wailuku?—not for the old native church, new buildings, or streets lined on both sides with Jap stores and activity, no, but for the view of Haleakala, the first thing we saw and the last thing to be forgotten, as it turned red at sunset as though an active volcano. It seemed a reflection of a world on fire, a wall of hell burning with fire and brimstone which is the second death,

## LAZY LAHAINA



LAHAINA, the ancient capital of the islands, is 22 miles from Wailuku and reached by a winding road along a bluff called the "Amalfi Drive." Our chauffeur took us around in 45 minutes, going faster than Eleio, swift runner of an old Maui chief, who raced around this island long ago with a dragon after him. The ride is not so dangerous at night because you see the flash of the auto light before turning the curves. My Korean driver nearly overturned the car into the sea when I asked him if he were a Jap. The sea and island views are lovely, but the road runs through and around a dusty, rocky quarry which suggests anything but the picturesque Amalfi.

Lahaina was taking its noon nap. It usually sleeps in the day time and wakes at night when the inter-island boats arrive from 6 P. M. to 2 A. M. Mr. Freeland gave us the best in his Pioneer Hotel, situated by the wharf with a lighthouse in front so that visitors won't walk off the pier at night. A recent fire had not burned him out but prohibition had put out a lot of fire-water in the hotel bar. Travelers who came here at the end of their journey were evidently of the Pantagruel class, believing in the oracular utterance of the Dive Bouteille—"Trinq."

The weather was sizzling hot—no kitchen was needed. If the food had been placed on the front veranda in the afternoon it would have been thoroughly cooked for dinner. We sought a shady place in the side porch below. The sky was cloudless and we were just taking it easy when we received a shower bath from a Jap chambermaid upstairs. We saw some thrilling things in this old capital—a man putting on a pair of pants in front of the court house, and another making a public toilet of the main street. The most interesting inhabitant had gone—the dragon that lived in a deep pool on the edge of the village. It was worshipped by the royal family of Maui as its special guardian.

The only men I saw at work were the Jap barbers who were both men and women. In the many shops every chair was occupied—the only occupation of the townspeople. A pleasant place to rest and sleep and have the big flies and fleas kept off by small hands. L waited for twenty-minutes in one shop, telling

the Jap he was in a hurry. When the customer left the chair the Jap took out a cigaret case, made a nail, took one himself, and sat down leisurely to smoke. The customer finally left and the Oriental was in no haste to work on L. I think he was well educated and recalled the Latin proverb, "Make haste slowly."

The Kanakas are indolent, say the days are too long and that they are too poor to work. They get up late and wait for the sun to go down. There is a Lahaina legend that the Lazy God of Maui was killed many years ago—it may be, but he has left many worshippers. When an Hawaiian takes a trip he takes no account of time or distance, stops when he gets tired, and arrives when God pleases. He has a princely contempt for labor. "Tomorrow," is his motto, like the "Manana" of the Latins and the "Boukra" of the Arabs. His superstition and indolence go hand in hand.

We poked our nose into a Chinese poi factory, a two-roomed shed, but the wheels were still and the poi was resting in the tub. Out on the water front there was drilling, not of soldiers, but of rocks, and the diver minus his suit was lazily swimming in the tepid water.

Lahaina was not always a drowsy, frowsy city of unburied dead. Lord Byron, unlike his cousin the great poet, sailed here in the "Blonde" and told the Hawaiian chiefs to suppress the vices that were destroying their race. This policy made trouble between the chiefs and the outlaw, vicious, sailor and foreign class. The buccaneer motto was, "There is no God this side of Cape Horn." Lahaina and Honolulu were close rivals of Sodom and Gomorrah and veritable ocean hells on the Pacific. With no law, press, police or public opinion to check them, they made bad worse and added the shameless vice and crime of civilized lands. They opposed all attempts of the natives to check drunkenness and prostitution. The English ship "Daniel" arrived from London in 1825 and found things greatly changed since their last visit. They threatened Mr. Richards and wife with death if they didn't let down the bars and relax moral restrictions. Their spirit was shown in the black flag and the knives and pistols they carried. A year later, 1826, the same outlaw spirit was shown in Honolulu by the armed American schooner "Dolphin." The conduct of this crew was indescribable. None but a Martial or Gautier could portray its de-



bauchery. There was a second outrage at Lahaina when the crews of several whale-ships landed, broke into the native houses to plunder, and threatened to massacre Mr. Richards. The native women and girls were terrified and fled to the mountains for safety, where they hid till the ship sailed for Oahu. Nantucket ship owners complained to the U. S. president that their crews were mutinying and deserting in the Hawaiian Islands, which were fast becoming a nest of pirates and murderers. 100 whale ships visited the islands every year and as many as thirty were in port at a time.

I went to the Chinese quarter which had been burned and the owners were "surveying" their loss for rebuilding. American halves and dollars were saved in the big box, in the new rough board bank that was modeled or patterned after a mining town saloon. I went in to exchange an American express note. The bank-teller spoke up from behind the barred window, and like a good fortune-teller said, "Hello, Morrill don't you remember me when we were in the same penitentiary town of Anamosa, Iowa, over thirty-five years ago?" Sure enough, there was Mr. Lufkin who gave me his hand with the gold I had asked for. He recalled how I had stumbled on the word "devil" in my sermon, and that after the benediction I told him I knew all about the gentleman but couldn't pronounce his name very well, though I was sure Lufkin was well acquainted with him and always pronounced his name readily.

One of the Kamehamehas had a palace here which was being torn down. Sentimental objection was made against the sacrilege by some Hawaiian admirers. All sanctity had been lost, if any had ever been near it, for those Kanaka kings had royal good, "bad" times, and it had since been used as a Jap tenement and was an eyesore. It was literally a wood-pile now with two old cocoa palms over it bowing their heads as if in reverence to the dead past. The wrecker and junkman are the only ones who call here now.

This quiet-by-day town has the movies at night. The wear and "tear" of the trip was such that when I was invited to play the new organ, and make an address in the theatre at Lahaina it was only possible because a kind fellow traveler, Mr. Heapy, a Honolulu street-car conductor, wishing to further the "pant" omime, loaned me his trousers. The only bar we saw was a

Charles W. Barr, who said that if I wanted any swipes after my mental exertion in the theatre, he knew where I could get them—not in any Jap dive, but in the houses of the most prominent citizens.

The only night life, except busy Jap tailors, is the mosquito, and the “jumping flea” which means ukelele. There were mosquito bars in the hotel but they could not keep out the bars of music thrown up by two ukelele and guitar players downstairs who played all night.

Up the mountain side there is a manual school for boys. Contractor Powell autoed us there. The boys have the finest auto repair shop in the islands for which the motorist should be thankful, for by the time he gets here his car is in ruins. We visited the blacksmith, carpenter and printing shop. When the boys are hungry they raise an appetite, not by eating pickles, but by working in the garden. I found a piggery, not of the moonshine variety. The boys were wide awake at their dormitory playing ball. How different from the sleeping city of Lahaina where it isn't so much the influenza, they should fear, as the sleeping sickness.

A seminary was established in this Lahainaluna school in 1831 by the American Protestant mission to train young men for teaching and the ministry. This was the first missionary school of the island, and it was here that the first printing press was housed West of the Rockies in an old whitewashed stone building, with walls two feet thick, and where the first far-West newspaper was printed. The children have nothing to complain of and the only murmur is from the little stream. Above it all on a hilltop is the grave of an old Hawaiian who wished to be buried far away from all the strife that had angered and annoyed his life. Like Stevenson, he lies, “Under the wide and starry sky.”

A brother Episcopal clergyman, Mr. Cockcroft, shared these solemn thoughts with me and then provided mutual diversion by asking us to his pretty parish house on the beach and introducing us to his helpmate wife. Here I made one of the most astonishing discoveries on the islands—a good piano in good tune. I left it a wreck on the beach.

The best thing at the hotel dinner table was Dr. Sanborn and wife. He was the government doctor, had been stationed at

Molokai, but was transferred here to combat the flu with his medical influence. When he heard we were going to Honolulu that night he said we should see Molokai first and C. Conrad, the island justice, who would be glad to entertain us. The only way to reach there was by a Jap Sampan fish-boat, which is not allowed to take pay for passengers, but expects you to make a present of \$15 each way. Within an hour the doctor had wired his friend and received the answer that Mr. Conrad would be waiting for us at the port of Kamola the next morning at eight o'clock. It is only two hours across but the fish-boats were all out. Fortunately we found an old Hawaiian who had a whale-boat and the flu. He promised to have his boat ready and two Kanakas to man it at daybreak.

### HALF DROWNED



WE were up early at the dock. After two hours the whaleboat swam up with the Hawaiians on its back. We stepped aboard and they asked us if we had slickers. I said no, for the sky was clear and the stars were shining. Soon we sailed beyond the reef and for forty-minutes skirted the coast, watching the sun scale cliffs impassable to man. Cane smoke was rising to the sky like incense offerings to the gods. Then the smooth brow of the bay became wrinkled, and ours did too, when we looked at the channel ahead of us.

Sometimes it is calm, not this time. The winds had kicked up the waves and they were foaming with pain. Our boat, "Kahului," bowed to King Neptune and kept kow-towing like a court parasite. The engineer and helmsman ducked down in the stern behind the little engine room. We were placed like sacrifices on its roof top only a few feet square, L on one side, clutching the lantern box, and I on the other, hanging on for my life as close as a miser to his money or a drowning man to a straw.

They may have champion broncho-busters on Maui but we deserved medals for riding these wild sea horses without letting them throw us. There are no Baptists in the islands, yet if "much water" could make them so, they should be the largest denomination of all. Our course was a curse. The skipper never skipped a wave that came head on with smashing effect. In this "vast tennis court" it may have been fun for the waves,



but too much "racket" for us. Our whale-boat imitated the big fish by taking a submarine route—I am spouting salt water yet. Our boat was called a whale boat—it should have been named a "flounder." Our cockleshell craft tried to commit suicide several times and take us down with it, but we were not yet ready to suffer any "sea change," and there is enough coral in these islands, as bathers know, without having our limbs turned into coral branches.

Often the waves came over the boat nearly taking us with them. Maybe they were mermaids who fell in love with us and threw their azure arms around us, trying to carry us off to Mermaid Cavern or Tavern. Our native skipper was humorous. After every bad wave that broke over us he would laugh and say, "Look out." The only classical quotation on my lips was Hamlet's, "Drowned, drowned!" There was no justice in Neptune's court. The only answer to our pleading looks and words was the, "Pish, pish, swish-swish" of the splashing water.

Once upon a time there was a god in these islands who lay down on the ocean bed and stretched his hand out from one island to another that people might cross over his arm. There is no such accommodation now. I have read and can spout sea poetry by the gallon—all I could recall was Hood's:

" The sea. The D——!  
The terrible, horrible sea!  
The stormy, tumbling,  
Qualmy-jumblng,  
Spirit-humblng,  
Shingle-stumblng,  
Sea-weed-fumblng,  
Wearing, crumbling,  
Mischief-mumblng  
Growling, grumblng,  
Like thunder far off rumblng."

Now and then there was cloud, mist, rain and sunshine, occasionally a rainbow roamed ahead of us in the Molokai mountains. I am certain this was the mark they were steering by, for instead of bringing us into Kamola, where Conrad was waiting for us, with the auto, and where we had told them to take us, they were heading us into Pukoo—Puke O! aptly named from the rough entrance.

The mariners said with such wind and wave they were afraid to land us at Kamola. There was a buoy with a cross on top of it that resembled a Papal tiara floating in a Holy See.

If we fell into the water we had this crumb of comfort, that the former name of the little harbor was "Aikanaka," (Man-Eater) where long ago men were washed down and eaten by the sharks till the water was red. We made fast at last and gave thanks to Jonah's God that we had landed from the whale-boat, and the Hawaiian sailors thanked us for the \$15. L. and I were grateful enough to say, "Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee," and glad to be on this island dreaded and shunned by most travelers.

### MOLOKAI



AT the end of a long narrow pier, inside the reef, we met an old timer, a leading citizen, a public man of government supervision, who, although he was not officially informed of our coming, was in full dress to receive us, wearing plain clothes and in bare feet. Whittier's blessing on the barefoot boy with cheek of tan could be pronounced over this island because it is a custom. Some of the leading Hawaiian families, including alleged royalty, walk around the house, yard and beach barefooted, and are not abashed when you call on them in their bare-legged and bare-footed condition. The official looked somewhat surprised, but took us to his house where he rested and regaled us with bananas and stories. One related to the channel we had just crossed in which he had been overturned years ago and swam, floated, and treaded water for two days before being rescued. This is no fish story for he could swim like a fish as most Hawaiians. If a party of Hawaiians goes out in a boat for a picnic, it is half the picnic if all are accidentally capsized. They seldom drown, the sea is their element. Neither he nor his family were lepers, and his many children were playing about. It is an erroneous idea to think the island swarms with lepers who run up and down the hills waiting for travelers to land, in order to throw their arms around them, kiss them, or bite them on the ear and give them leprosy.

We phoned Mr. Conrad who was at the other dock, at last he appeared and we disappeared in his car. He has a beautiful home at the entrance of a pali ravine. He and his wife opened

their hearts to us. Their doors are always open, for none are needed. Should it rain or grow chill at night they simply drop the canvas awning. We found all the happy hospitality the doctor had predicted. After playing a while on the piano I looked towards the veranda and found a donkey among my listeners. He stood by the door with wistful look and extended ear, but not for me or music—he was waiting to have his little master feed him his daily banana. Mrs. Conrad was of the handsome Hawaiian type, large, well-featured and with eyes described by Homer as “ox-eyed.” She was musical, had traveled in Europe, was well informed and a good conversationalist.

Her home was a museum of island curios and my bed was large enough for Solomon and his wives. This style and size of couch was a favorite among the Hawaiians in this climate because of their size. I lay down and rested on Queen Emma’s sofa couch. Easy lies the head that wears a crown here. I saw her big bed in another room. Don’t be shocked because I slept on her couch, for she has been long dead. I thought of her and her surroundings, and would that my pen could utter the thoughts that arose in me—but I shall quote the great Flaubert’s thoughts on a similar occasion:

“At Chenonceaux, in Diane de Poitiers’s room, is the wide canopy bedstead of the royal favorite, done in red. If it belonged to me, it would be very hard for me not to use it once in a while. To sleep in the bed of Diane de Poitiers, even though it be empty, is worth as much as sleeping in that of many more palpable realities. Moreover, has it not been said that all the pleasures in these things was only imagination? Then, can you conceive of the peculiar and historical voluptuousness, for one who possesses some imagination, to lay his head on the pillow that belonged to the mistress of Francis I and to stretch his limbs on her mattress? Oh, how willingly I would give all the women in the world for the mummy of Cleopatra!”

There are more of Queen Emma’s curios here than in the Queen Emma home museum in Honolulu, which we visited. She was big physically and in heart, and is chiefly remembered for the founding of the “Queen’s Hospital” in Honolulu, where she made a personal canvass for subscriptions, and for which she has the perennial gratitude of the Hawaiians. It was her hus-



band Kam. IV. who went on a mad drunk, in Lahaina, and shot and killed his private secretary, H. A. Neilson.

It was Saturday, Dr. Sanborn had been anxious for me to see the leper colony and I wanted to go, not for reasons of science, or mere curiosity, but with the desire to visit the people Sunday and address them at one of their services. Judge Conrad said it was a good idea, that he knew the good Governor McCarthy, an ex-saloon keeper, and would wireless him that I was his guest and would ask for the necessary permission. So we started for the wireless station at Kaunakakai, fifteen miles distant. We saw old fish ponds that are used to this day. They are wall corrals built out into the sea from the land, with an opening for the fish to enter, as if it were like a large stone net.

These ponds looked like scollops or the fringe on a tablecloth. Strange poaching tales are told of night raids and of men disappearing and never being heard of again. We passed several churches hid in cocoa groves, where Father Damien had preached. Macadam roads may appeal to some in the islands, but this dusty road took my fancy, for it ran along the shore, crossed dry, rocky stream beds, threaded a great cocoanut grove planted by one of the Kamehamehas, and brushed through thickets and forests of algaroba trees which to me, a poor mathematician, furnished a more engaging study than algebra. These trees give fuel, food, and sweets for bees. Turning the curve of the island we escaped from the wind that had tracked us since leaving Lahaina. There were men afoot and women on horseback. Here the children use horses and not "ponies" at school, riding double. There are no wild animals to make your hair bristle—all the bristling is done by hogs. There is no poison ivy, but there was a poison wood that grew here in the time of Kam. the Great, from which he hewed a poison god and called him Kalai-pahoa. It was an ugly, roughly carved thing, one of Kam's favorites, and always within handy calls and reach. Knockout drops could be made of it. One piece of this tree fell into a spring and made a brew so rank that all died who drank. This sounds like a German well-poisoning trick.

Mr. Conrad pointed out old battle-fields up in the hills where natives retreated like a Villa and threw stones down on the attackers. Another form of amusement for the Kanakas was a disc-rolling field for quoits, howling or baseball. Around here

one house is a village and two make a city. They looked like negro shacks in Georgia, and are surrounded by taro patches. One wonders why so many swelter, slave and sin in Honolulu city tenements when there are such possibilities here.

Honey is one of the exports of this island. No matter how lazy the natives may be, the bees are busy and the product of their labor is sweet. On one island they appear to be ignorant of the pure food law and put sugar-cane glucose in their honey. There is a world of bees as of men, quite as intelligent Maeterlinck thinks, and more industrious. There were many bee hives in the forests, each swarming like a public city office building. I thought Lucian was right when he represented Charon as saying that cities were like so many hives of bees, "wherein everyone had a sting, and they did little else then sting one another, some domineering like hornets bigger than the rest, some like filching wasps, others as drones."

The wireless station at last, far from humanity's reach, except for that little machine and spark that put the operator in touch with Lahaina, Honolulu and the world. Who was the operator? An old man buried alive here where the days are as like as two peas? No, a young ambitious man and his light house-keeper, his wife. We soon heard the voice of a talking-machine, not of phonograph rag-time records, but the electric voice of the wireless between three worlds of sky, earth and sea. Happy operator, with sources of inward pleasure the crowds never knew, who could talk with a machine, his wife, or to the garrulous sea!

I spoiled a five-dollar bill to say a few words, while he may while away lonely hours chatting with fellow operators for nothing. This solitary soul could be like Daudet in the lighthouse of the Sanguinaires, Corsica, when his being escaped him; when he didn't think or dream; when he became the gull that plunged into the sea, the spray that floated in the sunlight between two waves; the white smoke of a steamer rapidly disappearing; the little coral boat with red sail; the drop of water, the fleck of mist—anything except himself. Here were hours of half slumber and mental dispersion. I wish Sienkiewicz had written a story about this operator of Molokai, as he did about the Lighthouse Keeper at Aspinwall.



One day Conrad took us around the other side of the island to Halawa, on a road that hangs over the sea, plays hide and seek with it, and then goes up a steep grade like a fly on a wall, twisting like a boy with the green-apple colic, and turning as many times as a Cairo muscle-dancer. Down below we watched the dance and whirl of the waves and could hear the swish of their white silvery, spangly skirts. There was a rock out from shore that would make a good place for a shipwreck and an inviting inlet with several homes where time stood still. The auto does some narrow gauge running within a few inches from the cliff side, reminding us that there is only a step between us and death. From the top we looked down at Halawa in the valley, with the ocean at one end and a waterfall at the other. It fairly took our breath away so that we could not shriek our delight as we wished to. Had it not been for Conrad's careful driving there would have been some other falls besides waterfalls. Much of the scenery in the other islands, which the Ad Club boosts, is mediocre and monotonous compared with the reputation they give it. Of this, one of the finest drives in all the group, they say nothing, advising tourists to spend hundreds of dollars for sights far inferior. Why? Because the island is tabu. They want the attention and the money, and if they could put all the lepers present and future on Molokai, they would be glad to sink it out of sight and speech.

What we first took to be a contest of some sort, proved to be a poi-pounding party of two Kanakas, who were eagerly watched by their friends and families, anticipating the good times they were to have at the table when they stuck their fingers in it. It is the staff of life, but to those who dislike it, poi is poison. It was a most primitive Hawaiian place, with little life, yet the inhabitants are the best choral singers in all the islands and take the musical prizes from the other church choirs.

Across a bridge swinging like a spider web in the wind, we took our way, then stumbled and splashed through taro patches, and passed an old deserted house embowered with wild roses. There is a weird wood here. Legend makes it tabu and sacred, but our guide was a safe leader. From the open we tramped through the thicket until we entered the darksome cathedral, with leafy roof, python-shaped trunks and branches for interlacing pillars. It was an enchanted forest. We escaped and



were not anxious to get lost like the gentle knight of Spenser's "Faery Queene" who wandered to and fro in the forest, could not find the path and came on the den of Error, a monster vile.

Halawa is hidden in the hills and has few visitors, but Death had recently come and taken a little child whom he had fallen in love with.

Death is the world's greatest traveler. We meet him everywhere. He was in the West Indies before Columbus—we cannot go where he has not been or will not come sooner or later. He may stop at the finest hotel in New York or the rudest hut at Halawa. We may not have received a call from him yet, but he has our country, city and home address, and phone number, and may drop in any second—we should be prepared to receive him.

We left this valley of the shadow land for the sunlit slope and were back in time to stand in C.'s lanai and look over a field of green and a sea of blue to Maui's high hills that seemed like El Dorado in the golden sunset.

If Judge Conrad didn't care to go far away to church there was a heathen temple five-minutes' walk from his house. I was nearly sacrificed trying to climb over it during a small cloud-burst. I was wet as water could make me, and quite in the mood of a heathen worshipper.

We called on an Hawaiian who had been one of King Kalakaua's chief hula dancers, and had hulaed herself across the States. She was making fans for herself to cool the memories of former years, or for tourists and others who had seen the hula properly and tropically presented.

## MORAL AND PHYSICAL LEPERS



SPENT Sunday at the precipice overlooking the leper colony of Kalaupapa, and as I saw the churches, and the people going to and fro, I prayed heaven's blessing on them. My head and heart ached for these sad captives doomed to a living death, rotting away in a prison island, their fingers sloughing off, hair crawling like serpents and faces growing like toadskins. God pity them in their garden of Gethsemane grief—about the only way out is the gate to the cemetery.



A LEPROUS PRIEST



A KAUAI CANYON



My wired request to the Governor of Hawaii, for permission to go in among the lepers, was refused by the Board of Health, although some politicians, religious proselyters, investigating committees, junketing parties, personal friends of officials, pleasure-seekers and panders have entered with and without permits. But alas, I was not in their class!

There are moral as well as physical lepers on the island, and if only a fraction of what I learned is true, the "rotteness" Hamlet found in Denmark was an American beauty rose in comparison.

One of the afflicted women who has lived in this lepers' lazaret-house, this home of Dante's lost souls, for 30 years, wrote a letter to a Honolulu newspaper, while I was there, stating that they were not given proper care and treatment under the Territorial Administration. She said that, although the doctors claim leprosy is a contagious disease, non-lepers live, eat and sleep with those that are declared to be lepers, some of whom are frightful to look at, yet the non-lepers never get the disease, and today some of them are still living in the settlement as non-lepers, just as clean and healthy as any living outside the settlement. She further declared that some sent to Molokai have crippled hands and weak ankles "which honest doctors call gout," and some show no visible signs of the disease; that most of the people who were discharged as non-lepers never took treatment, and were discharged with the same symptoms with which they were brought there.

She blamed the doctors for not curing the curable diseases, saying it was not pleasant to suffer from rheumatic and neuralgic pains, to be troubled with catarrh of nose and throat, making it difficult to breathe, and to have ulcers grow over their eyes, making them blind.

Graft, mismanagement, immorality and politics have been the curse of Molokai. Even the superintendent of the colony told the visiting legislators recently that many improvements were needed; that they had been living on half rations due to lack of transportation facilities; that the boys in the Baldwin home in the settlement had to walk six miles to see the moving picture that showed once a week; that the lepers who labored only received 50 cents a day; and that there were dreary and filthy conditions in the home for girls. The Catholic Home for

Girls, run by the sisters, had no water for four days previous to the coming of the legislators. Water, as should be known, is almost essential for leprous patients for bathing. Imagine the danger from disease when there is no water to flush toilets, etc. The miserable pittance of a yearly allowance of \$12 compels those who have but one dress to wait for it to dry after being washed, and frequently they had to don it before it is fully dry, which often causes sickness.

The Federal Leperatorium, built in 1909 at the cost of \$150,000, has lain idle all these days, except for a period of 6 months when 12 patients were taken in. It is gradually falling into decay. Although there are magnificent water power facilities for making electricity, the colony is forced to use oil lamps at a great fire risk. The superintendent said it was a wonder the colony had not burned down, and called attention to the old and totally blind lepers, many of whom have lost their fingers or hands by the ravages of the disease, or whose hands are drawn and paralyzed. Two people were burned to death recently from using these oil lamps. A lighting system could be installed, it has been estimated, for about \$600.

It has been the policy of many in the islands to close their eyes when it comes to moral laxities among the lepers. It is common for men and women at Molokai, who have non-leprous wives and husbands in the other islands, to be found living together. Not long ago the superintendent of the leper receiving station at Kalihi was dismissed on account of the wholesale immorality prevailing there, when several male patients spent the evening with female patients in their rooms. While I was in Molokai it was charged that high officials of the settlement decoyed young girls for immoral purposes at the girls' home in the colony, and that one official was living in adultery with a woman near the settlement. Investigation disclosed that 36 married lepers were living more or less openly with a man or woman not his or her lawful spouse.

From 1911 to 1917, 105 children have been born in the colony. The taxes the Hawaiian people pay for the children's attendance, by nurses in hospitals to see if they develop leprosy, are enormous. Leading government physicians have proclaimed that the only way to stop the increase in leprosy is by segregation or sterilization. Yet when this was broached

to the lepers at Kalaupapa, and they came to realize that serious efforts were being made to enforce sterilization and to segregate, they declared they would fling themselves into the sea or court death by attempting to scale the steep cliffs around their natural prison. Since segregation would result in open revolt, sentimental legislators have left the lepers to their promiscuous cohabitation.

Children born of leprous parents are taken to a home in the settlement, and at the age of one year are sent to the Kapiolani Home in Honolulu. About six per cent of these children are lepers.

The detection and detention of lepers at large in the islands is not as strict as it should be. There is a considerable number in and around Honolulu who should be interned.

Recent statistics show that since the colony was established in 1867, a total of 6,642 lepers have been admitted, and of this number 6,241 were Hawaiian or part Hawaiian. The number of lepers there now is 618, or about 700 including the clean helpers or kokuas.

The lepers love to go on a jag. Who can blame them for trying to drown their souls and sorrow! Dives in his torment asked for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. These poor victims, in the hell of their daily life, are satisfied with nothing less than "swipes," that pluck from their memory their rooted sorrow, and is the sweet oblivious antidote to "cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart."

At the foot of the leper precipice there was once a heiau where the shark-god lived and was worshipped—the people kept away from it. This place is shunned as much because of the lepers. Deer here make the best hunting in the islands and we noticed several deerslayers with guns over their shoulders.

When we first looked over the pali at the settlement, Nature sought to hide her sore spots by a veil of mist from the sea. Waiting until it drew away we saw the wonderful panorama of a place which the doctor had complimented as much safer to be in than many other places in the island. A zig-zag path stretches down to the beach, curiously spelling the Mc



and V of the superintendent's name, a name that permits him and his friends free passage. There is no fence to keep the lepers from climbing and getting away. But what's the use! Which way they fly is hell, themselves hell, shunned by all, and when rearrested they are forced to return to their prison.

I had a pair of strong glasses and saw the victims down below walking around just as people might Sunday afternoon in any small New England town. Men wore fancy suits and white tennis shoes, the women colored dresses, and the groups looked like flower gardens. There were moving autos and boys and girls were walking together. I noticed a woman working in her garden, and worshippers going to and from church. We heard the Angelus bell whose tones were carried up on the arms of the air.

The lighthouse at the end of the point is one of the largest in the islands. It guides the big 'Frisko ships, telling them to keep far away for this is the leper settlement. It stands tall and white like some funeral monument in this city of the living dead. We could see the little cemetery by the coast where the stricken are at rest, and enviously looked at by those who sigh and cry, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" At the landing wharf we could see the gang, that bridge of sighs; the officials' houses; the bandstand where rag-time can not drown out the thoughts of Chopin's funeral march; a movie theatre to show them all the world's a stage from which they are excluded; hospitals with music of moans and a burden of woe echoed by Poe,

"I dwelt alone  
In a world of moan  
And my soul was a stagnant tide."

There were churches, where no matter how tainted their bodies might be, there was a hospital for their souls with the Divine Physician, so that the morally tainted might be healed. Their taro fields were spread before us; more of them could and should be cultivated, but it is the policy of the settlement to send way off to Honolulu for stuff, paying the highest prices, or to get it from some local family at the top figure, instead of from deserving Hawaiians on the island.

Father Joseph Damien's church and grave are here. He lived and worked among the lepers. He was a Belgian priest who came to Hawaii in 1873 as minister, doctor, teacher, cook, gardener, sexton and grave-digger. After twelve years he became afflicted with leprosy and worked till his death in 1889. There is a fierce controversy as to how he contracted the disease. I was told on this island of Molokai that it resulted from unspiritual attention to some women of his parish. Doctor Hyde, a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman of Honolulu, wrote a private letter to his brother in the East which did not flatter the "filthy" holy father. This letter was published without the author's authority and Robert Louis Stevenson came back in an open letter which took the hide off Rev. Hyde. R. L. S. uncorked a bottle of literary vitriol. This invective broke the poor minister's heart. People who know, say R. L. was on the wrong track. When it comes to severe criticisms on people's characters none are above reproach, including Stevenson himself. I learned from people in Honolulu, who were there when R. L. was, that he wrote under the influence of dope and drugs, and that one time he apologized to some women he had made an appointment with and forgotten, under the influence of the drug, and discourteously refused to receive them. I have been in Apia, Samoa, where he lived, and conversed with some there who said Stevenson stirred up strife among the native chiefs and was responsible for their death; that some of his books were burned; that his private life and morals did not warrant his picking up stones and throwing them at the glass houses of other people.

We saw the beauty of the settlement without being able to see the horrible ravages of the disease, which can petrify as though Medusa looked you in the eye. Later at Honolulu I saw official photos of lepers who had been sent here. Jack London made a visit to the colony once and described their looks. I have seen lepers in Jerusalem, Asia Minor and the Orient, and his description is not exaggerated. He tells of their gnarled and twisted fingers, leonine faces, yawning space in a face where there should have been a nose, and arm stump showing where a hand had rotted off. On them had been placed the mark of the beast. When they talked their lips made uncouth noises and their throats rasped. They were hu-

man monsters and human caricatures. Their hands were like harpy claws, their faces crushed and bruised as if by some mad god at play. Here and there were features half smeared away. One woman wept scalding tears from twin pits of horror where her eyes had once been. Coughing made sounds like the tearing of tissues. They mowed and gibbered like huge apes, marred in the making, until even an ape was an angel. They seemed to be creatures that had been racked in millenniums of hell. Lidless eyes burned under hairless brows, swollen ears flapped down on their shoulders.

From many glowing accounts I expected to see the streets of this stricken city littered with sloughed-off leper toes, fingers, feet and hands, and a nearby disinfectant and drying factory where they were made up into alluring souvenirs to be shipped over the world for tourist curio-hunters and museums—something after the style of the fake antique mummy hand and foot factories in Karnak, Egypt. It was Sunday, perhaps the white-wings had finished their street cleaning Saturday and were taking their Sunday snooze. Kalaupapa was a spotless town, if one may say that of a leprous settlement.

As I left the lepers, Gorky's "Creatures that Once were Men," flashed into mind, and I gave them a parting blessing.

### GOOD-BYE!



It isn't an easy thing to leave Molokai although you may be no leper, for you must bargain for a boat. As there was none at Pukoo, our whale-boat having returned two days before, we drove down to Kamola where we found a Jap sampan glad to take us and our \$15. You can't cross unless you come across. The start was auspicious. Through some misunderstanding of the signal, our rudder was smashed on the coral reef. The teeth of reefs tear the boats as the shark's teeth tear you if you fall in. After more manoeuvring we turned about and struck another reef. The profanity of four languages, English, Jap, Chinese and Hawaiian, rent the air, and the natives on shore must have thought a storm was coming for they rushed down waving their arms like windmills and calling us to come back. We



came back, patched the rudder, secured an engineer who could understand the captain's signals, and with a running jump started to hurdle the breakers.

Heroic deeds go unheralded here. We passed a buoy that could tell a tale if one could understand it. One night, not long ago, a sampan was caught out here in a squall racing through the channel. The men were afraid of being blown on land, and the captain ordered one of his crew, a Russian, to jump overboard and fasten the boat to the buoy. Before he would make it fast, the boat was blown away, and the Russian grabbed hold of the buoy. Although there was a terrible sea running, one of the crew, knowing the Russian could not swim, instead of leaving him to drown, leaped off and swam to Kamola to get help. He reached the town, roused the people, and although it was almost certain destruction for a boat to go through the reef in a storm, these Hawaiians bravely ran the boat through the breakers, rescued the Russian as he was feebly hanging on, and brought him safe to shore. These men received no headlines in the papers or medals of honor that I know of, but I am sure that they had the bravery of heroes in first-line trenches.

Our sampan was larger than the whale-boat and we were kept from constant ducking by tarpaulins stretched along the side. For an hour we lay in the bottom of the sampan, caring little whether we went up or down. If they had a tip in advance, few saints would be brave enough to do penance by sailing across this channel in such a shell. We were not yet destined to sleep in an ocean bed, and that night slept in the bunk of Mauna Kea, opening our eyes in Honolulu harbor next morning.

### BUFFETING THE BILLOWS



THE trip to Kauai is made over one of the worst channels and in the worst boat imaginable. The "Kinau," a small and smelly ship, welcomed us as we crossed the gang with an orgy of odors. Waiting to get under way we saw some naked sailors in the bow, bathing under difficulties and under deck. They knew the trip and were doubtless preparing for decent burial. Soon we pulled out

and descended into the lower regions of the boat for dinner. Our meal was accompanied by the music of the coughers and spitters in the staterooms on either side of the table. Captain Gregory sat at the head of the table and was the one redeeming feature of the boat. He deserved better things. I cannot imagine what crime he has committed to be punished with such a position. After a visit to his cabin where he jolted us with some good stories, we said goodnight. Now the boat bowed low, rolled on her sides and stood on her hind sea-legs. The passengers were sick, scared or both, and spent the time on their knees praying to heaven, or over the rail cursing the ship company.

I turned in—my berth was nearly the death of me. Some of the boats have a placard over the bunk kindly requesting passengers to remove shoes before retiring! Is it because they are seasick or drunk, or want to kick the steward? I took mine off so I might swim the more easily when the boat upset, as it threatened to do. A drummer and his friends told me it was not unusual for the waves to smash in the cabins opening on deck and carry away your baggage.

According to the universal custom we arrived too early in the morning for breakfast. Nawiliwili is a nasty harbor with a bad swell. In real rough weather the boat bumps on the rocky bottom of the harbor. What Kauai needs, more than anything else, is a good harbor.

### WAIMEA CANYON



FOLLOW a Pacific shower and it leads to Nawiliwili, the picturesque port where we disembarked. I made the discovery that the natives of the island are web-footed. To paint this rainy isle one should use water colors and frame the picture in a rainbow.

When Captain Cook arrived off Kauai in 1778 the natives wanted nails and pieces of iron; he must have accommodated them, for on docking we found several well made automobiles. Choosing the best, our Portuguese chauffeur started to show us the much vaunted beauties of this isle. The sky was red over the jagged hills of the harbor as if Aurora had cut her

feet walking over them. The road wound through beautiful scenery of rice and cane fields, the clouds lifted and gave glorious glimpses, and as we rose our spirits rose and we were prepared to see the famed Waimea canyon. But we nearly missed it for our auto path was blocked with a broken cane flume. Across this we ran into wet clay but finally got out. Climbing higher we saw the ocean and the island of Niihau where splendid mats are made. I heard this island was ruled despotically by a boss who gives orders who shall visit it and what the natives must do who are there. He must have them kahunaed.

We bumped the bumps, bouncing from one place to another like an auto going up stone steps, and jumped out, not so much from delight at views, as because we were thrown up, there was no choice. At last the canyon was reached. It is about two and one-half miles wide, and I studied its anatomy of rock ribs and backbones. 'Tis a green and not a grand canyon, with ridges and ravines, and quite foolish to compare it with the Grand Canyon of Arizona in size or color. One might as well compare an apple or a peach, a water or an oil color, the mountain or the ocean. The Waimea Canyon is just itself. The Creator is so great He is never compelled to duplicate his masterpieces. I liked the beauty of the cracks, wrinkles and age of the canyon, just as I admire the character wrinkles on a good old woman's face. We gaped at the gap. This mountain watershed seems to have sprung a leak for water was running everywhere. The water gushes like the folders and tourists who attempt to describe it. The cliffs were beribboned with waterfalls.

It's a great health resort. After the rough roads one feels like a wreck and invalid and is astonished not to find a collection of sanitariums scattered about. Should sugar from Cuba be admitted free to the U. S., and Hawaiian sugar take a slump, I would not marvel to find in a few years that the money-making cane men had turned Kauai into a paradise. How beautiful it will be then when the T. B. traveler arrives, to cough and read sign boards and electric signs announcing cures for human ills—a panacea painted on every precipice.

This is the playground for tourists and demigods. As the dwarfs played nine-pins along the Hudson, so the demigods



played marbles here, but it wasn't marble season and I missed them. We noticed a big bird floating down in the abysm, perhaps it was the demigod Mano who, whenever he saw a girl he liked, turned into a bird, grabbed her and carried her off to his cave. It was unhealthy to contradict or oppose him, for he had the bad habit of killing those he ran off with. We saw many small waterfalls and are sorry we had so little time to visit the one with the big name, for we should have missed the boat ere spelling it to the driver "Ehaehaekamanuekanealohikealemaineikawai." There is a sacred lake and altar up here too, where it is said that anciently and even now, Hawaiians climb to offer sacrifices.

Kauai was once densely populated, but now all one sees is dense growth of trees and bushes. The Canyon is an excellent place to break your journey, or your neck, as surely you will do unless you are careful. We were loath to leave and regretted we had no eyes in the back of our head. The hidden beauty and mystery of these mountains and ravines, dismal and abysmal, is only revealed to goats and geological surveyors.

We reached the city of Waimea with our appetites. Here Captain Cook landed in search of a watering place; now drummers and the wise come in quest of native rum made in swipe factories. I was intoxicated with the island scenery; some of the people I met were full of okelehau; even the mountain peaks were on a "jag"; the ocean sands "barked" when you walked over them; and the "horn" blowhole spouted on the beach.

### BARKING SANDS AND BLOWHOLE



THE Barking Sands are at one end of the island. We knew of sands and shores where we had barked our shins, or embarked or disembarked, and had been assured that if we turned somersaults down the sand dune the sand would bark like a pack of hounds. This is slightly exaggerated—the island plan is to make every duck a swan. I climbed up and played with the sands like a child on the seashore, then I slid down. The sands refuse to bark if wet, or if dry—because they don't bark, simply make a sort

of pull-your-toe-out-of-the-mud sound. A theory to account for the noise is that the compression of the air between the angular particles of the sand creates this sound. Natives say the "uhanes," or spirits of their dead ancestors, do this to show their displeasure at being disturbed. If this be so, I'm sorry I was so sacrilegious—peace to their sandy ashes. A dachshund would be ashamed to make a sound like this and call it a bark. The phenomenon is also found at Oahu.

The blowhole, or spouting horn, is on the rocky beach, and is caused by the rush of the wave underneath that is forced up through a natural aperture. It shoots like a geyser, rises like a plume of spray and spouts like the whale trademark of Massolt's gingerale. It's a fine shower bath if you go near—a fisherman once tried it, fell in and drowned. European gardens have artificial rock fountains where the water is turned on at certain days or festivals, we were fortunate to be in this natural park and have this ocean fountain play for us.

### A THRILLING TRIP



MAN lives not by bread alone but by sugar-cane—no water no cane, so the capitalist looked up the mountain canyon, saw the water and said, "We'll ditch it." Our new eight-cylinder car was expensive and beautiful, but the ditch trail road up the Olokele canyon is very narrow, it makes so many turns that the driver first phoned to see whether the road was clear since there is no place where two cars can pass. Had it rained the road would have been impassably slippery. There is no stone wall to keep a car from going over, and the road is made to slant, to shed water. One looks down hundreds of feet over the edge of this path, and the hills beneath resemble mounds of the dead who have fallen over. When our car turned a rocky corner the people on the back seat saw the fender hanging over the precipice. It was a heart-palpitating ride. Even the blasé traveler of the Yosemite, the Arizona, the Yellowstone and Apache trails, would certainly sit up and take notice. I told my chauffeur Gomez I didn't come here to die, he smiled and said nothing. One chauffeur had recently lost his nerve making the climb, and they were compelled to phone for another

man to come up and get him. I spoke to inhabitants who had lived on the island for twenty years, and they said they would only trust their feet to make that trail. We saw no peasants, but many pheasants that are good hunting. Gomez related how he had driven up here one night with a police posse to find the body of an Hawaiian hunter who had tumbled over a cliff and been killed. If you care to know what thrills we experienced, go down the Arizona Grand Canyon trail in a flivver.

The Olokele canyon is narrow, winding, and like the Wai-mea gives vistas of gulches, streams and waterfalls of foliage. In olden times leper hunting was a great sport in these hills, the lepers refusing to go to the Molokai prison. I talked with a man in Honolulu who had lived here when the government tried to catch the lepers. The lepers said the white man stole their land, imported the Chinese coolies to work it, who gave them the "Chinese sickness," or leprosy. They declared it wasn't just to do this and then throw them into the Molokai prison for life—so they fought, some were killed and some were caught.

The canyon drive is so thrilling that it would make the hair of the wig of a bald-headed man stand on end. These dizzy cliffs produce more heart flutter than Cupid's arrows. However, with a good day, car and driver you may take a chance to go up and come back. Really, there is less accident and fatality than on our level city streets. At last we reached the Ditch house, looked all around, took one deep breath and held it all the way back again over the trail. Let people say what they may—the Olokele ride is more exciting than any moving picture.

## LIFE AMONG THE HAWAIIANS



AUAI has the legend of Pikoi, a famous rat-killer, not poison or trap, but a hero who went hunting with a bow and arrow, as celebrated in Hawaiian song as Homer's battle between the frogs and mice. The modern hero is a mosquito-killer. Saul slew this thousands—you may slay your tens of thousands. The cannibal chief who vis-



ited this island long ago was not as bloodthirsty as the mosquito. These cannibals surely can nibble. When one detachment was tired, another came up to relieve and assist. Lihue is the island's headquarters for them. They drink so much blood and are so phlebotomical, that, like the Chasuta Indians, if we stayed here long enough we should be forced to kill them on our body and eat them with the idea of restoring the blood abstracted. The traveler to Kauai is welcome, not simply by the hotel and garage man, but by the mosquito whose bill is as big as theirs combined.

In cataloguing the blessings of life in the Hawaiian paradise, one must not forget to mention the centipede and scorpion who have not yet been domesticated. Their race is "down-trodden" like the Hawaiian.

Every dog has his day, and every cat its night in Honolulu—it needs all its nine lives, for cat-killing is one of the city's night sports. But there is one thing that leads a charmed life, a pet to be found in every house—the spider. Don't be surprised to find you are not alone and he has disturbed your privacy. He is a privileged character and a guest who never outstays his welcome. Although he looks it, he is not an evil genius in the household, spying on your every act, but rather your good friend who protects you against moth, insect and cockroach. He is found in the lowly fisherman's cottage and in the palace of the kings, illustrating the Scripture, "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in king's palaces." These spiders are not the size of a coffee or lima bean, but Brobdingnagian and Gargantuan. They may not have quite the dimensions of those in the moon, which, according to Lucian, the Syrian Greek satirist, are each as big as one of the islands of the Cyclades, still they would scare many a modern Miss Muffet who sat on a tuffet. As a thing of beauty, the spider is not a joy forever, but with the horse and cow should be classed as a useful animal. He has a mission, minds his own business, and it is our business to let him alone. In history his ancestors saved the Scottish warrior Bruce by spinning a cob-web chain across his cave which kept his enemies out. Byron says that Bonnivard made a lasting friendship with the spiders in his cell—you may learn to love them too, if you are imprisoned long enough in the islands.

The islands have carnival processions once a year, but there is a perennial parade—the cohorts of cockroaches who have big encampments everywhere. They march over floors and walls and promenade over your person. I have watched them on the listening outposts—of the bed, or reconnoitring by the dresser, and planning to make a flank attack on me. The cockroach army is very brave in the dark, but the flash of a light puts him to flight. His raids are generally directed against the kitchen or commissary.

Among the most malignant back-biters are the fleas. This animated animal is always on the jump, and for long-distance leaping has the world record, in fact, he easily hopped over the island's immigration bars and today is active in all society circles. Many of the Kanakas spend their time in pursuit of him and happiness. They have this tradition about his first visit to their shores: Many years ago an Hawaiian girl from Waimea went out to a ship to see her lover, and as she was about to return, he gave her a bottle, saying that there was very valuable property in it, but that she mustn't open it on any account until she reached the shore. As soon as she gained the beach, she eagerly uncorked the bottle to examine her treasure, but nothing was to be discovered—the fleas hopped out and have gone on hopping and biting ever since. Such is the legend of the Hawaiian Pandora, teaching the lesson to beware of the bottle. The flea has been celebrated in literature from Ovid's flea and Shakespeare's "Fleance," to Pindar's "Elegy to the fleas of Teneriffe" but you know all about him, reader, especially if you are a traveler. In the Oriental section of Honolulu I saw a man take an electric needle and tattoo different designs on the bodies of some soldiers. It is unnecessary for you to spend your money this way, the flea, without any charge, will work quietly at night and decorate you with elaborate patterns.

## COVERING KAUAI



**W**HEN Captain Cook first discovered the island of Kauai there was a chief who boasted himself to be a professional thief and that plunder was his livelihood. Caught stealing, he was killed. Today his memory is honored by hotel-keepers here who do the same thing without fear of punishment. You get poor room, poor fare and nearly every item on the menu stands for indigestion. Magazines are three years old and you are charged Waldorf Astoria prices for wretched accommodations. In the early history of Kauai the natives of Oahu sailed over here, stole all they could lay their hands on, and carried away the women. Now you come from Oahu and are met with the danger of auto and hotel brigands, and the girls steal away your heart—though it must be admitted that Hawaiian women are not usually handsome in feature, for Venus has given her girdle of fascination to few.

While crossing the island some men rushed out and told our chauffeur to stop, which we readily did, for if they were bandits there was little left to give them. They proved to be quarantine health inspectors determined to see whether we were trying to smuggle in flu germs. They permitted us to pass because we were transients. The plague was virulent. The day before we drove through stricken towns with hospitals full and death rate large. Our boat brought a number of emergency nurses for rush calls. Perhaps if people would take the prescription of a grain of common sense daily, they would not be so apt to succumb to flu or any other ill.

The ride offers little tropical scenery until you enter the valley of Hanalei with its river, and rice-fields resembling a checker-board. Kauai seems but little Hawaiian, much less so than the other islands. Japs and Chinks have Orientalized it, which explains the number of rice-fields.

In this valley I met a friend whom I had not seen since I had been in Philippine islands five years ago. He looked happy and healthy, enjoyed the climate and had come here with his family to live. He was the water-buffalo, the mud-splashing, slow-plodding, rice-field ploughing buffalo, with whom everything is well till he runs amuck in the muck.



## STARVED



AT the foot of a shark-finned hill we left the auto, walked along a beach and entered a wood. Ahead of us gaped a great cave, and the echo roar of the ocean sounded like some monsters in it. We entered this fish mouth cave of Haena. There was no dragon there to kill us, our flashlights simply revealed broad, arching roofs whence trickled drops of water, and great arched rooms where giants could live. It is now a cattle corral and was once a huge prison of starvation. Years ago an army was shut in here by their enemies who closed the cave entrance and starved them to death. One man discovered an opening in the roof of the cave, escaped and sought aid. When he returned he found all his companions dead within, and the enemy outside having a savage orgy. Can you imagine this horror in the dark cave? Did they go mad, laugh like demons, roll in fits, tear and eat each other? If you want a horribly vivid idea of an army starving to death, read Flaubert's "Salamambo," where the victims' eyes were dilated; black circles went round the eyes to the lower parts of the ears; bluish noses stood out between hollow cheeks; the skin of the body was too large for the muscles; the lips were glued to yellow teeth; and all the while they exhaled an infectious odor. They might have been taken for living tombs, open sepulchres.

There were no souvenir shin-bones, so we crawled back through the thickets without fear of being affectionately embraced by a serpent, kissed by a rattlesnake or caressed by a jaguar, for the only savage animal and beast of prey in the islands is man. We rested at an Hawaiian mat-maker's home. The woman made the mats and spoke English. She was interested and laughed so heartily that her husband insisted she should translate the conversation, then he laughed and I had the laugh on him.



WEAVING MATS, HANALEI, KAUAI



ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI



## CLIMATE CRANKS



THE blue bay, the yellow half-moon of sandy beach, the green hills holding their heads high, furnished a restful picture for tired eyes. The ocean seemed so jealous in its rivalry with the sky that it turned green with envy. Hanalei is a fine site for a Castle of Indolence or a castle in the air.

The Hawaiian islanders regard their climate as sacred and anyone as wicked or criminal who criticizes it. Had it been possible, they would have given Adam and Eve a folder when they left Paradise, to come to their islands. Once upon a time the natives threw lighted torches at night in these mountain ravines, making wonderful displays. This pales into insignificance when compared with modern writers and their pyrotechnic pens, fireworks of style and golden rain of words so dazzling that you close your eyes so as not to be blinded like Paul on the way to Damascus.

One thinks these places Elysian fields of happy and long-lived blessedness—for a while. But living here shows sorrow, cursing and undertakers. In all this pleasure-loving place, pain has entered and the dentist is prosperous. The best story is a brief one. Who knows but that even the angels are affected with ennui.

A side drive to a waterfall gave a delightful impression of this garden isle, and we hurried to find "Kinau" waiting to give us another chance to die a watery death. Eluding a traffic policeman, whose arduous duty it is to be on his beat two hours on boat days, we reached the wharf and boat. She pulled out and rolled again from side to side, but not more so than a party of drummers who had made funnels of themselves for okelehau. They sang, danced and went into their state-rooms for more, accompanied by one of the ship officers to see that the law against drinking swipes was strictly obeyed. One of the boys took pity on me, gave me a taste of it, and offered me a receipt that I might be able to make all I wanted for myself and friends. I have lost it or would gladly give it to you, dear reader, if I were sure you would not violate the recent gov-

ernment law prohibiting the manufacture of booze. We reached Honolulu Sunday morning with sincere thanks to heaven for protection against the dangers of deep mountains and deep sea.

## JAIL-BIRDS



IN company with Mr. Dranga and a “new thought” lady lecturino, we visited the Honolulu pen with its exclusive society. We had not been discovered doing anything that entitled us to come. However, one can never tell what may happen, so we went with the mixed motives of curiosity and the wish to help others less fortunate than ourselves, at least we thought they were. The instant the warden saw us, the key was turned, the iron door swung open, for there was no question of the fitness of our coming in, though there might be of our going out.

It is a popular institution. There was a good number present of all races and for as many different crimes—every cast of countenance, but not many downcast. The crimes varied from drunks to murder. Some of the boys were washing clothes and others playing basket-ball. There was a long dormitory corridor where they could dream of happy days gone by. They are not taught trades, a serious mistake, for a man will do you unless he has something special to do for himself.

The large chapel upstairs was decorated in blue, doubtless to cheer the prisoners. There was an old piano. Dranga asked me to lead the boys in “sweet land of liberty.” I suppose they could have sung the bars of music, but the bars on the windows were too ironic. I played something else, and then we all sang hymns. In their songs they vied with Paul and Silas in prison music. They sang with more voice and volume than I had heard in any church in the islands. The one who sang most sweetly and divinely was a young Filipino murderer. I spoke to them, telling them I was glad to see so many of them here—that is, who were willing to come and attend the service; that I knew of others in Honolulu who should be present, in fact, that we were all sinners and that God was merciful; that natives were thrust into jail who stole a chicken or a pineapple, by whites who had stolen the whole islands. Perhaps

the prisoners were simply trying to reclaim their own, for many whites came over in a spirit that asked the Kanakas to fold their hands, close their eyes and pray, while in the meantime they preyed on huts, took the calabashes and everything else in sight. They came not for their good but for their goods. The natives got religion, but the whites got their real estate. If the missionaries came to save their souls, their sons took their soil. Yea, verily, is it not so known and talked about, though not written in the books, reports and daily papers?

Then rose the "new thought" lady, saying she disliked the word "sinner" I had used and made the startling statement that, "we are all perfect." "Yes," she added, looking at men who had broken every commandment to bits, "you are perfect—complete divinity reigns within you." I was sure I was not in that class and ought to retire, but she said qualifyingly, "I mean there is a perfect ideal of character in every soul, and we are to work on it until it is accomplished." Dranga made a few "compromising" remarks to reconcile our different estimates, and since we were not there to make the place one of inquisition torture, we stopped speaking with their thanks.

A prisoner asked my advice about going to Buenos Aires, South America, when he was free. I told him to let well enough alone and not go from bad to worse. Anxious for information on the jail conditions, I asked the guard a number of leading questions. He had heard my speech, was evidently suspicious, answered a few queries, and closed the interview by referring me to the warden.

We left this institution of learning, to be good or bad, with hopes for speedy improvement in new thought "perfection" and wishing that the boys would soon graduate, for the prison is small compared with the waiting list of those who should be in. We left these young men behind the prison walls, and walked forth into the free world of hypocrisy and knavery, the nursery of villainy, school of giddiness, and academy of vice.



## THE MADHOUSE



THE madhouse encloses some but not all the crazy folks. Stepping off the street-car by an Hawaiian church on Asylum Avenue, we followed the road lined with cottages, and opening on lanes of ill fame. I know many other cities with Asylum Avenues.

The guard permitted us to enter the little gate. At the office we met a son of Norway who piloted us around. The first person to greet us was a cursing German woman who, with howling frenzy, hurled broken English at us. There were pest-stricken Ophelias huddled on the grass, gurgling snatches of love-songs. A Portuguese with fantastic flowers in her hair and the light of hell reflected in her eyes, tripped up to us humming sonnets from the Portuguese. Another Bedlamite thrust out a skinny, scurvy hand asking for money. Troops of women issued from the dining room, half-bald, disheveled, barefooted, in holokus, and crossed the lawn in motley march. One girl was imprisoned in a large wooden chair reserved for wild women. We saw them eating, mouthing, munching, slobbering like dogs with not a knife between them. Some were sitting under the trees crocheting corset covers, or making lace with two pins for needles, and knitting better with these hat-pins than some of their sober, sane sisters with knitting-needles.

In a pavilion I saw an idiot child gamboling about, while in the center on a raised bench, sat a sad-eyed, moonstruck monomaniac making the floor damp with her tears. Others lounged in a sort of delirious daze, or rocked to and fro as if possessed by evil spirits.

We entered kitchens, bakeries, dormitories, laundries, lavatories. Walking through the men's quarters, a man stepped swiftly by us as if a fiend pursued him. Like Crabbe's madhouse "Sir Eustace Grey," demons were his guides and followed him awake or asleep. There were Koreans, Japs, Hawaiians, Filipinos and a black, blind, old South Sea islander sitting on the ground with his legs crossed like a Buddha, with face towards the sun. A man with a queer hat on came hopping by and barking like a dog. Many were the wretched men

with red eyes and vacant stares, crawling on the porch or sprawling on the grass. One maniac was an Italian with martial mien and act. Pointing to a crucifix in his belt he unrolled a scribbled scroll. I saluted him with, "Viva La Italia," and this brought him to a stand and salute, after which he followed me until I left the grounds. Some were playing ball, others looking on with stupefied despair. There was a Jap making a square on the ground in which he stood looking straight into the face of the sun, then he muttered some words and moved away to repeat the prayer. Mad, perhaps, but not so mad as those who never pray at all.

This receptacle of mental refuse is full. Mr. Schwallie, the superintendent, begged me not to compare it with any similar institution in the United States. Means were so limited he couldn't tell how soon the inmates would be starved to death. Some of the buildings were gloomy, stenchful, worm-eaten and rickety, fitter for animals than men. There is a sad lack of necessary help, and most of the guards and nurses have not passed civil service examinations. As Johnson said to Boswell, "This is a dolorous place."

The charge was openly made that the inmates were treated like animals and left out in the rain, victims with sores were compelled to sleep on bare floors without blankets, mattresses or pillows. Dean Swift left his estate to idiots—it's time some rich islander followed the example. In Turkey mad men are held as saints; the Indians of Ecuador treat them with cruelty; in Hawaii some are put in the pupule madhouse, while others are elected to the Legislature, for it is their fault that more liberal appropriations are not made for the support and maintenance of this institution. We saw some idiots leering as we departed, but they were not poetic madmen like King Lear. While waiting, the auto patrol whirled in with a mad man. Since it was a long walk back to the car line, we thanked the superintendent and guide for their kindness and asked the patrol wagon driver to give us a lift over the long, hot dusty road. He was a bit surprised, but said yes. In we jumped and the official car pulled out of this place, leaving this orchestra of shrieks, mutterings, groans and barkings behind—this horrible hospital of diseased minds, the loathsome dunghill of outcast humanity.

## AROUND OAHU



THE Oahu railroad is an educational moving picture 71 miles long. You get the most for your money of anything in the islands. We passed pineapple canneries whose history makes a sweet and juicy story in world-wide demand. The pineapple fruit looks like an infernal machine, a bushy-haired bolshevist, and in the field like sprouted dragon's teeth—like everything except what it is inside—sweet and nutritious.

Pearl Harbor is where our warships are to float like ducks in a pond. We drove around, saw the magazines explosive as an anarchist weekly, and wireless enough to talk to Lincoln or George Washington in heaven. This Pearl Harbor is not without price. Like the Panama Canal, its expense seems endless—but what care we! Here is the dry dock that recently went to smash, Hawaiians say, because it was built in the shark-god's home. It was being drained and some workmen were looking for a shark said to have been caught in the caisson gate. The natives, ever superstitious, who live outside the naval reservation, prayed, offered up a sacrifice of a fat pig and white chicken, to jolly up the shark-god who was naturally angry at this government invasion of his immemorial right. With Diamond Head guns and searchlights, Pearl Harbor boats, thousands of khaki-clad soldiers at Schofield barracks. Uncle Sam can go to bed at night without fear of shark-gods or yellow perils.

The train takes us now by cane plantations. If you have a cavity in your sweet tooth, come here, be your own dentist and fill it. The next stop was Sisal. Shades of sunny sisal we had seen in Mexico and Yucatan. I wonder the dismal failure we saw did not force the planter to gather the few stalks and braid them into a rope with which to hang himself.

We passed Nanakuli which has been recommended as a location for a new insane asylum. A good idea, I thought, when I read a silly magazine story that had its plot in this spot—its author should be sent here for treatment.

The train turned the corner of the island which has been cornered by capital, and we looked out beyond the rocky beach



where whales once a year spout, flip their tails and do the hula hula. Haleiwa is a week-end resort where fagged-out fashion rests by dancing, flirting, boating, and overseeing the coral gardens.

## HELL'S PREPARATORY SCHOOL



THE Boys' Reform School was next passed. It is 65 miles from Honolulu and 10,000 from humanity. Recently one of the inmates tried to escape this insular hell by swimming across the channel to the island of Kauai. One must go back to ancient history to duplicate the dungeon system and punishment used here. It became so infamous that the governor of the islands abolished the cells just before we left Honolulu. Conditions were unthinkable and unprintable. It was a deformatory, not a reformatory. Half-starved, the boys sneaked out into the garden, stole a few potatoes, and were whipped and thrown into the dungeons as criminals. At night conditions were foul—no mosquito nets above their beds, and vermin and bugs beneath, according to the report of the investigating committee. Often boys of tender years were thrown in with older, hardened criminals. I talked with one of the investigators who revealed a moral state of affairs that would have been blue-penciled by the Sodom and Gomorrah Gazette. The entire board of regents resigned to avoid being fired. Among these highgrade overseers was a Roman Catholic priest and a prominent society woman of the same faith. This is nothing unusual, the "Let George do it" methods prevail.

Committees are selected, not for efficiency, but for social and political reasons. Conditions in the reformatory are not surprising when even a court judge in Honolulu, who evidently is not familiar with the Bible's or Shakespeare's definition of charity, orders boys to be lashed and flogged as punishment to fit the crime of some minor offense. Yet the official folder of the Information Bureau says this school for boys is a "model institution." Yes, the devil could come here and get a hint for improving his prisons in hell. In his "Prison Reform," Oscar Wilde aptly says, "But to make even these re-

forms effectual much has to be done. The most difficult task is to humanize the governors of prisons, to civilize the wardens, and to Christianize the chaplains." It is not the prisoners who need reformation so much, as it is the prisons. The curse of our alleged reformatory institutions is their stupidity, graft, cruelty and officialism.

Our train ran through a forest of Marconi wireless—wires thick and many as sticks of macaroni in Italy. During the war this station had been dismantled for a cause some Baker or Public Misinformation Bureau doubtless assigned.

### A MORMON COLONY



AT Kahuku we changed cars for the Mormon railway, and while waiting for the train we had plenty of rice at a Japanese restaurant and water in bucketsful from the sky. Before the Mormons bought this branch railway, the connections were prompt—now you wait any time from an hour to a week, for it is used for cane service, and the literary railroad commissioner would rather Hall Caine than passengers. The creak of the rusty wheels in the wet jungle announced the arrival of a toy locomotive, some empty cane cars, and a black passenger caboose that resembled a small coffin on wheels. We sat like the dead in it for a half hour, when it suddenly began to move, but in the wrong direction. Looking for the why of this whither, we saw the locomotive power was Hawaiian. I asked the man if he intended to push us to the next station; he looked at me and left. Another wait, the car roof leaking like a sieve. At last when the barefooted baggage-man, who had managed to light his cigaret between showers, hitched us up, we started off with more motion from side to side than forward. At the station I had tried to purchase tickets, but none were sold for this train. Now I saw why. The man who had been train-coupler and baggage-man was conductor. He came in, no tickets were necessary, he just told what we were to pay and put the money in his pocket. What a convenient system—for the conductor. From the amount, he evidently charged us for the time the train waited on the sidetrack. The half-dozen Hawaiians in the car were

treated the same way. He may have been the president of the road, and only took what was coming to him.

Laie, the Mormon settlement, was eventually reached. How long will Mormonism, here and elsewhere in the U. S., last before there is a settlement and judgment at the bar of public opinion? This section of the island is famed as the birthplace of Kamapuaa, the hog-god who was an expert at thieving and killing. I think "hog" is a good word for the Mormon idea of money and morals, and his killing record is no more malodorous than that of this saintly church, of latter-day and night depredations, which takes money from poor parishioners, and whose Utah record is made up of Mountain Meadow massacre, robbery and murder.

As we arrived at the station a bevy of school girls appeared to meet us we thought, but they simply broke off pieces of sugar-cane in the cars to eat.

We made purchases in the Mormon store conducted on the Salt Lake City plan, very fresh to a Gentile, for everyone is ground between the millstones of the Co-operative stores and societies. We saw the school buildings and various grades where the ignorance and credulity of the children is being exploited. In one room there were pictures of Christ and Pershing. I couldn't imagine why the world's Redeemer was there, but I did know that General Pershing was one of the Mormon patron saints. He it was who was sent by President Wilson to the Casas Grande Valley, settled by the Mormons, where instead of going to "get Villa," and bringing him home dead or alive, he protected the Mormons from a Villa raid—Mormons who had fled from the U. S. for polygamous practices. The price paid for the government protection of these Mormon outlaws was the solid Mormon vote of Utah, Wyoming, Idaho and California for Woodrow Wilson. This put him in the White House, and not the so-called progressiveness of the West.

We walked up to the house of the head of the Mormon settlement to find him out. He is accused of having five wives, though this was stoutly denied by a native Hawaiian Mormon who said that he only had three. If so, this possibly accounted for his absence.



Then we meandered over to the new, unfinished temple, the largest this side of Utah. I photographed it and for this unpardonable sin and heinous crime, a man came wildly running from the village, made frantic gestures, said the grounds were tabu, and ordered us away from the temple. We stood not long on the order of our going, but went. Such was our warm reception and welcome—just what non-Mormons may be expected to receive. We saw an advertised dance, for dancing is an article of the Mormon faith, the teachers were pretty and that's a matter of practice.

Two of these teachers were in a Mormon school attempting to teach some Hawaiian children how to sing and dance. As well educate a duck to swim; the scholars should have taught the teachers.

The money that these seraglio-hunters, lustful, lucre-loving Mormons paid for this section of the island, is not publicly known. The public was hoodwinked about the deal, and the price paid for city, cane-fields and railroad was doubtless the price, as in Hood's day of "Gold, gold, price of many a crime untold."

## PROFANE FALLS



JAP chauffeur drove us to Hauula, the starting point for the Sacred Falls. The wood hotel is not fireproof but mosquito proof, that is, the bedrooms, for when we sat out on the unscreened veranda to enjoy the moon, each of us had a small package of incense burning at our feet like so many gods in a heathen temple. The meals were tasty, what there was of them, the pianola was old and played out, and the library indicated this was a resort, for in easy reach were "Poems of Passion" and "Three Weeks," mild suggestions of what the visitor might expect.

At night we went to the bathing beach. 'Twas poetic, the stars were like drops of sweat on the black brow of Negro night. The bath houses were full of moonshine. Instead of seeing hundreds on the beach we found only a few in the water—a few boats.

Next morning bright and early we began our pilgrimage to the Sacred Falls, walked the narrow gauge cane-track ties

for a mile and lost the trail in the cane fields. We might have ridden here on a cane train which was creeping up behind us. A Filipino family, thinking us fools because we couldn't find the trail, began to shout and beckon us to get off the track, though they saw we were looking at the approaching train all the time. Not wishing to derail the engine, we leisurely stepped off the track. There is a beautiful scripture, "A little child shall lead them." A cute Filipino kid watched us, and his mother watched him to see what we intended to do with him. We made her understand we wished to see the Sacred Falls and were anxious to have her boy guide us. For a small piece of money he led, and we tagged on through dense cane to a large reservoir pipe where he pointed out the general direction we were to take. Wise boy, he knew what trials were before us and skipped back home.

Heaven's gentle dew was of a quality not strained. It had fallen down in bucketsful during the night and we stumbled and waded through high wet grass that soaked us from heel to waist. We were not the only jackasses on this trail; there were others who eyed us with compassion, and one lifted up his braying voice and wept—the sight was too much for him.

Of course one could wear a rubber suit, but he would miss the morning bath. There was a narrow yellow path of sticky mud that would have delighted the heart of a water-buffalo. A stream comes down this valley hitting stones and boulders all the way. The man who mapped out its course had no regard for the tourist who is compelled to cross and recross it until he gets provoked. Mercury held a caduceus in one hand, I outdid him with my umbrella by balancing on foot in mid-stream. No toe-dancer or chorus girl could equal me. Like a fat fairy I flitted from rock to rock across the stream, slipping, tearing my clothes and skinning my shins.

The valley grew dark, narrow and gorge-like. Sacred Falls! Sacred nothing! My falls suggested every profane word in every language I had heard 'round the world. With every step I denounced Sir Isaac Newton, who discovered the law of gravitation. The way to the falls is walled in by perpendicular cliffs that are hanging gardens of greenery. To keep them from toppling on their head, the credulous natives, even to this day, make offerings of leaves to the gods. We passed

hundreds of them that are kept in place by small stones. L. and I made no gifts and erected no altars. L. knocked over every offering in his way, yet this iconoclasm brought nothing down on our heads, it only disturbed the centipedes sleeping beneath.

The peculiar formation of this Kaliuwaa Valley is due to the hog-god who rubbed his back against the rocks and let his servants and followers use his bristles as ladder rungs to climb to the top of the cliff. He dammed up the water of this stream by throwing his body across it, and is not the only one who had "damned" it. When the warriors came to catch him he broke the dam by leaping away from the waters, and a great flood drowned them. At the top of the falls is a canoe-shaped rock, if you see it that way. We saw the falls, and what a fall there was, my countrymen! Two hours later two shattered, spattered, battered specimens dragged their wet, weary feet up the hotel steps. Asked what sort of a time we had, we declined to express it in the presence of ladies. When I partially recovered and my mind could run on one cylinder at least, my thoughts reverted again to the advertising committee, who, with fair folder words of enticements, had led us innocents abroad to a roughing it experience we could never forget or forgive. The Tourist Bureau and Mountain Trail Club should "put up" better facilities and roads for this and other places in the islands, or "shut up" in their misleading ads.

#### AD LIBBYTUM



UR party toured the rest of the island by auto, looked over Waimanalo plantation and came back by the Pali. The vistas of rock, sea and bay make a gallery of beautiful art pictures. One need not go to Kauai to find mountain peaks, seashore and garden scenery. Facilities should be made accessible to all Hawaiians at cheap rates.

By good road we scaled the Pali and were rewarded with a splendid view of Libby's pineapple fields with his name spelled in large fruit letters. Great man, great name! Doubtless the Creator made all this sublime and seraphic scenery here just for a background for his pineapples, a frame for his



name. Advertising signs were recently torn down on the road to the Volcano House by indignant residents who thought the surroundings were sacred to Pele. Libby's ad. is different, but an insulted Providence who sent a worm to gnaw Jonah's gourd vine, could do the same here ad Libbytum. Can a man think of the "beauty that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," with a cigaret sign on the Parthenon and a chianti wine ad. painted on the Coliseum? Here it is a trifle difficult to concentrate on Hawaiian history and how Kam. I. drove his enemies over the Pali, and they went down to heroic death.

### JAPANIZED HAWAII.



If you care to visit Japan it is unnecessary to go further than Honolulu. The Hawaiian islands are half-way to the Orient, not only geographically, but racially, religiously, mentally and commercially. Direct your next letter to Honolulu, Japan, and I'll wager 100 to 1 it will arrive O.K. At the present rate it will not be long before everything is Japanized except the flag-pole, and according to some, it will not be many years before the "rising sun" will blaze over that. Hawaii's population is mostly Asiatic, and over 60 per cent are Japs. There are 22,000 Chinks, 20,000 Filipinos, 5,000 Koreans and 16,000 whites, including the Porto Ricans, Portuguese and Spaniards of Southern Europe.

The islands constitute a Japanese colony of Mikado-worshippers. Whether it is the tea-houses (where the proprietors explained to us that the geisha girls were not for sale as in Japan), the geisha girls, the theatres, hotels, restaurants, gymnasiums, kite-flying sports, temples, newspapers, schools, stores and food and clothes imported from Japan, the sentiment is "Banzai Nippon." I entered their temples and found many of their Buddhist faith at enmity with our American institutions. I saw sword fencing exhibitions and wrestling, and witnessed a Jap play with imported actors from Tokyo; went to several Jap movie picture houses; ate with chop sticks a full course dinner such as I had eaten in Japan; entered their stores and listened to graphophone records made in Tokyo; rummaged through their bookstores where there was nothing

but Jap literature, and talked with hotel proprietors whose hotel-rooms were partitioned mostly with cloth, not paper, as in Japan.

I have seen men and women bathing together nude in public baths in Japan. This custom has been followed at times in the plantation camps in the islands. At the Jap public baths in Honolulu we saw Jap women door-keepers mildly looking on at stark naked men in the baths. They may not have the Oriental Yoshiwara, but since the red-light district was abolished here because of riots started by a troop of U. S. negro soldiers, many of the Jap women now have children with no legal husbands. Tokyo has its slums, here the Japs have tenements congested and filthy, infected with T. Bs., with half-naked and half-dressed children and women on daily and nightly exhibition.

The Japanese have monopolized the fish trade with their sampans and cold storage, holding up the supply and price until many Hawaiians, whose food is fish and poi, have suffered greatly. I saw Japanese "picture brides" come off the Jap liners and trundled in auto-trucks to the Immigration building where they were fumigated and examined preparatory to meeting their husbands. Richard Halsey, the immigration agent, a former Chicago Baptist Theological Seminary classmate of mine, introduced me to a bright young Jap girl who had been sent home previously for eye trouble, but was now back again and able to look out for herself.

Many of these picture brides come here, not so much to work in the cane-fields, as to raise large families that their numbers and influence may outweigh all other nationalities. Here we saw a Korean deported for being a moral pervert and procurer. He was a white-slave runner for Korean girls.

I am not saying the Hawaiians, Filipinos or whites are any better than some of the Japanese—in fact, some of them may be worse, I am just telling you what I saw. The Japs are tireless workers in the cane-field or city. Whether men or women they work day and night. They do the work of the island and will so long as other races can't or won't work. They are the live-wires—act as servants, cooks and gardeners in most of the homes, and do more and better work than any other help.

The Japs protested in the public press at the passage of bills to regulate their language schools and to put them under the jurisdiction of public instruction. Teachers in these schools are ignorant of the English language and American ideals. It is contended that this controversy was started by a leader of a small Japanese sect with the hope of closing the schools of a rival religious Japanese doctrine. Hawaiian-born Japs look for the day when they shall become American citizens and have control of the electorate. Many Japs come to Hawaii, and when they become citizens go over to 'Frisco. Japan's treatment of Korea has been Kaiseristic, and we further their game of suppressing news of Korean atrocities. I stood at the wharf when the "Shinyo Maru" came in, and saw U. S. custom officials search the pockets of passengers arriving from the Orient to see whether they carried any letters not censored by Japs for mailing. Why should our government try and keep Americans from knowing what Japan or anyone else in the Orient is doing? Is it a part of the keep-in-the-dark policy of the European peace table? Washington had just sent out word to Hawaii to put on the soft pedal on Japanese news, and in the U. S. to muzzle the press on anything true concerning the Japanese-Korean embroglio in the Orient. This looks like Russia before the revolution, and it is this truth-stifling that fills and fires revolutionary bombs. Permit the constitutional rights of Americans to be trampled on, and justice to be outraged, as it has been in the last three years, and a repetition of the French Revolution will not be an impossibility.

Japan is anxious to gobble up the Sandwich islands. She is using Hawaii as a stepping-stone to the Golden Gate of California.

It begins to look as though the boast of a drunken Japanese naval officer would be realized who said, some years ago, that Nippon would take the islands from the "inside." Jap school children openly boast that Japan can lick the United States and take the islands. Their national flower over the school entrance shows loyalty to Japan. Coming over to labor in the plantations, they soon leave them, demanding higher wages and take to the cities, where they crowd out the whites and native population.



Hawaii, Uncle Sam's sugar-bowl, is being overrun with "anti"-Americans.

An old Hawaiian told me that the whites had stolen the islands from them, and she would be glad to have the Japs take them from us.

Lack of immigration restriction is making Uncle Sam profanely say, "Oh God, the heathen have come into thine inheritance."

Hawaii's garden is fast becoming a garbage heap of Orientalism.

### CHINESE ATROCITIES.



THE euphonious river, "Stinking Waters," divides the whites from the yellows in Honolulu. As I stood by its banks one night I heard a noise like a fire-alarm—it was only a Chinese theatre two blocks away. Entering the theatre, I thought it would be a good plan for patrons to receive a fistful of cotton wadding for their ears—the noise was like an army in conflict. The house was segregated, the women upstairs and the men down. It is not like the American showhouse where you may court through all the scenes. Here you have to throw a kiss to your sweetheart. I have heard of people sleeping in thunder storms, and of a general snoring through cannonading of battle, but it is no more remarkable than to see the Chinese children in the balcony asleep in their mothers' laps.


One's attention is divided between the stage and John Chinaman spectator, who comes in, sits down, takes off his slippers, hangs his legs over the chair in front of him, or folds them up like a jack-knife blade beneath him, pulls out a cigaret and enjoys himself. As a sign of good manners he keeps his hat on.

The most important personage on the stage was the property man. There was no curtain and the actor never knew when he would walk in front of him to shift a chair or lay a carpet. In and out he showed the greatest contempt for all but himself, acting as if his was the main part, and the players hindered him in their performance from doing his duty. A jazz band is Hades, but a Chinese orchestra——! It was on the

stage, and I believe was largely accountable for the queer conduct of the actors. There were drums, cymbals, gongs, fiddles of every size, shape and sound. The plot seemed like an opium dream dramatized. It was anything but dull; there were dragons, brigands, enchanters and murderers to keep up the interest. The actors squeaked, shrieked up in their nose, wriggled, wiggled and jiggled, threw epileptic fits, killed some one or committed suicide, all to music that would make a marble statue put its fingers in its ears. The players wrangled and strangled each other to the jangle of the orchestra. The walls of Jericho fell down to the trumpeting of Joshua—I expected these theatre walls would fall down any second on our heads. Hell would not be complete with its instruments of torture, unless it included a Chinese band. I am sure there is no “celestial” music like this in heaven.

The play was a mellow melodrama. One pathetic scene, that brought tears to all eyes, was when the servant girl left her mistress, who immediately stood on her head to show her grief and legs, then fell on hands and knees, and began swinging her head and hair around in a circle for full five minutes. The audience lost its head in the excitement and I feared she would hers. She was easily the headliner and was a man, for all actresses are men. The artists were grotesquely dressed and painted. This hand-painted China was as ugly as some other exhibits I have seen in stores. After two hours we were dizzy and deaf, and left this Pandemonium din and den of mad yellow devils. The music and mirth were head, ear and side-splitting. Like a continued story in a newspaper the play was to be continued nightly for weeks; a one-night stand was sufficient for us who felt sorry for the dramatic critic whose duty it was to write a complimentary account of the coherence of the play and the artistry of its production.

### GAMBLING AND OPIUM

 OHN CHINAMAN is the most honest, willing, industrious and persevering citizen of the islands. He is only addicted to opium, the drama and gambling. I have seen them at night in Honolulu crouching in their cramped quarters having a quiet game, and I knew how

they and the Filipinos were given heavy fines and stiff sentences by judges, who in going to and from the islands play for big money. Church lotteries, charity chances, horse-races, carnival games, commercial ventures, stock brokers, polite white society in large hotels and residences, play unmolested and for big stakes, yet the law draws the color line on the poor Oriental, who has been taught to regard this as a part of his pleasure, religion and education.

Business opportunities are not very bright for a young man in the islands independent of the Big Six, unless he goes into opium-smuggling, a fine art here which will get you "rich quick" unless the officers get you first. Of course, like all business ventures, there is some element of risk, it is no game for amateurs. I talked to one officer on a boat who said he would like to go in for a big haul of \$50,000 and then quit.

While here the custom officers raided a smuggler's signal station. In the hut were found a pair of field glasses, signal search lights and telephone wires. Moreover, they discovered a signal flag of a large white field with a black circle enclosing a black cross. Ships come from the Orient and you might as well expect them to come without fuel as without "poppy-juice." It is risky to drop, ship or carry opium away at the dock, so the smugglers drop it overboard after they have seen the signal. Then the sampan slips out and picks up the package. Often the dope is not dropped till the ship returns from 'Frisco en route to the Orient. A few months ago the 'Frisco officers received a tip and made a \$15,500 haul of the smuggled stuff. Further discoveries were made of smuggled bolts of silk between stateroom partitions, and cases of the intoxicating "sam-shu." A scullery worker offered the custom official \$200 if he would let him off—evidently the amount was insufficient and the opium worth much more.

Smokers and smugglers endanger life and liberty for an opium dream, but don't we all risk health, life and character for dreams of money, fame and pleasure? Some even go to jail for their dreams of liberty. The world's but a dream, and we are but dreamers as Shakespeare and Calderon said at great length long ago.

One day standing by the Young Hotel I heard and saw a Chinese funeral. It was led by a band dressed in white play-



ing, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." The mourners followed with their heads covered. Then came the auto-hearse with the body followed by two dozen autos. In the last one I saw and heard some men beating cymbals, clanging irons and pounding the devil out of a drum to drive away the evil spirits. To a different tune they were "playing safe." What a chance to moralize! Christian music to lead, and heathen ceremony to end. Does it prove that first impressions are lasting, that all's well that ends well, that old belief topped with new faith is safe, or that this music would get the devil coming and going?

There is no night in the benighted, heathen, yellow quarter of the city, for Jap and Chink tailors work all the time. The name "Honolulu" means "Abundance of Peace," and the name fits the town after seven o'clock at night. It is so dead that not even a ghost is around, though these airy spirits were accustomed to gather at the corner of King and Nuuana avenues. Whether they talked of business, told ghost stories or repeated scandal of the underworld, I can't say.

Checkers is a classic game. On the walls of Thebes I saw Rameses II playing a game with a woman, and it has been surmised that checkers was the game Penelope's suitors amused themselves with according to Homer's description in the first book of the Odyssey. It is related, too, that Palimedes invented the game between sieges at the battle of Troy—Palimedes, you know, was on the Greek draftboard and rounded up the malingering Ulysses, who, being unwilling to go to war, feigned he was mad. The ancient Hawaiians played checkers and were champions. They lived to fill up on awa and play the game. Here in Honolulu property and even lives were freely gambled away. The gambling spirit still sways the town. Last year a jury could not agree on the verdict for a Chinese gambling case. They were so tired and provoked that they substituted the goddess of chance for the goddess of justice. Twenty-four slips of paper were taken, shaken up in the hat of a juror, twelve of the slips bearing the word "guilty," and twelve "not guilty." Then they drew, having agreed that the first twelve slips of one kind should decide the verdict. The "not guilty" slips were the winners, and

accordingly the foreman of the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." This was a case of *similia similibus curantur*. The manner of their decision was discovered, the judge discharged the jurors and censured their conduct as "illegal, inexcusable and highly reprehensible."

There have been changes in the last few centuries. Instead of ghost dances in the Punch Bowl there are auto rides and Easter services, and instead of men, gasoline is burned there. The former home of the gods has been transformed into a country club of golf links. The shark-god had his quarters at Waikiki—now you find godless shark corporations which have gobbled up property along the beach. There was a temple at Fort street, whose walls were adorned with the heads of men offered in sacrifice. Now we find temples of commerce where men put their heads together to sacrifice others.

### GOOD BAD GIRLS.



THE all around, best-looking Hawaiian ladies in the islands are at the girls' Reform School. I advise any young man who is looking for a good wife to come here and choose from the many industrious beauties. Instead of spending their time in auto joy-riding, hotel and lanai gossiping with people who only work their tongue, sit with their feet in the water and their heads in the clouds, I saw them making mats and fans, and weaving rugs and hula skirts. They were busy in various buildings industriously and neatly, and I know they will make good business wives from the excellent specimens of sewing, cooking and laundry we saw. The girls are on the honor system. If intractable, which is infrequent, they are placed alone. Differently furnished dormitories indicate different grades of behavior. "Good" girls have larger rooms, better furniture and the luxury of a mirror, though the latter seems needless, for there are no boys to doll up for, and their clothes are all the same. To be deprived of a mirror would be no hardship to a bald-headed, bespectacled bachelor or an old homely maid, but for a young Venus to be unable to worship herself in a glass is inhuman punishment. The idea is not so much to

punish for being bad as to reward for being good. The girls have been generally brought here on the charge of immorality or unmorality. Well, to the tourist, who isn't deaf, blind or a fool all the time, this looks like an unfair distinction, and that there is a double standard of morals between these Hawaiian girls and many of their yellow and white sisters. When it comes to the men in the islands, who are usually guilty in sex sin five times out of six, and who forget that if men will be good women will be pure, there is no detention place large or strong enough to hold them.

### THE HULA HULA



ON Washington's birthday I asked a young Hawaiian girl where the "Maternity" home was. She looked as if that were a strange question from a nice old man like me, but you never can tell, especially here. It is an old joke that one day three of Honolulu's most prominent citizens were standing on the street corner, when a little Hawaiian boy came up and said, "Papa, give me a penny." Instantly and without looking around, all reached down in their pockets for a cent. But the girl I interrogated was not thinking of what I was, and directed me there.

The occasion was a luau and a great success. Hawaii's high society was present in all its glory. The ladies looked quite like angels flitting about in their gossamer gowns, and tanned as if they had been flying too near the sun. We listened to a group of Hawaiian men who played and sang hulas. I couldn't understand, but the Hawaiian women, who were near, did, and I knew from their looks, laughs and remarks that the words were "interesting." I asked the musicians to translate them for me and the leader answered, "They're too hot." Imagine it, singing untranslatable songs in public! The next Sunday morning at the Coral church I glanced into the choir that was leading the congregation in spiritual psalms and songs, and behold, there was one of the heavy hula singers of the day before.

Speaking of music, recalls my friend Ernest Kaai, "Hawaii's music man." He is a composer of songs and instru-



mental music for the ukelele, mandolin and steel guitar. When he plays Orpheus drops his lyre to listen to him. He kahunas his listeners with the magic of his music, and his singing and playing is one of the witcheries of the island that still holds me in its thrall. He told me of a music tour with an Hawaiian troupe in Australia. It was holy week in Sydney, however impossible this may seem, and all places of secular amusement were closed. His troupe had not been educated or prepared for holy religious concerts. They were more familiar with hulas than hymns, but Ernest was wise. He was an illustration of Wilde's, "The Importance of Being Earnest." He taught the boys to sing and play the wildest music in "Nearer My God to Thee" tempo. Then he secured permission from the city dads to give a "sacred" concert, billed the town, packed the house, saintly Sydney fell for it and went home with high ideas of the great good the missionaries had accomplished in the Sandwich islands.

As a foreign student of Hawaiian morals I took the fatigue and expense of a Pacific trip to investigate and examine the native dance proper, or improper, rather—the hula, although much research was not necessary to understand its meaning. The hula is a native dance divided into two classes—obscene and otherwise. At a recent carnival there were public hula dancers who shocked several of the local pastors so greatly that they hid behind the bulwarks of their Sunday pulpits and turned the gattling, rattling gun of their holy criticism against the girls' gyrations. We saw them dance many times, and while the entertainment might not be the best thing for a Y. M. C. A. prayer meeting, or Y. W. C. A. picnic, the dusky maidens wore more clothes and were less suggestive in their movements than some of the fashionable white society women I had seen dancing at the Moana Hotel. Further, these hula girls danced alone and were not hugged and lugged around by a satyr set of military monkeys.

The ancient hula was generally performed by girls decorated with wreaths on their heads, hog-teeth bracelets on their wrists, dog-teeth buskins on their ankles and whale's teeth and leis for neck ornaments. There is no mention of grass skirts, but with or without, the people were less prudish, and old Hawaii was not bothered with Purity Squads. The

dancers generally remained stationary, moving arms and bodies to musical accompaniment and keeping time by striking their breasts to the beat of calabash, stick or drum. Some of the dances were for the gods or chiefs, others describing their daily life. This pantomime dance was sometimes salaciously suggestive in motion, and the accompanying songs were not fit for an addenda to the catechism. Many professional hula dancers were said to have been consecrated to the service of the foul goddess Laka. This divinity had a shrine that was kept green and was worshipped. The Hawaiians were out and out in their dancing. They did not gloss it over and wore no hypocritical fig-leaves. They did not throw masks or mantels over their viciousness, under the guise of religious charity balls and philanthropic society parties. The hula is a hip dance, but the Hawaiians were not "hip"-o-critical in doing it. The dance is not sad or hippish but one of joy. I've seen many dances—the Apache in Paris, du ventre in Cairo, the can-can in Buenos Aires, and with money here one can arrange with a chauffeur or at a hula house to see a hula, combining all of these vile and violent exhibitions. It is a composite of the compost of all dirty dances, most delightfully depraved, innocent of decency and shame, the dancers being quite careless about the exposure of their legs, arms and charms. What captivating indelicacy, so disturbing to the looker-on! But this is not the native hula. There is sufficient of the sun and volcano without it. The whites have taken away the native naiveté and added their own nastiness. As a physiological study the dance is informing.

In antiquity these antics were a religious service, combining poetry, pantomime and passion. The old edition of the heathen hula dance has been expurgated, but Christian foot-notes suggest more.

Socrates learned to dance when he was an old man, but I don't think it was a hula. I learned it a little, as well as to play the ukelele, and may give exhibitions and concerts in the near future so as to raise funds to send missionaries here to convert the heathen.

Some years ago the world was shocked because I had some hula wigglers in my church. People wondered whether it



was a proper thing to hula in the pulpit. I told the Hawaiian girl that David danced before the Lord and she could doubtless do it a great deal better; that we were to use our various gifts; that if God gave her the ability to dance, He expected her to use it as much as He did me to use my voice. I advertised the Hawaiian attraction. The streets were blocked with people long before the doors were opened. The Hawaiians gave vocal and instrumental numbers—then a girl hulaed, and the “uplift” of her foot and skirt was appreciated by the devoted attention of the congregation. No one slept. Here was a new religious “movement” to fill all Christendom. And with that crowd, with the example of Paul who was willing to be all things to all men in order to save some, I preached a hot Gospel sermon from the text, “Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord.”

“Antone” is one of the notorious Hawaiians I met. He is an historic character. Just as Petronius Arbiter arranged the pleasures for Nero, so Antone told me he was purveyor to King Kalakaua. The old native’s wind is broken now, but he was some sprinter in his day, and described some records he had made—but if I only had a record of his chanting, as he gave us a wild ancient dance, we could become millionaires. Old and gray, he can put more vim in a hula or other native dance than a N. Y. comedy chorus. He has a house where he gives luau feasts and dances to tourist travelers. Give him leis, red or lavender skirt, a gourd-shaped calabash which he shakes like a dice box, let him warm up to a dancing frenzy—running forwards and backwards, advancing and retreating, springing up into the air, singing, chanting, growling, perspiring, inspiring with all the poetry and frenzy of a howling dervish one sees in Constantinople—and you are carried back centuries, as the floor throbs and trembles under his bounding bare feet. Okelehou, the fiery native drink, adds fuel to his dancing flame. Near-beer could never inspire to such heights of rhapsody. What would appear disgusting in an amateur is transformed into poetical paganism. O Antone! dancing thy historic dances to ignorant, unappreciative travelers in these islands! Thou shouldst have been living in the time of Dionysius, the divine, and the chief of his followers, who roved



and reveled in maddest merriment over legendary hills of Greece and Rome! An orgy without Antone is an omelet with the ham left out.

One evening we arrived at Antone's place just in time to see the closing rounds of a fight which was not scheduled. It was between several sailors who had quarreled over the charms of a hula girl, with the result of broken heads, hearts and furniture. Antone welcomed us with characteristic Hawaiian hospitality—we could eat, drink and stay as long as we pleased—all night in fact, with his hula girls for company! Thanks, old man, for thy ancient, beautiful and unbounded generosity. But I was married, my son was with me, and if we had not returned it would have caused the wife and mother to wonder where her wandering boys were that night.

### HONOLULU CHARACTERS



THE royalty of princes and princesses here is thick as the dandelions on your summer lawn. When you go in swimming at the beach, sit in the street car, walk in the park or enter a church or movie, you rub elbows with royalty. Unlike European society, this royalty is not surrounded by a fence of wooden-headed soldier guards to keep you at distance. I paid my respects to Princess Therese in the seclusion of her old home in the heart of Honolulu, a home, she affirms, certain rich men are seeking to rob her of. She was the wife of a former Hawaiian representative at Washington, was a friend of Theodore Roosevelt, and had received recognition in diplomatic society. She keeps alive the pau horse riding habit which is almost pau. She boasts clearer blood relationship to royalty than a local alleged prince and princess, and told me that the late will which she and Kealoha were alleged to have offered as a bogus will for probate, after Queen Liliuokalani's death, was a lie, libel and persecution of the big thieves of the island. She declared to me the witnesses were bribed by the big mitt men of Honolulu to testify that she paid them to sign an alleged fake will. How she can and how she did talk! How her eyes flashed anger at the recital of wrongs done her and her people! Like another Cassandra she prophesied what would come, even though her enemies might

not believe her. Then her spirit changed from ice and fire to love and sympathy, for her aged aunt lay sick in the other room. She had just been brought back from the grave. For an hour we looked into the classic face of this woman, highest and last of Hawaiian royalty, with mind as clear as sunshine and conversation polished as a ball-room floor. She was writing a book on Hawaiian history. It might be difficult to get it printed in Honolulu because of the truth in it, and she asked me if I knew some American publisher who would handle it. Americans claim and have the right to print truth, or falsehood, libel, blasphemy and treason. Of course, you may be arrested, convicted, imprisoned or fined, and in case of treason, executed. You may be right or wrong, but you have the right to publish. It is wrong to deny you the right to publish what you deem right. Say what you please and take the consequences. As a rule, a body of censors is the booby class of the community. The greatest works in the world have been barred and burned, and the writers put behind the bars.

In his quiet home by the sea I talked with Colonel Sam Parker, though he couldn't talk to me for his tongue is paralyzed. Not so the tongue of his devoted daughter who is an encyclopedia of island information. "Sam," as he is familiarly called, hobnobbed with King Kalakaua and Buffalo Bill in Europe. Had he written a book, "Three of a Kind in Paris," it would divide honors with some of the spiciest French and U. S. stories ever printed. I placed my hand under the sheet and gave him the Masonic grip, then sat at the piano and played for him, while on the coral floor of Waikiki beach the waves gave a rhythmical dance. Sam smiled his approval and thanks, and I left him to hear some real "coral" music on the coral beach that I prefer to any other except Bach's.

One can't write about Honolulu without mentioning Dr. W. D. Westervelt, the ghostologist of the islands; Williams, the veteran photographer who told me the best thing about his deafness was that he didn't have to listen to any sermons; and Ray Baker, the traveloguer, whose recent moving pictures of the volcano were art and education to the masses who were unable to see it personally.

“Sunny Jim” McCandless, who is the light of the Shrine in Honolulu, is a Jim dandy before whom, as illustrious potentate, we Shriners expect to bow.

Then there is my friend Ford whose batteries never run down, who can take you on a “Mid-Pacific” tour.

### GOD IS NOT MOCKED



N rummaging through a second-hand book store I discovered an old volume that we thought much of in childhood's day. You may possibly have seen it, though nowadays many seem never to have heard of it, or if so, with our learned newspapers, philosophic magazines and psychological movies, and religious and intellectual modern writers who fill the libraries, you may have had no time to read it. From the way church members act and ministers talk, I fear they have no copy of it. You won't find it on clubroom reading table or newsstand. It is not much read or quoted in our public schools or universities. I fear it was not found on the table or in the hearts of some of the men who sat around the Peace Table at Versailles. It is a book of God and god of books—the Bible. From its first old book and last new chapter it echoes and re-echoes one great truth, that applies to individuals and nations, “Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” We naturally say this applies to Germany who sowed to the whirlwind and reaped corruption, but even-handed justice commends the truth to others. It has been easy for the big Allies to see the beam in their enemies' eyes—it might be profitable for them to have their attention called to the mote in their own eyes. France, through Napoleon, soaks Europe in blood, and today her white lilies are red stained; England makes war on the innocent Dutch in South Africa, Queen Victoria dies of a broken heart, and Albion's sons' bones lie whitening on the battlefield; Belgium in her King Leopold, committed devil atrocities that would have shamed hell, and her people are butchered to make a German holiday; the U. S. looked enviously toward Hawaii, annexed her by what the natives call the might of right, and thousands of our best and bravest boys lie under French soil waiting the reveille of the Judgment Day.



## STEALING THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS



WE are told in history that the Hawaiians were fighting anxious to be annexed by the U. S. Who said so? The subsidized encyclopedias and school books. Their statement doesn't make it so, and the mere fact that they do say so should lead one to question its truth. What the Hawaiians think, that is, those who are not bribed, cowed, bulldozed to say and think differently, is said by their loved ex-queen Liliuokalani in her book. I went to several bookstores in Honolulu and asked for a copy, but was told it was not in stock, was unreliable, and the edition would soon be exhausted. In the last chapter of the book she declares that the habits and prejudices of New England Puritanism were not well adapted to the genius of a tropical people, nor capable of being thoroughly ingrafted upon them; that while four-fifths of the population of the islands was swept out of existence by the vices introduced by foreigners, the ruling class clung to Christian morality and gave its unvarying support and service to the work of saving and civilizing the masses; that certain habits and modes of living were better for the islanders' health and happiness than others; and that a separate nationality, and a particular form of government, as well as special laws, are at least for the present best for them; these things remained to them until the pitiless and tireless annexation policy was effectively backed by the naval power of the U. S.; that it had not entered into their hearts to believe that the friends and allies from the U. S., even with all their foreign affinities, would ever go so far as to absolutely overthrow their form of government, seize the nation by the throat and pass it over to an alien power; that this may be a kind of right depending upon the precedents of all ages, and known as the "Right of Conquest" under which robbers and marauders may establish themselves in possession of whatsoever they are strong enough to ravish from their fellows; that if the natives have nourished in their bosom those who have sought their ruin, it has been because they were of the people whom they believed to be their dearest friends and allies; that the government at Honolulu had been forced upon it by no acts of the natives, but by the unlawful acts of the U. S. agents; that if they did not by force resist their final outrage it was because they could not do so without striking at the military force of

the U. S.; the people of the islands had no voice in determining their future but were virtually relegated to the condition of the aborigines of the American continent; that in Hawaii there was an alien element composed of men of energy and determination well able to carry through what they undertook, but not scrupulous respecting their methods; that they doubtless controlled all the resources and influence of the ruling power in Honolulu and will employ them tirelessly in the future as they have in the past to secure their ends; that this annexationist party might prove to be a dangerous accession even to American politics, both on account of natural abilities and because of the training of an autocratic life from earliest youth.

Queen "Lil" concludes by saying: "Is the American republic of state to degenerate and become a colonizer and land-grabber, and is this prospect satisfactory to a people who rely upon self-government for their liberties, and whose guaranty of liberty and autonomy to the whole western hemisphere, the grand Monroe Doctrine, appealing to the respect and sense of justice of the masses of every nation on earth, has made any attack upon it practically impossible to the statesmen and rulers of armed empires? There is but little question that the U. S. could become a successful rival of the European nations in the race for conquest, and could create a vast military and naval power, if such is its ambition. But is such an ambition laudable? Is such a departure from its established principles, patriotic or politic?

"Oh, honest Americans, as Christians hear me, for my down-trodden people! Their form of government is as dear to them as yours is precious to you. Quite as warmly as you love your country, so they love theirs. With all your goodly possessions, covering a territory so immense that there yet remain parts unexplored, possessing islands that, although near at hand, had to be neutral ground in time of war, do not covet the little vineyard of Naboth's, so far from your shores, lest the punishment of Ahab fall upon you, if not in your day, in that of your children, for, 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked.' The people to whom your fathers told of the living God, and taught to call Father, and whom the sons now seek to despoil and destroy, are crying aloud to Him in their time of trouble; and He will keep his promise and will listen to the voices of his Hawaiian



children lamenting for their homes. It is for them that I would give the last drop of my blood; it is for them that I would spend, nay, am spending everything belonging to me. Will it be in vain? It is for the American people and their representatives in Congress to answer these questions? As they deal with me and my people, kindly, generously, and justly, so may the Great Ruler of all nations deal with the grand and glorious nation of the United States of America."

Though dead she speaks. Lest we forget, it might be well to appropriate a few dollars, if there is anything left when the Democratic political purloiners leave Washington and are sent home to the farm where they belong, to have copies of this appeal printed, framed and hung up in the Congressional halls at Washington and in the White House.

### CHRISTLESS CHURCHES



THE Buddhist, Shinto, Confucian, Mormon and Christian Science churches are not the only heathen temples—there are others—Christian churches which profess more and possess less.

During our visit, the Right Reverend Boeynama, Bishop of Zuugma, head of the Roman Catholic Mission in the islands, bellowed a bull of opposition to having the Bible in the public schools because it was "sectarian." In that same issue of the morning paper I read that the Roman Catholic Brothers of Hilo intended to have a bill introduced into the Senate asking the legislature for \$10,000 appropriation out of the general revenues of the Territory for repairing and enlarging their school building to accommodate children on the streets, because of congested conditions in public schools. What a two-faced, forked-tongue proposition! The Bible, charged with being sectarian in a public school, and a wholly sectarian un-American school asking the public for funds to run it.

Honolulu heat expands everything except some of the white churches and their preachers. Their train of thought runs on a narrow-gauged railway. One bishop here insists that in all his church programs the pronoun that refers to himself shall be spelled in capitals, thus dividing honor with deity in the use of the alphabet. At the Oriental Y. M. C. A., where I



made an address, I playfully dropped the remark that I had been invited to speak at different schools, societies and clubs in the city and had been cordially received, but that the ministers were evidently afraid or suspicious of me and had not invited me to come into their pulpits. A clergyman present spoke up and said, "Fill mine Sunday, will you?" I said thanks, I'll try, and play the organ for you too. Next morning he called up an ex-Baptist friend of mine to ask if he had been rash in extending the invitation, for he wondered what I would do. "Do?" was the reply, "he will preach you folks a straight old-fashioned Gospel sermon that you all need."

Sunday night came and so did the folks who filled the church. I played for half an hour, the doctor conducted the devotional exercises and then introduced me, saying in substance, that they had enjoyed Dr. Morrill's music and trusted they would be pleased with his preaching. He didn't know, since he had asked me to preach, whether he had made a mistake or not, for I preached in a theatre in Minneapolis and to the common people. His church with its surroundings was different, but he trusted that speaking in his church and to his people would have a good influence on me as well as on all who were present.

Bless the dear doctor's soul, he was in earnest, sincere and not sarcastic. I was warm from playing and this warm introduction of his put me in a pious perspiration. I felt like a convicted criminal about to make a public confession. Leaving the organ bench I went to the pulpit. My first impulse was to tell the doctor he need have no fear, that I wouldn't hit him or jump over the altar-rail and bite the people, that he was taking no more of a chance than I was, that I was willing to try most anything once—even to preaching for him. However, I had the grace and sense, for once in my life, at least, to bite my lips, hold my tongue, keep still and shut my mouth. I simply walked over to the doctor, gave him my hand, took my Bible and text, quoted, "What think ye of Christ?" and preached. During the sermon I saw many of the city's society and rich business men. Incidentally I said that Jesus did not say, "Blessed are the rich who own the sugar and pineapple plantations, the railroads and ships, who live in palaces, eat and drink sumptuously as Dives, wear fine clothes, ride in expensive autos, direct poli-

tics, head committees, own the press and get their names in print." No, He spake never as man, when he reserved his "blessed" and blessings for the poor, for those who mourn, were meek, hungry, merciful, pure, peacemakers, persecuted and reviled. We had a good time, at least I did, and the good doctor and his members told me so at the close of the service.

Some days later, a man who had lived here 25 years, and listened to my sermon, said, "You talk right out in meeting—one who tells the truth about Honolulu isn't welcome and can't return." I told him that never in my 30 years preaching had I ever taken the text, "Hold your tongue and hold your job." Later I met a prominent man, who said, when I first came to the island, "This is just the field for you—you are a live-wire and original—why don't you stay with us?" After I had made several speeches in town he remarked, "This town is too small and provincial for you—you never would be satisfied to preach here." What was the matter? Mammonism. The worldly church member will not pay much towards the support of the pastor Sunday morning who looks him square in the eye and says, as Nathan did to David, "Thou art the man," who art avaricious, adulterous, lying and dishonest. It is a pity that often the man of God is so human he bows to the golden calf in the pew, and that the missionary has his mouth so full of gold teeth, a present from his congregation, that he simply cannot or will not tell the truth.

### THE GOLDEN CALF



ONOLULANS honor the field of cane and not the field of letters. The bank book and not the Bible is their classic. The Muse has been thrown over for Mammonism. They drink their inspiration from Pactolus instead of Castaly. Their goddess is Dea Moneta, Queen Money; their summum bonum is commodity to whom are sacrificed the head, the hand and the heart. With them it is not virtue or valor, wisdom, honesty or religion that is so much respected as money. In the words of Timon of Athens—

“the learned pate

Ducks to the golden fool:

\* \* \*

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?

\* \* \*

Why, this  
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:  
This yellow slave  
Will knit and break religions, bless the accursed.  
Make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves  
And give them title, knee and approbation  
With senators on the bench: this is it  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again:  
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores  
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
To the April day again—

\* \* \*

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce  
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler  
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

\* \* \*

Thou visible God  
That solder'st close impossibilities,  
And makest them, kiss! that speak'st with every tongue  
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!"

Jesus said, "After this manner therefore pray ye:  
Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed by thy name.  
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread.  
And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.  
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;  
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever.  
Amen."

In Honolulu they pray after this manner:

"Almighty dollar!—Our acknowledged governor, preserver,  
and benefactor, we desire to approach thee, on this and every  
other occasion, with that reverence which is due superior ex-  
cellence and that regard which should ever be cherished for ex-  
alted greatness.



“Almighty Dollar, without thee we can do nothing, but with thee we can do all things. When sickness lays its palsying hand upon us, thou canst provide for us the tenderest of nurses and the most skillful of physicians, and when the last struggle of mortality is over, and we are borne to this resting place of the dead, thou canst provide a band of music and a military escort to accompany us. And thou erectest a monument over our grave with a lying epitaph to perpetuate our memory.

“And while here amid the misfortunes and temptations of life, perhaps we are accused of crime, and brought before the magistrate, thou, Almighty Dollar, canst secure for us a feed lawyer, a bribed judge, a packed jury and we go scot free.

“Be with us, we pray thee, in all thy decimal parts—for thou art the only perfect, altogether lovely, and a chief of ten thousand. We know that there is no condition in life where thy potent and all powerful influence is not felt. In thy absence how dreary the household and how desolate the hearthstone; but when thou, Almighty Dollar, art with us, how cheerful the beefsteak sings on the grate, how genial the warmth anthracite coal and hickory wood diffuses throughout the apartment, and what exuberance of joy swells in every bosom.

“Thou art the joy of our youth and the solace of old age. Thou adornest the gentleman; thou feedest the jackass; thou art the favorite with the philosopher, and the idol of the lunkhead.

“When an election is to be carried, O Almighty Dollar, thou art the most potent argument of politicians and demagogues and the umpire decides the contest.

“Almighty Dollar, thou are worshipped the world over; thou hast no hypocrites in thy temples, and there are no false hearts at thine altars. Kings and courtiers bow before thee and all nations adore thee. Thou art loved by all who are truly civilized and Christianized with unfeigned and unfaltering affection. We continue to regard thee as the handmaid of religion and the twin-sister of charity.

“O Almighty Dollar, be with us, we beseech thee, attended by an inexpressible number of thy ministering angels, made in thine own image, even though they be but silver quarters, whose gladdening light shall illumine the vale of penury and want with heavenly radiance, which shall cause the awakened soul to

break forth in acclamations of joy. Thou art the guide of our footsteps and the goal of our being; guided by thy silvery light we hope to reach the golden gate, triumphantly enter while hands harmoniously sweep the golden harps as we walk the golden streets.

“Almighty Dollar, thy shining face bespeaks thy wondrous power. In my pocket make thy resting place. I need thee every hour.

“And now, Almighty Dollar, in closing this invocation, we bespeak thy every and multitudinous blessings. Permit us to possess thee in abundance and give us all thy varied excellencies, is our unwavering prayer.”

The islands are Pagan in morals, mediaeval in laws and manners and modern in political corruption.

The Hawaiian natives are fast dying out, are indolent, improvident and superstitious. many nominal Christians still believing in signs, heathen gods and praying one another to death.

The islands are run by the “Big Six” who control the wealth, the politics, the education, religion, and social condition of the group. The Golden Calf has become an overgrown steer before which they fall down and worship.

Sugar planters think more of the interest on their money than the interest of their laborers. No labor unions are permitted on the island and Hawaii is on the brink of an economic volcano compared with which Kilauea is a firecracker.

Hawaii is not a Territory but an oligarchy, feudalistic not friendly. She is calling for more ships of commerce, but what she needs is fellowship.

In many ways the natives would have been better had they been left to themselves. The beach-comber, exploiter and trader have taught them vices instead of virtues, while the missionary has tried to teach men to put away idols, and the women to put on holokus—Mother Hubbards—which cover everything and fit nothing like many of the theories advanced for their mental and moral improvement.

If the missionaries had addressed their sermons to the souls of the natives and not so much to the dress of their bodies, there would be more Kanakas on the islands, and those living now would have more robust health. Clothes make the man—die

here. The native lived in the water most of the time, a coating of cocoanut oil was about all the dressing he needed. The missionaries insisted on more, so that his damp clothing became a shroud for the poor body which had succumbed to tuberculosis, bronchitis and pneumonia.

### POLITICAL BUMS



ATTENDED the opening of the government session of the legislature in the historic palace. The Senate was opened with a prayer asking God to give wisdom in the deliberations (they needed it). In the House, the chairman was very busy carrying chairs around for the visitors, and no prayer was offered. The chaplain took his chair and was ready to offer his petition, but it was evident they did not want God in any of their dirty deals, so the body at once proceeded to business, leaving the chaplain to pray somewhere else or at some other time if he cared to.

I attended a later session when these men, who had been elected on the platform promise of woman suffrage, turned down the proposition, and like the Devil in Job's day, quoted Scripture in defense of their stand. One honorable gentleman declared the early law-giver Moses, in the Old Testament, was a man and not a woman, and that in the New Testament, if Jesus had believed in woman suffrage, he would have surrounded himself with fisherwomen and not fishermen. This man spoke with the pompous unction of one who had originated the Ten Commandments and was promulgating them for the first time.

The "thus saith the Lord," has great weight with the Hawaiians, many of them believed this voice from heaven was the final word and were thus reconciled to the defeat of their pet and promised measure. I heard all this discussion in the open meeting of the Senate and House, and as a general invitation had been given for others to express their views, I quietly asked the moderator if I might say a word. He asked the opinion of an honorable member on the side, who evidently had overheard some of my side remarks. The moderator informed me it was best to confine the discussion to the actual residents of the island. So I was shut out, but it didn't shut my woman



suffrage mouth. Later I had an opportunity in an open article in the morning paper where I called them, "bone-headed, flint hearted Ananias clubmen who deserved political burial." I received no exchange of compliment by way of answer, and later I published my dream in an evening paper:—

I dreamed I saw an Hawaiian legislator standing at heaven's gate. "Where do you come from?" said the guardian angel. "Honolulu," he replied. "That's strange, no one comes here from there," said the shining one, "but perhaps you are an exception, let me see—Did you smoke?" "Yes, but only good cigars." "Well, that isn't a great fault, but did you drink?" "Not much and never alone. I always treated the boys." "I'll let that pass—did you gamble?" "Only in small sums, never as stockbrokers." "Life is a gamble," the angel replied. "How were you on the girl-question?" "Oh, I had a few affairs." "Never mind, I can't blame you, the girls are so pretty in Hawaii; but did you go to church Sunday?" "Sometimes, but I confess I always went to sleep." "Well, if people were barred out for that, Paradise would be empty."

The legislator smiled; he thought he had passed a good examination and started to enter. "A moment, please," the angel explained, "one more question, did you vote against the woman suffrage bill?" "Why, yes, what of it?" "Then to hell with you where you belong," cried the celestial gatekeeper.

The angel's profanity awakened me.

In harmony with the odorous reputation of their "Stink" river was the conduct shown leading Hawaiian women who had advertised an open air meeting in the adjoining park. Thousands were present, the band played, the suffragists were seated in the stand, and just as the first lady speaker rose to make some illuminating remarks, the wires were cut, the lights were off, and everybody was in the dark. They are very polite to women in Hawaii.

Woman represents the brain and heart of the U. S. God repented making man, not woman. The country is what she makes it. No taxation without representation is our motto and she is taxed for property. Woman has the right to wear a wedding ring on one hand and carry a ballot in the other. The only argument ever advanced against her ballot was corrupt politics. Let us be courteous and fair to our mothers, wives,

sisters and sweethearts, or remove the female statue of freedom from the dome of the Capitol at Washington, tie it to the necks of anti-suffrage senators and drown them like cats in the Potomac River. All that these Hawaiian statesmen lacked was intelligence and intelligibility. Their highest idea of reform is to change the size of an envelope and the color of a postage stamp. Some of them were pointed out to me as poi-fed grafters; as dealing in personalities, not principles; as feathering their own nests; as porch-climbers of slander and corruption; and as thoroughly devoted in making laws for other people to obey. Many of these senators were not an ass in three letters, but in three volumes.

At the opening of the session there were singers and bands, and the legislature posed for a movie picture. This suggested Ambrose Bierce's lines,

“Statesmen, what would you be at  
 With torches, flags and bands?  
 You make me first throw up my hat  
 And then my hands.”

What an American minister once said about politics abroad, may be applied to this island: “Political ambition, personal jealousies, implacable theories, official venality, reckless disregard of individual rights and legal obligations; foolish meddling and empirical legislation; an absolute want of political morality form the principle features of their history.”

God's righteousness is like the great mountains. I often thought, as I marveled at Honolulu's scenery, that there are sermons in stones, but men do not listen; summits preach high ideals and purity but people are deaf; and nature's green only looks down on the mud and mire of heathen ignorance and superstition.

### ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI



FAILED to detect much bashfulness on Waikiki beach. Hawaiian girls are not the kind to faint at the sight of a man's pajamas or B. V. D.'s hanging on the clothes line, or to hide their faces with their handkerchiefs when they see a mere man at the beach in his bathing suit. This is healthy heathen modesty, one that is

not on the constant lookout for pruriency.

I photographed some young girls who were only clothed in innocence, and they were more modest in look and action than some girls who wear bathing suits at Venice, Calif., and Coney Island, N. Y.

Waikiki Beach is not a sand, but a coral one that cuts and poisons your feet if you are careless. There is no public beach; you climb wire entanglements; the board walk is over board fences; for nearly all the beach property is private and one climbs over stone walls and breakwaters. At other beaches in the islands, where there is sand, there is such a dangerous undertow that it is unsafe to swim. At Waikiki there is no undertow and there is no beach. A government physician stationed here informed me, after I had been going in the water every day, that the beach was nothing but diluted sewage with a town-drained stream running into it. Well, what of it? You find here what you cannot find on any other beach in the world—surf-boarding, outrigger-canoeing over the waves, and rainbow colors on the reefs so brilliant, changing and beautiful that I can easily understand why the fishes, that come out of these waters, have such stained, spotted and curious colors. I was actually afraid to go in at first for fear I would come out striped as a barber's pole. At night, sunset, moon and stars are reflected in the sea; the vessels glow like harbor lights; the silhouette of a Jap with his flambeau torch and spear after squid and eels may be seen; there is the phantom surf on the shore; the shadowy forms of palm and bananas leaning towards the sea with lovers lingering about, singing and playing, making it such a scene as Tennyson dreamed of in his "Lotus-Eaters." What a lovely location for the lotus-eaters this would have been in the days of Ulysses when he was compelled to drag his sailors away by main force, because they had eaten of the lotus plant which made them lose all thoughts of home. How sweet it is to stroll along the moon-lit sands and listen to the natives with guitar and ukelele playing "Everybody Wants a Key to My Cellar," "Peaches in Georgia," "O, Susie, Behave." The pathos and poignancy of such melodies makes one weep. One thinks of all the past sad history and despair when he hears the words of these songs. *Hinc illae lachrymae.*



“O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.” We left the beach echoing the words of Milton’s Eve, “Must I leave thee, Paradise?”

## ISLAND ILLITERACY



ABOUT a hundred years ago Protestant missionaries came over to the Hawaiian Island with the torch of the Bible in their hands to illumine the darkness of heathendom.

Later, whaling sailors lit up the fires of hell with liquor and lust, in which manners and morals were consumed.

Then American capital, with the magic of money, rolled a wave of ignorant contract labor from the Orient, inundating the islands, and leaving a lot of Yellow muck and mire. Ideals of education were submerged.

The ooze and slime gave birth to a material monster which strangled the intellectual activities of the islands. The only knight errant left to fight this corporation dragon is the school-master with his book for a buckler and his pen for a spear.

At Honolulu I visited the College of Hawaii; the Military Academy for Boys; the Oahu College; the Mills School where I spoke and played the piano for the boys and girls who sang in return; the Kamehameha School; and the Korean Institute, where, in return for my words and music, the scholars sang their national airs, followed me to the car, giving me an ovation of flowers, cheers and song. Throughout the Island Group I visited many public American and Japanese schools, and the all-important question is “Can the Polyglot population of Hawaii be Americanized?” This population is made up mostly of Asiatics, males, aliens, illiterates, non-English-speaking, non-Christian, landless and homeless souls. Avaricious capital thinks that science of head depreciates skill of hand, and that to fill schools is to empty cane-fields of labor.

The last census of 1910 showed 40,000 illiterates, that is, over 25 per cent of the population of ten years and over. More than half the inhabitants of the islands can neither speak English, read nor write their own language. This includes the Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Russians, Spaniards, Porto Ricans, Portuguese, half-castes, etc. Then, too, importation of cheap

labor has made the percentage abnormally large of mental and physical defectives.

Hawaii is behind the times in public kindergartens and has been compared to the black belt in the South. Thousands of little children have no place to go.

Music and Art help little in cane-cutting and are practically left out of the public school course. This shows the feudalistic and aristocratic organization of society, for in private schools, for the rich planters' sons and daughters, music and art are well provided for.

There are no part-time schools in Hawaii—thus working efficiency is impaired. Big business has spent most of its time in planning monied and mechanical success instead of increasing the output ability of lasting labor.

What we call a finished American high school is unknown in the islands. What they call high schools are very small and primitive. Public school teachers are isolated, marooned from educational privileges, and miserably underpaid.

The Japanese make up 40 per cent of the complete school enrollment. The Jap children not only attend the public schools, but also their "language schools" which are held before and after the public school sessions morning and evening. The worst thing about this is, not that the children are overburdened, but that Americanizing efficiency of the public schools is vitiated and largely made nil by the pernicious influence of bigoted, backward, Buddhist priests who control the Jap language school.

The brand of Buddhism popular in Hawaii is marked by Mikado-worship, the superstition of the Dark Ages and jingo Jap patriotism. It is all right for the Japanese, or any nation here, to read, speak and write in their native tongue of their native land. But if these Oriental children are to build homes, become citizens and vote, it is of the utmost importance that they be Americanized and not Orientalized; that they say farewell to the old, and welcome to the new; and that they let their old-world ideals and customs sink into the Pacific.

The facts and statistics in this article were not seen through the colored glasses of prejudice and are not the result of any brain-storm, but are based on a recent report by Professor Vaughan MacCaughey, the newly appointed superintendent of

Hawaiian instruction. He says: "Hawaii, politically committed to Americanization, is in duty bound to express this commitment through an adequate public school system."

It is easier to beget children than to get them educated, so our Pilgrim and Puritan fathers taxed themselves to support public schools and teachers who should educate the youth in the facts of nature, history, government and religion.

America is what her public schools are, and our public schools are what Americans pride themselves on. The public school, as nothing else, touches, equalizes and harmonizes all classes. It fuses into composite citizenship, fitting for freedom and making free. By the test of the public school, Hawaii has never been American, but an oligarchy run by a clique of commercial cut-throats.

The life-stream of American institutions in Hawaii has become a stagnant pool covered with a yellow Asiatic scum.

If Hawaii will tear down some of her private churches and temples and use the material to build public schools, she will become more Christian and less heathen.

The temple of American liberty is the public school where a congregation of all colors and creeds reads the Bible of History, studies the Catechism of the Constitution, practices the Declaration of Independence and sings, "America."

## UNMORAL PAST



HERE is little to say about Hawaiian morals for they are few and far between.

In early times, female virtue was not found in the Hawaiian vocabulary or scarcely anywhere else. They had a plurality of husbands and wives which nearly equalled high society in our finest seaside resorts. A woman with many husbands would live with six husbands—but not all at once—the house was too small. However, she was a good wife, doing the best she could by living with her lords one at a time in numerical or alphabetical order, though this was hardly the order that was heaven's first law.

The marriage ceremony was very unceremonious. Low ideals required no high church wedding. The chief's ceremony was more formal. Instead of joining hands they joined



noses. The wedding trousseau was not elaborate and the service was soon over. Her lover threw a piece of tapa cloth over her, and instead of throwing shoes, the wedding guests threw a big tapa cloth over both. Naturally such a tie was loose, one could get a divorce easier than at Reno. No lawyer was necessary to hire spies, to lie about or to lie in wait to discover a wife's character. The old Hawaiians were never so heathen to hire lawyers. Among their ancient Gods, Wakea is said to have divorced his wife by spitting in her face. Perhaps his wife was a spit-fire. These domestic spats, if printed, would make interesting reading. Speaking of spitting, the Hawaiian legend is to the effect that their race was created from divine expectoration.

There were marriages of ranks as well as rank marriages, because position in society all depended on the mother. Were she queenly, her son would be high born and noble, though the father might be the chauffeur. If a high chief descended to marry a low, common woman (and most were very common), the children were low-brows and low breeds and could not succeed to the father's rank. Incest was in style among the highest reigning families, and brothers and sisters fell in love with each other and married for political reasons to raise babies of the highest rank.

Leap year proposals were in vogue. No man was safe from a woman's plot. She popped the question, beseeching him to take her just as she was, for bare love. In better regulated families the brothers and relatives of the woman cast about for a desirable match, had the parties mated, and made good bargains in exchange presents.

Few chiefs ever achieved anything much or very great. Was it because there is some truth in the cynical proverb, "God sent woman in the world so that man could not do great things?"

Polygamy, polyandry and concubinage, three of a kind, are of gross character and were prevalent. One of Hawaiian's best historians balks on the subject, saying it was unfit to be described in his book.

Missionary zeal was not always according to the knowledge of human nature. The missionaries refused to marry natives who were unable to read their wedding licenses or write their

names on it. That was a higher literary test than we have now. Fortunately this prohibition was not enforced on our first Papa Adam and Mother Eve in the garden of Eden. Since most Hawaiians were in the dunce class, and could not say their a, b, c's, or spell or read, they were in a class by themselves, and under the spell of magic love, they just sneaked out and grabbed a girl, living happily ever afterwards without the bother of a license or paying the officiating clergyman or judge a five or ten spot.

Infanticide has always prevailed against God's, "Thou shalt not kill." In Hawaii the natives were too lazy to rear their young, so baby-killing became a pastime. Instead of sending them to the kindergarten, parents sent them to the grave. It was estimated that two-thirds of those born were buried alive in the homes of their parents. "Arms and the man" was their epic. Most of the children were males and were spared to fight, the girls being killed off as expensive, unnecessary luxuries. It was common for a father to give away a son, or a mother a daughter, or both to anyone willing to adopt them. This was an easy way to get rid of a family or raise one ready made. Those they did permit to live might often as well have died, for they were permitted to go to the dogs. Natives today gladly give away their children.

The idea of it being more blessed to give than to receive had wide application. Age brought no respect. When children grew tired of their aged mother or grandfather, instead of sending them to the country to rest or placing them in a home for the aged, they abandoned them or killed them. Often the insane were stoned to death. What an excellent plan to save trouble and money! We are so much like the ancient Hawaiians in our present day civilization, why may we not adopt their plans? It would save public taxes by not erecting asylums and charitable institutions. I hope the savages in Europe at the Peace Conference will incorporate this in their league of nations. The great Scientist Darwin said it was impossible to describe or paint the difference between the savage and civilized man. I can't see why, they are often so nearly alike one can scarcely note the difference.

Ancient Hawaiian life was very dull. To offer human sacrifices to the gods, or go out and kill their enemy and eat his

heart, was too monotonous. Since there were no movies, baseball or soda fountains playing then, they spent a pleasant evening often as follows. The following social items are quoted verbatim from The Tapa Times:

“Mr. and Mrs. Kill’emall entertained their friends last night at their grass hut on the beach by burying alive their youngest daughter. Awa was drunk, poi and fish were served, stories were told. Then a hole was dug in the dirt floor. The father, who is running as aldermanic candidate from the first ward, made some comforting and complimentary remarks, put his child with one hand into the grave, and shoveled in dirt with the other. The mother recited a poem especially written for the occasion, entitled, ‘Our Darling is gone, but the Heavenly Father will send us another.’ The religious hula was then given, and the festivities were continued until the early dawn.”

The Hawaiians loved luxuries and had an epicurean taste. We read of menus of baked dog, and when prepared by their chefs, rats and mice were a rare delicacy. Why they did not save food and win their wars by dressing up the baby for a meal, is explainable only on account of the dark, uncivilized state of their society. I am surprised there was no great genius among them like Swift with a “Modest Proposal” for the well-being of the state by eating the children and thus saving private and public expense.

Prenatal murder as a fine art was not original with them, and though extensively practised, it had not reached its highest perfection as in modern, white civilized society. The Hawaiian abortion practise was not such a flourishing medical profession as now, but was by no means rare. The visitor to the Bishop Museum will see in one of the cases a rude catheter.

But the white man comes and brings a change—for the worse. We cannot paint the white man black enough for what he did. Tabus were bad and booze worse. The white man introduced the native to his diseases and vices. Those Hawaiians not wiped out, have been gradually lessened, either by sterility caused by vice, or by melancholy at the loss of their islands and their friends. Singing and dancing were held as sins by the missionaries. People found guilty of adultery and fornication were imprisoned in forts, put to hard labor, and as a mark of shame the women criminals were forced to work with wreaths



of flowers crowning their head. Picture it! Flowers, sweet and pure, used as emblems of shame. The cabbage heads who planned this punishment should have been decorated with a crown of cabbage leaves. Reformation takes time and this was so sudden. Something should have taken the place of what was removed, but it was not done. As a result, the native despaired and died, and the missionaries came, as it were, to pronounce a funeral sermon on the death of a race. It was bane, ratsbane, more than blessing.

### IMMORAL PRESENT



ONE day at high noon, not night, I saw several women bathing at Waikiki beach. All they had on was a holoku nightgown that was as good as nothing when wet. Three white male strangers sauntered up from the nearby hotel, waded in, threw their arms around the girls and were guilty of divers familiarities. The girls didn't object to the conduct of the boys. I couldn't help seeing or thinking whether the fishes swam away or stayed and blushed all colors. Here was a "freedom of the seas" I refer to the naval board for diplomatic discussion.

No wonder people came to these islands. Hawaiian hospitality was such that the traveler was welcome to his house, without formal invitation, to eat, drink, and stay all night, and it was discourteous for the father not to offer his daughter or the husband his wife. A resident told me that his Hawaiian guide offered him his wife because he wanted a child half-white, "hapa-howli." In an address at the Ad Club on the subject, "Father and Son," I said a son could not obey the Bible, "Honor thy father and thy mother," unless his father married a woman he could honor; that the child had a right to be well-born and not be ashamed of his parents; that it was a wise son who knew his own father in Honolulu; that I saw children in the islands of every shade and color from black to cream; that the Hawaiians ran to color; that it was a shame for married men to chase around and capture women other than their wives. I spoke on the subject assigned me and in harmony with human law and divine gospel teachings. However, it seems I impinged on the rights of the people of Honolulu, a large

number of whom believe in Woman's Exchange, the exchange of women. A prominent citizen remarked to me that his daughter said any man who talked as I had should be tarred, feathered and driven out of the islands. To break the Seventh Commandant is right—to preach against its violation is wrong. The man who says differently might as well buy his steamer ticket for the next boat and leave this city that combines the climate of Paradise with the pleasures of hell. Virtue is an insular oddity—vice an engrossing occupation.

The hypocritical Honoluluans shut up the red-light district with the result, as in other cities, that the whole town became a sporting-house. This is no exaggerated statement. I met a certain police official, who, before he knew who I was, disclosed the lax conditions of the city, and said it was a mistake to shut up the district since vice was scattered all over the town. To prove it, he offered to take me out one night to see for myself. When he learned who I was, he suddenly became very busy, and had no time, although I was in the city several months. One of the reasons for closing the district was said to be that the U. S. soldiers were contracting the dope habit from the women of the underworld. But the girls were not all shipped back to the U. S. some remained. I heard a government physician advise a man not to permit his Jap servant girl to take a position near the soldier barracks because moral conditions were very bad. Ninety per cent of the soldiers in the hospitals are afflicted with venereal diseases.

In Italy I found the "cicisbeo," the man who dangles around married women. They have the same insect here by another name. It isn't an unusual thing to find prominent, monied society women riding around in autos with gentlemen admirers other than their husbands. Recently good women were afraid to be seen in an auto or street-car at night for fear of being blackmailed by a gang of toughs who were keeping tab on everybody. At public entertainments profligate women are given public positions and parts through some financial or political pull. It is notorious that leading political appointments in Honolulu are made without any regard for moral character. It would make even Democritus, the laughing philosopher, weep. As well put a devil in a pulpit as a syphilitic on the health board.

At a meeting I attended it was suggested by a local minister that it would be a beautiful thing for some of Hawaii's "grand old men," who are still living, to visit the public schools so the Hawaiian children might learn about them. It is unnecessary, they already know too much about some of them in respect to filthy lucre and life.

A leopard cannot change his spots, nor a sea port its morals. There is no such open violation of moral laws as in the days of the whalers at Lahaina and Honolulu, yet immorality flagrantly exists. It causes little comment to read in the papers that boat crews, returning from Honolulu to 'Frisco, are punished for harboring on their boats, while in this tropical port, women of the underworld. An U. S. official custom-officer laughed when I asked him if conditions were not better since the closing of the district. / He said that whereas the Hawaiians of old gave away their virtue, now it was sold; that the Portuguese girls had been the last to hold out, but that now all that was necessary was to tempt them with a five-dollar gold piece or less, and they would fall for it.

Talk with taxi drivers and learn how fast things are and what it costs. It is a night side line of theirs to carry couples beyond city limits to park or hill, not to see scenery, or to get inspiration for a poem or painting, but to worship and sacrifice their bodies on love's altar. Thus do car and carnality run together. Moses and his Ten Commandments never seemed to have been heard of in some of the plantations. I am writing with a hard pencil, but it would be soft and smutty if it had to relate what I was told by men who lived on plantations, in respect to the lust of men towards Japanese servants.

In Oriental sections of Hilo and Honolulu, the Jap proprietor sells a little fruit out in front to a young man for a quarter, and forbidden fruit in the form of his wife in the back of the store for a dollar. Some of the large hotels in the island have little better reputations than the small dens, dives and houses of ill-repute. My son and I stopped at a downtown hotel one night where bepainted dames were hanging around the elevators and haunting the corridors. The slippered feet of these girls were heard all night shuffling in the halls. Many beach hotels are little more than palatial houses of prostitution. Here as elsewhere polished people have thir morals all sand-



papered away. The managers know it, everyone in town knows it and who cares! Money talks and says, "Shut up."

The moral atmosphere is not as chemically pure as the climate. According to some ethnologists here, there is no such thing as a pure Hawaiian in race or virtue. To affirm that Filipinos and Japs are moral is to say that which is not true. As to whites, that reminds me of the time I was to preach to a colored church when the pastor said, in introducing me, "Brodder Morrill is a white man, but God knows his heart is black enough." That was and is no lie.

### FIGHTING THE DEVIL



THE Palama Settlement is a moral oasis in a desert of wickedness. It is a foster-parent for children whose mothers are poor, have little home accommodation, or are out of work. I saw the little ones in their kindergarten at play, and at noon seated at the little tables with their simple wholesome meal; the bathing pool and dispensary for the older ones, and was attracted by the nursery and the nurses. In all its good Samaritan work it merits Honolulu's support and heaven's well done.

The Filipino Mission fills a large place in the heart and help of its people. The quarters are small but the worker's interest is large and very important for their race work.

The Salvation Army as usual, here or over there, is a hell-extinguisher. It fries doughnuts, seeks to save the down and outer's body and soul, and is always and everywhere an army that must never be demobilized in its fight against humanity's Hun, the Devil. We visited the hillside quarters, saw the young boys wrestling in the gymnasium while their older brothers were wrestling with problems at school. In the girls' section the girls were making the finest bread and doing the whitest laundry. They have a band that is in loud demand. Its notes and fame have been heard around the islands like the wonderful legendary shell that was heard from Kauai echoing over the hills.

The Y. M. C. A. on the corner is the cornerstone on which some of the best and biggest Christian work and philanthropy for the young men has been builded. It has classes for all

classes and colors and any one may dive and swim in the big plunge and be clean. It is a clearing-house for physical exercise, mental training and spiritual equipment. You may read, lounge, listen to music, and lunch at noon in its cafeteria when you are tired of course dinners at hotels; of the pasty poi, the tough squid, the boney fish, the salt seaweed of Hawaiian luaus; and are sick of the tea, rice and ratty, squirmy, wormy dishes of the Chink and Jap restaurants. Mr. Floyd Emmans, able, amiable and accommodating, is the financial secretary. I knew him in Minneapolis and he is mighty nice when you are far from home and "when a feller needs a friend."

### LITERARY MASTERPIECES



THE following is a local letter for Y. M. C. A. help:

"To the manager of the Y. M. C. A.

My dear Sir:

Although I may not seen you yet, or you did not see me yet, I do all my heart to expacte to try to address you by the mail whether you may not trust to me, that this is not bad to you. Excuse me for thousand time, if this make is to you wrong. I only supposing to ask you for anything if you will please do all your pity, and help me, to find or look a job for your own charge. I am living at Richard St. No. 745 and i discharge from service on third of this month I am living here at Honolulu without anything doing, and also that I am almost afraid to stand like this.

"So sir I beg your great consideration to be grant my own request, and please turn your eyes to me, and pity me.

"I include this two recommendation to my letter so as to show you sir, how honest I get.

"That all what I might tell you sir, and hoping to wait for your earlys replly to me. Please send it over again to me this a recommendation as soon as you may get them to your hand.

"Yours trully obedient,

"....Felix Castro....

"Richard St No. 745,

"Honolulu, T. H."

Here is another literary masterpiece:

“Dear Fren.

“i got the valve which i buy from you alrite, but why for god sake you doan send me no handle, i loose to me my customer sure thing you no treat me rite, is my money nots so good to you as the other fella. I wat ten days and my customer he holler for water like hell fer the valve. you know he is a hot summer and the wind he the mill. the valve he got no handle pretty quick is send her back and i goan order some valve from Kean Companyes

“Good-bye, your fren

“Antonia Scalamina Dutre

“since i rite i find the Goddam handle in the box, excuse me.”

## WITHERING LEAVES



WE visited the home for the aged Hawaiians. Pity their sorrows, for there is no fountain of youth where they may drink and be young again. The home is simply for the natives and very simple, comparing but poorly with similar institutions in the States, and with what they deserve. Here was a real museum of living antiquities. They lay on bed or floor, walked in the grounds or through corridors, sat on the chairs or steps, all lame, halt or blind. We carried a box of candy to sweeten their bitter memories, for it appeared that the place was a sort of laboratory where the authorities were experimenting to learn how little food could sustain human life—how few clothes were necessary and how long a cheap suit would last. There was an old mad woman dead at the top, crouched in a corner and scratching her head; another who was featherbrained, believed she was ex-royal, and was making feather work to sell. Strange to find the frigidity of congealed blood in the tropics, and human shadows in the land of sunshine.

There was a man gray and bowed who was growing crazier every day—one of the saddest sights in the world. I talked to the manager who wearily watches this remediless woe. These people, withered leaves from life's tree, have been raked up here in a pile. Such old, dried and decayed fruit



on life's tree none but Death will pluck. There are old men here—soon another old man will come, white and bent, carrying a scythe, and he will be most welcome.

This home is the last station of the journey—may they soon enter the Promised Land of rest. The old natives are devout and preparing for this last change. They hold daily, religious services. I paused to listen to a plaintive Gospel song and to look at the woman who led the devotion. In the faces of these Hawaiians I read, as in an old book or wrinkled parchment, the poetry, comedy and tragedy of the Hawaiian islands, their poverty, sickness, pain and woe.

### FAREWELL TO HAWAII.



HAWAII is a paradise but I never saw so many people trying to get away from it. They offered extra money to ticket agents, threatened them, tried to be stowaways and eyed those who had tickets as if they would like to rob them. We managed to secure ship room because our tickets had been purchased six months before.

The S. S. "Makura" came in two and one-half days late because her crew was so drunk in New Zealand that she had to lie out in the harbor till they sobered up. When she finally docked, U. S. officials stopped me and required a statement that I was not carrying away gold. Silly! Didn't they know better than to ask a traveler for gold who had made the tour of the islands, and spent a month in Honolulu? I knew the islanders wanted money, yet didn't expect to be held up at the gang.

There were many people to see us off—glad to get rid of us, doubtless. They bedecked us with leis, flags, pennants and flowers, till I resembled Bottom, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," whom the fairy queen Titania and fairies crowned with flowers. With alohas of farewell, our ship moved out into the night, and soon the fairy vision of Honolulu had vanished.

## THE LOG OF THE "MAKURA."



THE boat wasn't large as the passenger list. I doubt whether the Ark was more crowded, and I am sure there were some specimens of animals Noah never heard of. We paid first-class and were lucky to get a third-class steward's cabin. There were new-fangled life-preservers in the cabin with old instructions for putting them on. I tried to fit mine by the instructions given, but it didn't fit, and I concluded I could drown quicker with it than without it. I told the captain my difficulty and he said they had given an exhibition of how to fit it at Auckland, New Zealand. I reminded him that some of us boarded his boat at Honolulu and there was a lot of water between there and Vancouver. This was gross, criminal negligence.

Music, dancing, eating, drinking, carousing and hilarity filled all hours of the night and many were unable to sleep, yet nothing was done about it. When I sat down to the piano in the music-room about nine-thirty A. M., at the request of my friends, I had scarcely struck a chord, and that softly, before a florid-faced steward rushed up, placed his hand on mine and grunted, "No music, sir, please, it's the captain's orders. He doesn't like to be disturbed at this time." Bars of music were not permitted this early, but bars of booze in every part of the ship were wide open day and night.

One evening, after a rather "ripping" dance, there was an unscheduled fight. A passenger accused a military officer of having insulted his lady friend. They struck each other, clenched, and it looked as if one would throw the other over the rail, or both go down together. A dancer fainted and they were only stopped when the captain said he would put them in irons if they didn't quit. Twenty minutes later at dinner the captain rose and talked of the "harmony" of the trip.

Another evening there was a pageant where American Liberty appeared with a cigaret in her mouth instead of a torch in her hand. The part was taken by a "Laidy" from N. Z., who spent much time and money in the smokeroom sipping cocktails, playing cards and puffing cigarets. Later high society passengers boarded a Continental train and were quite



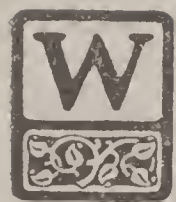
indignant, "well rather," that they were not permitted to sit in the sleeper and smoke. "My word," they left an example for age and youth to avoid.

Australians and New Zealanders do not drink so much by the hour as by the week. Their life on the boat would require a good mathematician to determine how much time was required to do nothing. Their daily exercise was from one bar to another. How profound and philosophic they looked over their whiskeys and sodas! They spent their time passing drinks and remarks against Americans. A passenger told me that he left the smoke room to keep from hitting a Sydneyite who had the usual atrabilious, antipodal antipathy to Americans. The kangaroo man jumped up on his hind legs and said that all Americans loved and lived for was gold; that after we had squeezed all we could out of the world at the beginning of the war, we went in, and then only at the eleventh hour; had done but very little, and now President Wilson was having as much to say as though he had whipped Germany with one hand. The Canadians on board were different. Open, genial and generous in their conduct and remarks of Americans, they bore with modesty the honor of the splendid service they had rendered the Allies.

A distinguished Australian officer took me quietly aside and asked whether Americans had a "religious problem" to deal with. I told him yes, that it was growing bigger every day, and it was only a question of time when it would be settled and settled right. He said they had a problem in Australia; that there would soon be but two parties, Protestant and Roman Catholic; that a servant, who was to have accompanied him to London, was ordered by his priest not to go, for they would need him down there, since a religious war was ominous and he must stay and fight for "the church." This "Reverend Father" church had fought English conscription in Australia, Eastern Canada and Southern Ireland, and was willing to help Germany, because of her hate of England. The church would now give Ireland a so-called "Home rule" to put a club in Dublin's hands to beat Belfast and the North, which had been loyal to England, and had given her most of the Irish men and money during the war.



## CANADIAN CITIES



WE had left the land of sunshine for the land of fog, exchanging gardens for glaciers, and halcyon shores for mist-drenched hills. It grew colder every day, and two days before reaching Victoria it looked as if the Ancient Mariner's boat had been cruising about here and killing albatross, "the bird that brought the fog and mist." The "Makura" was helpless as a man in a London fog. The siren sang till it was hoarse, extra men were put on watch, they cast the lead, then stopped, for the lightship loomed ahead and we were soon in the straits of Juan de Fuca. Before reaching Victoria we were introduced to the monarch mountains robed in purple light and ermine snow. The blues and purples in sky, mountain and strait, were cold and clammy like the colors of a drowned man, or of a dirty typewriter carbon sheet.

At midnight we touched Victoria and custom and baggage officials boarded to inspect and check the luggage to avoid loss of time next morning at Vancouver, at which city we lost no time, though the C. P. R. did lose one of our trunks which took ten days to find.

We set out to explore this city named after the English explorer. Vancouver must be doing well, for in spite of strike and prohibition there seemed to be a bank on every other street corner. The people drink in sunshine and rain, and the town will continue wet in spite of any dry law. During our stay the climate felt more suitable for seals and polar bears than human beings. A trolley took us to the city outskirts where time-eaten, weather-worn houses suggested that B. C. stood for "Before Christ."

Merlon Emmans is the star jazz band virtuoso of Vancouver. The last time I saw him was in New Zealand. As a musician he knew a good time and conducted us by ferry and auto to Capialano Canyon, passing Indian reservation with natives in modern dress, and lordly trees all blossoming out with bright, yellow, chewing-plug-tobacco signs. At the canyon we walked and swung across the ravine on a suspension bridge. The deep gorge, rushing water, quiet woods and giant trees are unforgettable.

Later we visited the village of Westminster which vividly suggests the story of the man who stopped over at Lonelyville, Nowhere, and spent several days in roaming around. Finally some of the inhabitants, who had nothing to do, became suspicious and asked him why he was there. He replied he had been a thief, had been arrested, taken to court and sentenced to six years in jail, or two weeks in this village, and he was d—— sorry that he had not gone to jail. I have been to Westminster Abbey with its famous dead—the dead here are not in that class.

The country runs to wood; the prehistoric pullman we rode in, and the heads of the men who lost our trunk, were wooden. Soon trivial things were forgotten when we saw the Canadian Rockies, our old time friends who never die, never change, and are always where you can find them. Yet we were sorry to miss one glacier, the gain of a tunnel being the loss of a frozen Niagara.

## MOUNTAINS



OW flat this world would be without mountains.

Have you not often wished to climb into the sky as the Titans did? Enceladus piled Ossa on Pelion like a brickmason, as evenly as a child does building blocks. The little hills we find so hard to mount the Titans used as balls in a bowling alley. In those days Jove used mountains as paper weights or ball and chain. He pursued Typhon for threatening his rule, overthrew him and used Mount Etna to hold him down.

Blessed be he who builded the mountains!

One should write on a mountain top to get away from low ideals. He should pile up words, have lofty thoughts and indite in a breezy style.

Mountains are the culmination of creation; an escape from the deluge of humanity; altar stairs to God; the warts on the face of the world.

Mt. Olympus was a fit seat for the gods. They had high times and set a bad example eating, drinking, carousing and chasing around, setting an immoral picnic precedent for god-



less parties now found in mountain resorts. Homer wrote up the scandalous high society of Olympus in his "Odyssey."

"Three Weeks," or longer in the mountains, makes one acquainted with strange things. Wives and husbands heretofore good and exemplary, run great risks and violate the precepts of Moses' mountain commandments and Christ's Sermon on the Mount. A

The Matterhorn and other peaks are difficult to scale, but the poetic Parnassus is the most impossible and impassable. The worst bucking broncho is Pegasus. What a show he has made of many who mounted him only to dismount. The swamp, and not the mountain top, is the place for croaking frogs. Too many poets wake the lyre only to put their audience asleep.

Atlas was a rich old farmer with lots of hogs at high prices and many Fords to go to market. His most paying crop was golden apples on golden branches half hid by golden leaves. Perseus came round one night and asked for supper and an easy chair to lie in. Atlas remembered an old scare thrown into him, that some son of a gun or of Jove would come around and swipe his golden apples, and he said, "Nothing doing—get out or I'll sic the dog on you!" He lifted up his number ten to give him a kick, whereupon Perseus took the Gorgon's head out of his overalls pocket and shoved it into Atlas' face, carefully averting his own. Atlas was turned into stone, his hair and beard became forests, his arms and shoulders cliffs, his head a summit, and his bones rocks. He got the big head—other parts swelled up till he became a mountain, and the gods spangled him out with heaven and its stars on his shoulders until he resembled a New York policeman.

Anciently hard-hearted men were turned into mountains of stone. Helicon and Cithaeron were two brothers, one kind and generous, the other cruel and avaricious. Cithaeron tried to get all the family property for himself, and to do this, destroyed his father and threw his brother down a precipice, but went down and over with him. By the will of the gods the two brothers were changed into two mountains. Cithaeron, because of his wicked impiety, became the abode of the Furies, while the nine old maids, or Muses, chose Helicon for their bungalow because of his gentle and loving nature.



Mountains are matters of life and death. Had it not been for Ararat, on which Noah warped into dock, you and I would be saved reading and writing this book. If the Andes were on the Atlantic side, South America would be a Sahara desert.

Jupiter used the rock of the Caucasus to pillory Prometheus for petty larceny. This is what any man receives who foolishly attempts to aid his fellows. To make it worse, Prometheus had a bad case of liver complaint and a vulture was his physician.

Long ago there was a beauty show contest on Mount Ida which ended in a fight and the Trojan war. What else could be expected when Paris was judge and passed up the wise Minerva and rich Juno, giving the golden apple, for the fairest, to Venus, because he was infatuated with her shape and beauty. Morals were the same then as now. He skipped off with Menelaus' wife and so started the Trojan war. One of the worst features and most terrible consequences of this war was that Greek Homer and Latin Virgil wrote about it, and we were compelled to translate their war-correspondent accounts.

Suicide is made inviting by mountains. Byron's "Manfred" tried to jump off a mountain; and Matthew Arnold has a dramatic poem, "Empedocles on Aetna," which ends with Empedocles in Aetna—for he became plunged in melancholy thought and plunged into the crater.

Mountain peaks are very dangerous—one can never tell what may happen. There was the poor shepherd Endymion on Mount Latmus, whom Diana gave a chaste kiss and Keats such heart-beats that he wrote four books about the osculation.

Mountains are in music and Wagner sings the "Tannhauser" story of "Venusberg and its castle." Here Holda took refuge and ran a roadhouse full of naked nymphs and sensual sirens. Those who came never left, but the police winked at the joint, and there was no morgue where relatives could come and identify the dead. I have traveled over this Wartburg country, immortalized by Luther and Wagner. The girls were gone, Luther dead and Walter, Elizabeth, Wolfrum

and Tannhauser could only be found behind the bars of Wagner's music.

Grieg gives us sound descriptions of the "Hall of the Mountain Kings," with goblins gamboling around. I visited his home in Bergen and felt some of the thrill and chill which blew in on me and made me wrap up to keep warm.

Among the Hartz mountains in the Brocken, Goethe found witches and he-goats whirling along over stick and stone, while Heine, in the Hartz mountains, found his heart's desire by making love to a bewitching mountain girl.

In Olive Schreiner's dream of the "Hunter," a man dies searching for truth in the mountain. He was told he must leave the valley of superstition alone and wander down into the land of absolute negation and desire; must abide there; must resist temptation; when the light breaks he must rise and follow it into the country of dry sunshine. The mountains of stern reality will rise before him; he must climb them; beyond them lies truth. In search for truth, he moiled, toiled, climbed, was laughed at and stoned by the people in the valley. He spent all his time making a mountain path and rocky stairs and stones for others to climb. He showed no white feather, but at last dying, all he clasped in his hand was a feather from the white bird of truth. I'm sorry he died. If only he could have taken this white feather of truth and written with it—so many writers use the goosequill of falsehood. Olive has drawn such a dismal picture of the truth-finder that she dissuades the majority of mankind from following his example.

This is as disheartening as Hawthorne's story of "The Great Carbuncle" in the mountain which was seen and sought for by all classes of people, the seeker, the alchemist, the merchant, the cynic, the poet, a lord, a young man and wife, with all sorts of motives. Some carbuncles are not hard to find. They are not on the brow of the mountain but on the back of your neck, and one on the neck causes far less trouble than the one on this fabled mountain. The seeker died of joy when he found it; the alchemist and poet made a mistake—the former getting a piece of granite in its stead, and the latter a chunk of ice; the cynic was blinded when he saw it;



the young lord missed it altogether, and the happy newly-weds returned to their home, saying they had seen it and would always have something to talk about to those who hadn't. This "Great Carbuncle" by Dr. Hawthorne is not a treatise on a sore, but the diagnosis of a soul.

City folks call a man a fool who lives in the mountains. He may be, but a higher kind of one. Stevenson's "Will o' the Mill" may have been a plain man, but not of the plain. He preferred the companionship of the stars and to fish in his little mountain lake. If he didn't come down to the city his fame did, and people came up to see the quaint mountain philosopher. Here he remained until his last caller came, Death, his best friend. He came with horses and carriage and gave Will his first real joy-ride. This was long ago—Death's favorite vehicle now is the auto and aeroplane.

Of old, mountains were the homes and haunts of gnomes, gods, goblins, witches and fiends, a very interesting set, compared with what we find on them to-day. Writers now tell us of Mr. Hairbreadth's escape who climbed the mountain top; of trains of cog cars, instead of trains of spirits; of some new hotel, in lieu of an Olympian palace of the gods. Ruskin wrote the "King of the Golden River"—commercial magazines to-day show how you may go to the mountains, wash in a stream for gold and clean up a good pile. Mountain caves are no longer filled with fairies, but with tourist parties of heavy-set, homely dames. The naiads of mountain streams have been killed by factory chemicals; the only gnomes living in the mountains are stolid miners. There is no smoke from the dragon's breath, only from shop or engine. Instead of signs of poetry and romances, there are signs advertising tobacco and chewing gum. No disciples of Bacchus tramp the hills with the Thyrsus—just surveying parties with theodolites. And the nectar of the gods has been exchanged for poor beer in mountain resorts.

Coleridge gives us his sublime hymn of love for Mount Blanc, calling it, "dread ambassador from earth to heaven"; "sovrän of the vale"; "sky-pointing peaks"; "Thou kingly spirit enthroned among the hills." I think he would write a hymn of hate if he saw how the Swiss Alps had been bored



full of holes like their cheese, and defiled by man. A defile made by Nature in a mountain is wonderful—a mountain defiled by man is not.

Homer and Hesiod wrote of Jupiter on Olympus. Daudet writes of that flamboyant Frenchman "Tartarin of the Alps." Shelley has some lines written in the Vale of Chamounix, but now unpoetical moderns over there think of nothing but railroad lines and look for time tables.

The mountains are nature's cathedrals. The early Persian made the mountain top his high altar, and it was there that the revelation came to Zarathustra, Zoroaster, the star of gold. The Persians had the right idea. I have preached in many church pulpits, and listened to sermons in many churches, but was never nearer the Father in Heaven or felt such spiritual uplift as when I sat in the free pews of God's granite, Gothic architecture of the world's great mountains. Leave the skyscraper tower of Babel. It is a poor substitute for a mountain. Leave the ravines of streets, and cave offices and go out to God's mountains.

Mountains are high fences in Europe between nations, making them foes not friends, and anxious and ready to fight when one gets over into their yard. As in every city there is a quarter where people scrap, so Europe is that quarter of the globe where scraps are always going on, and nations will always make faces at each other over these mountain fences, because they have formed an eternal alliance with Satan whose heart is hate. Defoe's "Political History of the Devil," should be brought up to date with added chapters on the Peace Conference.

Mountains are the walls of the earthly paradises—of the Vale of Cashmere and Vale of Tempe. The mountains I knew as a boy were on geography maps and marked like centipedes crawling over the page. I drew maps of mountains and countries that were truthful representations of the world during creation. The world map was mine, though often it was as hard to locate all the mountains from memory as it was for Caesar, Hannibal and Napoleon to cross them.

Mountains are the world's first settlers, wrinkled of face, bald-headed or topped with snow-white hair. These old men

carry their heads high in the air. They are immovable—Mohammed was compelled to go to the mountain. However, there are three records of mountain moving—Dame Nature with an earthquake; Caligula, the mad Roman Emperor, who pulled down a mountain and put a palace in its place; and modern engineering with faith in its machinery that picks up a mountain and casts it into the depths of the sea.

Mountains look like the petrified remains of antediluvian monsters; they are work rooms for miners; playground for tourists; pastures for human cattle, sheep and goats; cloud-factories; battlements where lightning arrows shoot; prize-rings where clouds stage fights; a rockpile; a lumber yard; a resort of beasts, birds, bandits, bedlam witches and bards; a hunting ground for game, gold and God; Nature's cold-storage manufacturing plant of glacier ice and snow; a setting for a billboard or religious shrine; Nature's refreshment-stand of mineral water; the rocky cradle of liberty.

Mountains of the moon are over 30,000 feet high and capped with snow. They are extinct volcanoes to us, how do our hills look to them?

The mental world has mountain heights. In literature, Shakespeare; in music, Beethoven; in painting, Raphael; in statuary, Angelo. We are on the dead level—many who think they are on the Himalayas are just like cocks on their dung-hills.

Like Byron's pilgrim in "Childe Harold," the man who climbs the high mountain finds it wrapped in cloud and snow. If you are way above your fellows in money, society, politics and even religion, you may expect chill comfort and the icy shoulder. There are political mountains of debt piled up on the U. S. map by the Democratic party. There are volcanoes of hate that sling mud and administration heads that rumble, smoke, and obscure issues.

In "De Profundis" Wilde says that society, as constituted, will have no place for him, none to offer—"but Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rocks where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed."



The Greeks placed the shrine of Apollo under the cliffs of Delhi. Under the influence of Spinoza, Auerbach left Mount Zion for Parnassus and wrote "On the Heights."

Mountains are thrones for deity and eternity, not for little men and anchorites. Men go up like the king of France leading his soldiers and come down again. Mountains are the Eiffel tower on which we may look down on little man and the petty squabbles of the world. Yet pygmies perched on Alps are pygmies still. Horace says in his "Art of Poetry," "The mountains are in labor—a foolish mouse will be brought forth."

The fool habit of mountain-climbing began in the Middle Ages. One man's pleasure was another man's peril. King Peter of Aragon climbed the Pyrenees for adventure. Half a century later Petrarch climbed Ventoux and wrote moral reflections on its scenery. The Emperor Maximilian loved to hunt the mountain chamois. Da Vinci climbed Monte Rosa for scientific observation. Since then Alpine and American clubs have flourished, many men and women have dared danger and death to climb like steeple-jacks and slide like Kelleys.

Like a llama I have climbed the Andes a number of times, and I was in the lap of an earthquake that shook me up and down. There are 8,000 miles of the Andes with pinnacles of snow; 51 volcanoes in the Andean chain and this range has sunk three times below ocean level.

In climbing mountains some get frozen, dizzy, tired, lame necks, broken backs, old shoes and torn clothes—others get sublimity, grandeur, inspiration and beauty.

From creation the mountain has been the "mount of God," where God has revealed himself to man. We read that "when the fountains of the great deep were broken up," and the world was destroyed, Noah and his family were saved, and the Ark rested safely moored on Ararat. Then Noah built an altar of praise and talked to God as to a friend who sealed his covenant with rainbow promise.

Mount Moriah is crowned with the memory of Solomon's Temple and the more recent Mosque of Omar. Of all its history of ancient tragedy there is nothing that more strongly appeals to the devout mind than when Abraham lifted the



knife to slay his only son Isaac, and his triumphant faith was rewarded with, "Spare thy son," and a substitute was provided.

Sinai was where Jehovah dwelt when he called Moses to audience with Him, and, writing with lightning and speaking with thunder, gave him the laws for Israel and the coming Gentile world which were to lead them in religious and civil life for all time.

Hor is the conical mountain with isolated peak looking towards the Dead Sea. It was the burial place of the great high priest Aaron, spokesman and helper of Moses who brought Israel out of Egypt, and the resting place of Aaron who could hold his peace when his two sons were slain. Yet he sinfully made a golden calf at Sinai, plotted with Miriam against Moses, with Moses disobeyed God at Kadesh and was forbidden entrance to the Promised Land.

Pisgah, with its lonely Nebo summit, was where Moses stood alone and viewed the Promised Land he could not enter. There God's finger touched him and he slept, to open his eyes above.

Horeb was where Elijah found refuge from Jezebel, in the cave of the mountain and was taught the presence of God from the wind, earthquake and fire, and the still small voice that nerved him to go bravely back to duty.

Carmel is where Elijah and Elisha met the priests of Baal and slew them.

Lebanon was famous for its forests of cedar for the Temple and the timber that was shipped to Tyre and Sidon.

Zion was the hill on which Jerusalem was built—the mountain that inspired David's harp, and where the Romans held murderous sway.

Tabor is the mount from whose top one sees valley and plain, the glint of the Mediterranean sea, the gleam of Galilee, the fertile plain of Esdraelon, Mount Carmel and Gilboa, Nazareth and Jordan. It is the Mount of Transfiguration where the past of Moses and Elias mingled with the present of Jesus, and where from the bright cloud overhead came the voice, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him."

Olivet is that Waterloo of the world where the Prince of Light wrestled with Darkness and gained the victory with the, "It is written" against the temptation to self-preservation, self-confidence and self-aggrandizement.

The Sermon on the Mount was preached from a fit pulpit by Him whose preaching, for style, substance, sweetness, strength, sublimity and spirituality, shall endure until this great granite globe melts with fervent heat.

Calvary was the world's loftiest mountain, for by its ladder of the cross we may step from earth to heaven.

David, at the departure of Israel from Egypt, makes all nature glad and saying, "The mountains skip like rams and the little hills like lambs." Job declares God's power, "He putteth his hand forth upon the rock, he overturneth the mountains by the roots." Isaiah prophesies comfort to God's people, declaring that in the day of his power, "Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low." This Hebrew prophet is poetical when speaking of mountains: "He comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in the balance"; "Break forth into singing, ye mountains"; "Thou comest down, the mountains flowed down at thy presence."

In the last great day of the Revelation John sees the kings, the great, the rich, the chiefs, the mighty, the bond and free, hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains—and they say to the mountains, and rocks—"Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him who sitteth on the throne; and from the wrath of the lamb; for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand."

Ruskin in his "Gloom of the Mountains," declares mountains are teachers and friends; are cloud-curtained pinnacles; are frail as shadow yet full of power; are high above all sorrow and yet witnesses of it; are causes of gloom to gloomy minds. They are hills to help, but misled man builds altars of idle sacrifice on very high hill. Ruskin draws a dark picture of low people in high places. The snake and eagle both reach the top of a mountain; so may the good and bad, but too often the peaks of preferment are reached by the bad.

He said mountains were the beginning and end of all natural scenery. Flat places like Holland were a prison to him, mountains a perpetual paradise. He preferred a granite stone and two leaves of lady-fern to the gardens of Alcinous with their perpetual summer, or the gardens of Hesperides. The mountains have a supremacy of color over the low lands. Mountain trees talk, sing, dance, hide and climb. Mountains are schools and cathedrals built for the human race with gates of rock, cloud pavements, choirs of streams, altars of snow, vaults of purple traversed by stars.

He affirms mountains have exerted a hidden influence on the progress of the race. They have helped give intellectual lead to religion, art, war and literature, and social economy to the Greeks and Italians in Europe. The influence on religious temperament and artistic power has been enormous, and we may learn in the mountain things of clouds and streams never taught in college.

The mountain is the friend of the sun, moon and stars, the clouds and winds. Mountains are among my best friends in a wide range of acquaintances, I know them by name and sight and love to meet and greet them. I grow homesick for the company of the hills.

Volcanoes shake warm hands of welcome. Mountains wave handkerchief of cloud, smile in vegetation on their sides, whisper in their forests and never move away or die.

Hugh MacMillan feels the peace of the mountains, the sympathy between the moral and physical worlds, and speaks of the security, the elevation, the compensation, unification and isolation which mountains ever bring.

According to Dante there are mountains in Hades to temper the tormented. In heaven I am sure there are mountains of highest joy to be climbed, mountains of faith, love and obedience.

Bunyan's pilgrim crawled out of the Slough of Despond and climbed the Delectable Mountains. Get out of the city mire of lucre, lies, laziness and lust and go up into the Mountain of Transfiguration. And when you return to the lowlands of earth you will be less of a "heathen" than before.



## AMERICA



WE were soon out of Canada and home again in America—the land of the freak and the home of the grave! America, where free speech is gagged! America, where the press is muzzled! America, where church and state, heretofore separate, are being united in incestuous liaison! America, where capital and labor strike for halts and liars! America, where law is lawless, judges are unjust and juries are a joke! America, where the voice of the slaving statesman and drooling demagogue, and the lash of the political taskmaster are heard abroad in the land! America, where the “inalienable rights” of lynched Negroes in the South and hundreds of murdered Americans in Mexico are not recognized! America, where “life, liberty and pursuit of happiness” is the pursuit of the many and the possession of the few! America, where vice is rewarded and virtue is punished! America, where under the guise of war measure patriotism the pockets of the public are picked by our Adminis“traitors”! America, where the democracy of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt has been exchanged for an Idiotocracy and Demagoguery! America, where we are expected to act the part of sickening sycophants, bow our heads and bend our hams to the self-made gods who have returned from wining, dining and swining at the Peace Table of Europe, and kowtow to military pomposities who wear a shoulder strap on one shoulder and a chip on the other. America, leagued up with a lot of foreign looters, liars and murderers! A nation is known by the company it keeps—Heaven forbid that Old Glory shall become Old Gory and the Flag a Rag! God declared His idea of a League of Nations. “Peace on earth, good will towards men,” that is, a good will that brings universal peace. But God’s ways are not man’s ways. The European League of Nations was born in hell, the Devil is its father, Greed its mother, Woodrow Wilson, with his instrument of “fourteen points,” the doctor, and Jealousy the nurse. And this is the monstrous freak we are asked to rock in the Cradle of American Liberty! America, where the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are mere scraps of paper! America, where patriotism is the first refuge of a scoundrel! America, where the Flag at home covers a multitude of sinners and abroad is no protection to its citizens! America, where the American eagle

has had its tail feathers chewed off by the British lion! America, where the Capitol is a capital offense and the White House a whited sepulchre! America, where Congress is a coterie of criminals and congenital idiots! America, where the statue of Liberty is a hollow mockery! America, no longer the refuge of the oppressed but the refuse heap of Old World outcasts! America, where the Ten Commandments are more honored in the breach than the observance! America, where the Mountain Sermon is sunk in a morass of commercialism! America, where a voting machine majority might makes right! America, where liberty, equality and fraternity have been superseded by slavery, inequality and hate! America, where present apostles of freedom are patterned after Judas, the money-grabber! America, the land of movie Stars and penitentiary Stripes! America, where the public school, "the bright consummate flower" of our Eden is being gnawed by the parochial cutworm! America, where anarchistic plotters and industrial oppressors sing, "Hell, Columbia, unhappy land!"

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 This is mine own, my native land!  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him *burn'd*"——

with righteous wrath that just as Judas betrayed his Christ, and Benedict Arnold the Colonies, and Jefferson Davis the Union, so the United States of America have been basely betrayed by men "who stole the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the Devil in."

"O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance!"

———— THE END ————

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### FOREWORD

*Mexico is one-sixteenth of an inch nearer hell than any country I ever visited in my round-the-world travels. "M" in Mexico means murder and misrule. Her flag—green, white and red—stands for jealousy, cowardice and butchery. The national bird should be a buzzard, the coat of arms a skull and cross bones and her national hymn "Caramba, Damn, the Gringo."*

*Go to the Devil, gentle reader, if you want to know Mexico, for he has made it his favorite resort. There is sulphur and smoke in volcanoes; heat in climate and food; torment in cactus plant and insect life; fire in the eyes of the senoritas; hell-hate in the hearts of the rulers and despair in the souls of the peons. From the beginning the Devil has been Mexico's mental, moral and military hero and today he is the real patron saint of the people. Viva Diablo!*

### Some of the Photos

Hanged Bandit Picked to Pieces by Vultures—Insurrectos Arrested—Bandit Strung to Telegraph Pole—A Yucatan Execution—Dynamited Passenger Train—Bullfight—Beggars—Mexican Carnival—Bandit-Burned Town—Aztec Gods—Soldier-Guarded Train—Ruins of Uxmal—Suspects Shot by Firing Squad.

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## PRESS COMMENTS ON "THE DEVIL IN MEXICO"

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LIGHT, LOUISVILLE, KY.—"The Devil in Mexico" is worse, if anything, than Morrill's lively trip among Central America's "rotten republics," but interesting and full of wit, humor, pathos—oh, my yes. Best reading ever for a railroad journey, for five or ten minutes, or for a day on this live topic. There is lots of research, statistics, information and speculation. Morrill saw harsh things through dark glasses polished up with a sense of humor.

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### **FOREWORD**

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**Punchy  
PAGES**

**H**AMLET found something “rotten in the state of Denmark,” but it was sweet compared with what I discovered in Central America—the land of dirt, disease, destitution, darkness, dilapidation, despots, delay, debt, devilry and degeneracy, where a conservative estimate makes 90 per cent of the women immoral, 95 per cent of the men thieves and 100 per cent of the population liars.

**53**

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PHOTOS**

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This article was illustrated with colored cartoons by Gordon Ross, picturing Mr. Morrill's adventures and experiences in Peru, Chile, Falkland Islands, etc. The review ended by quoting one hundred lines from different chapters of the book to show their spice, wit and wisdom.

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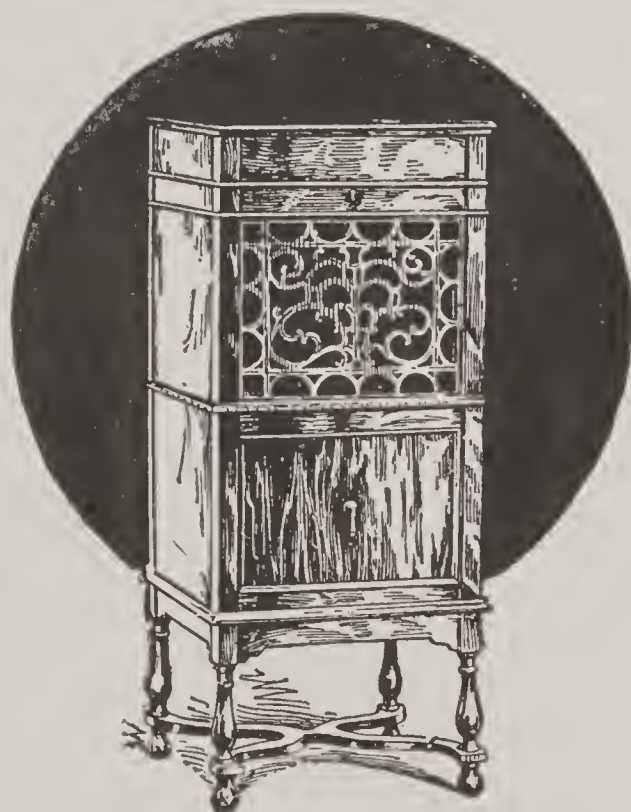
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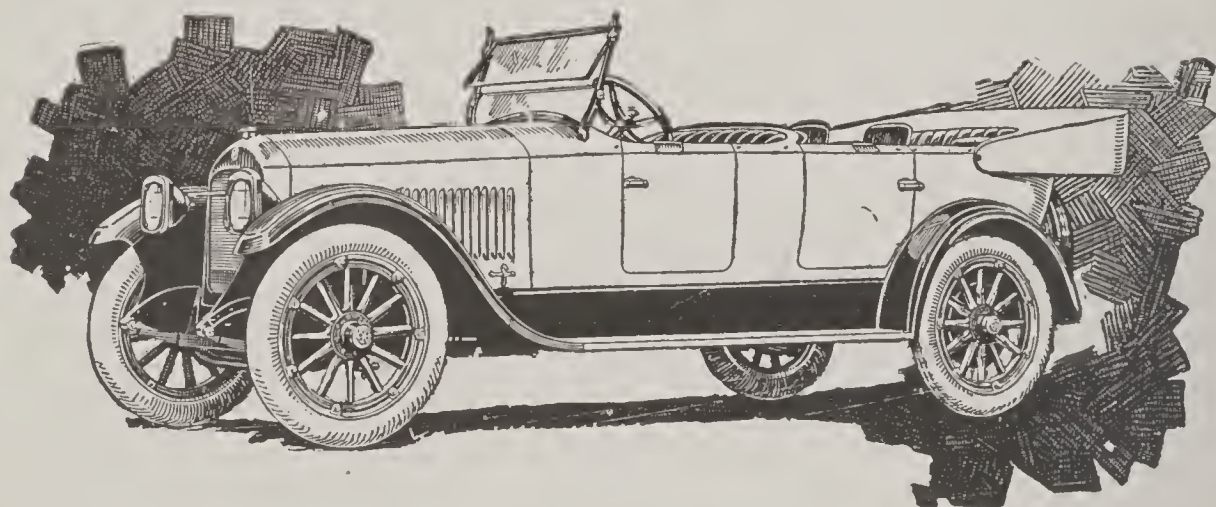


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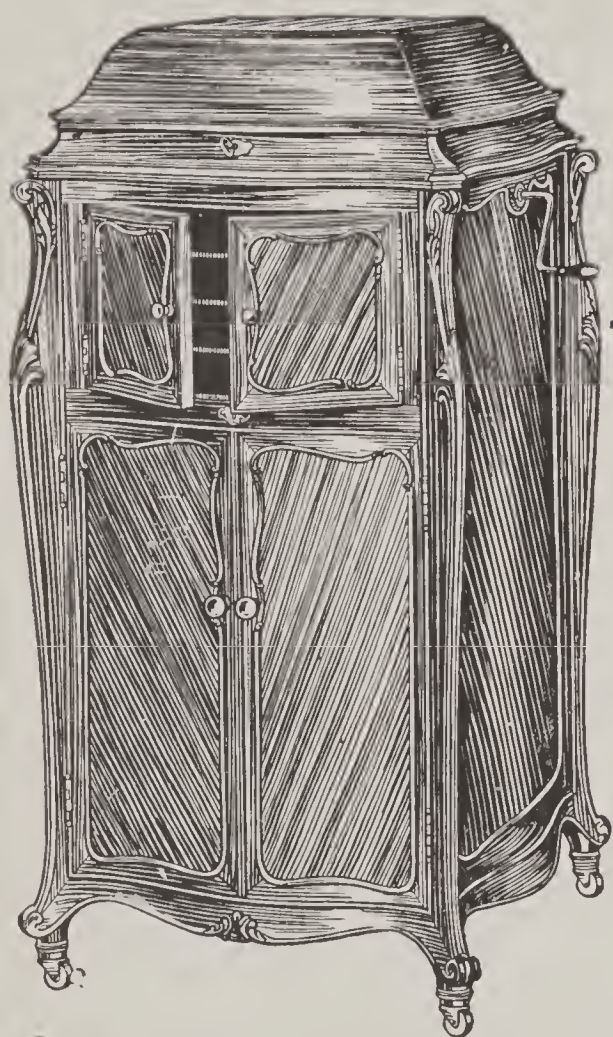
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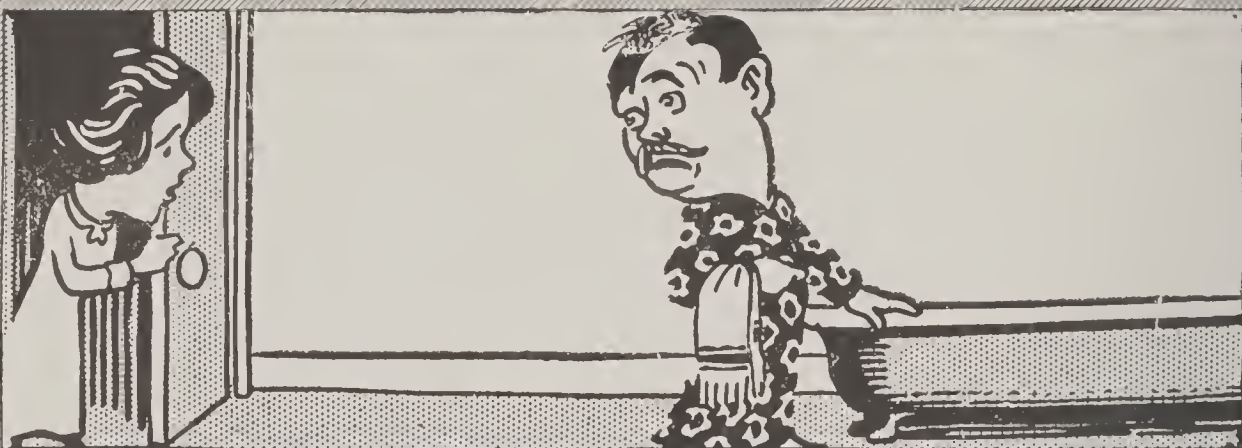
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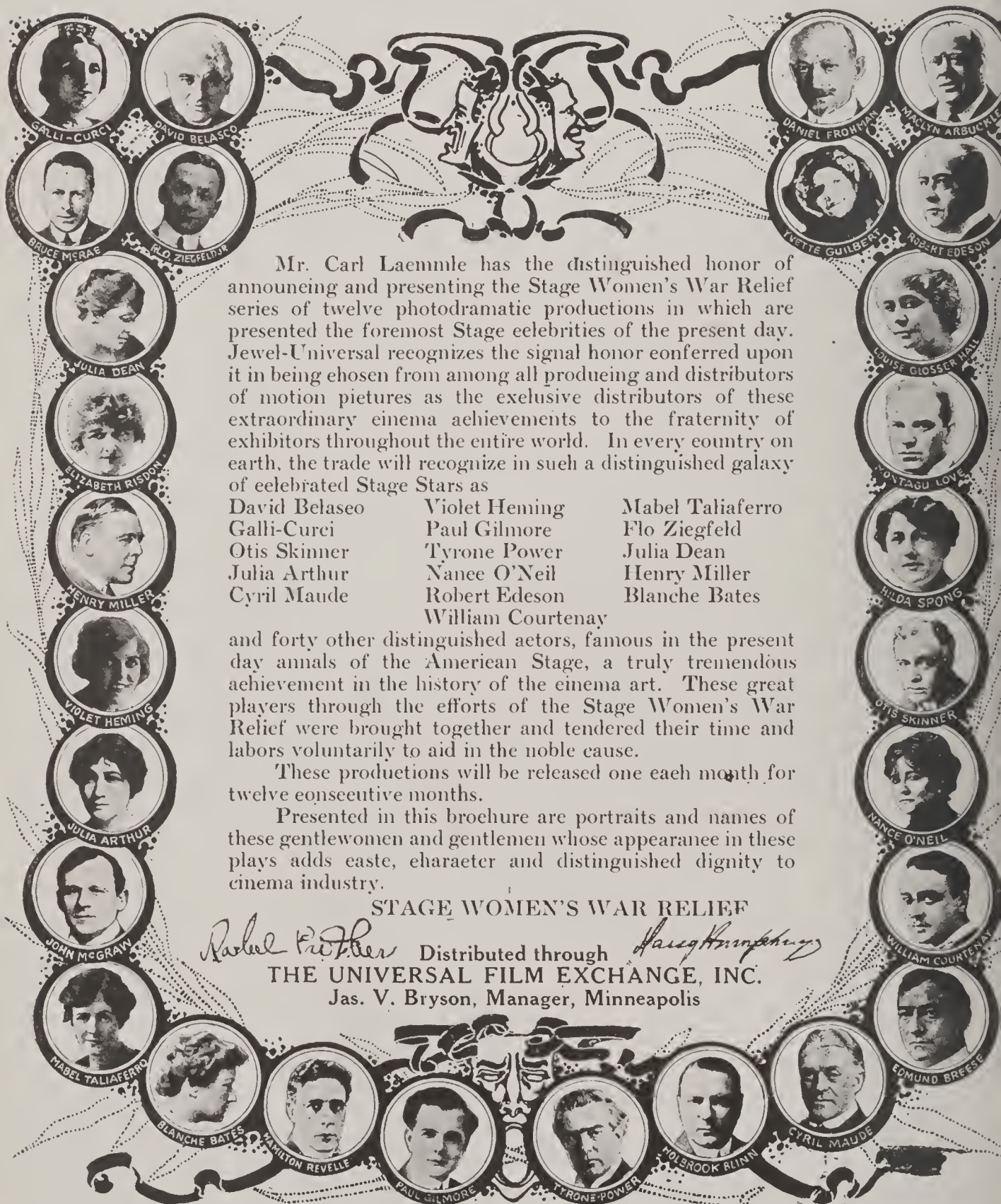
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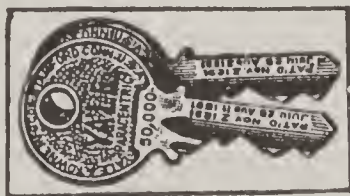
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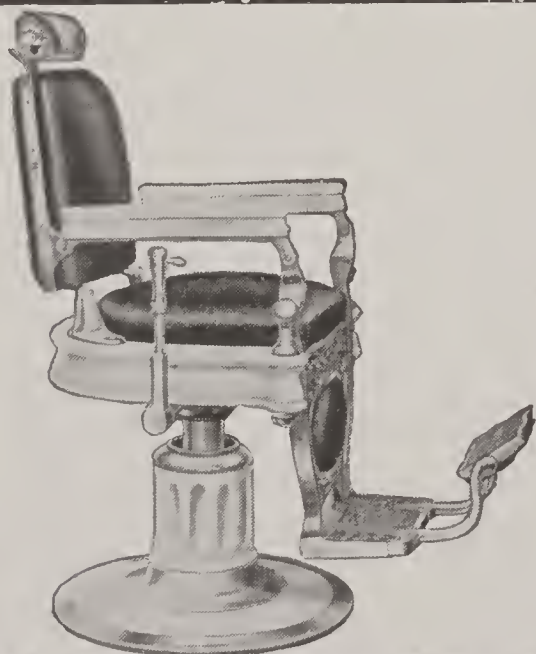
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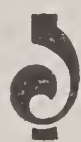
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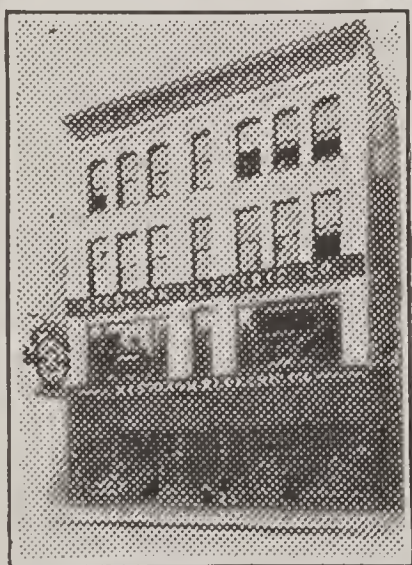
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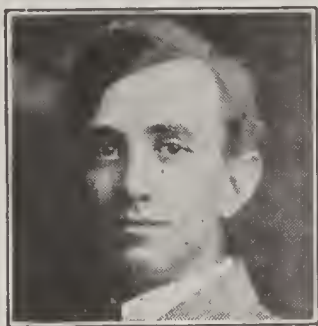
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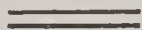


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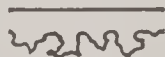
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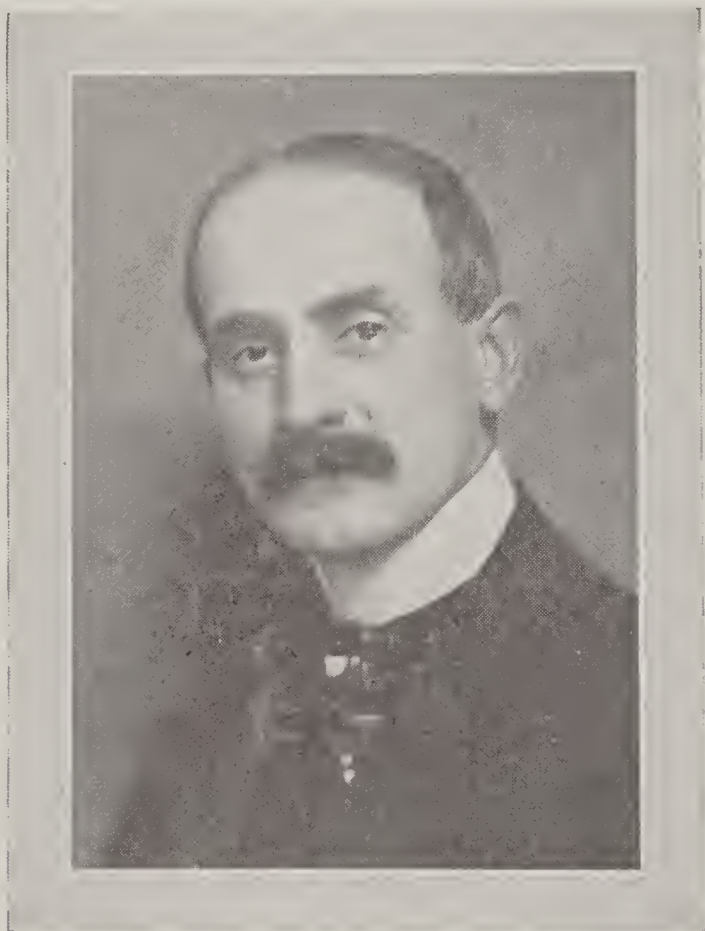


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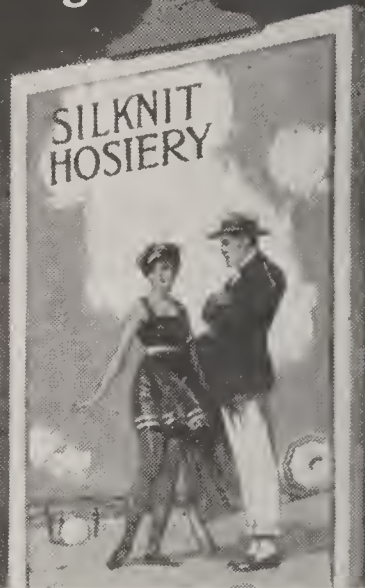




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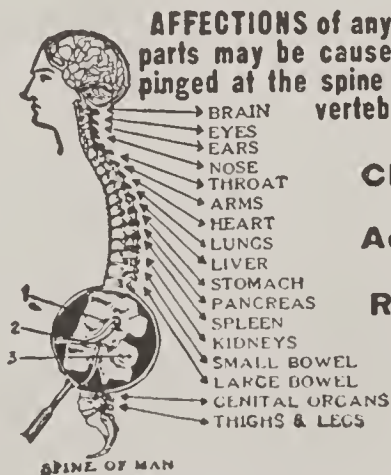
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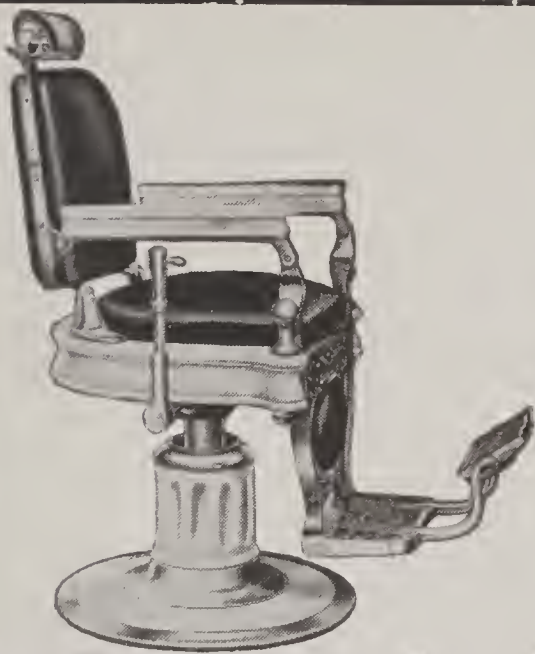
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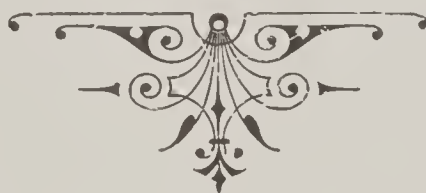
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